THE

HISTORY

OF THE

VALOROUS and WITTY

Knight-Errant

DON QUIXOTE

Of the MANCHA.

Written in *Spaniſh* by *MICHAEL CERVANTES.*

Tranſlated into *Engliſh*

By *THOMAS SHELTON,*

and now printed *verbatim* from the *4to* Edition of 1620.

With a curious SET of CUTS from the French *of* COYPEL.

In FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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BRITISH MUSEUM



TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

His very good LORD, the

Lord of WALDEN, &c.



INE Honourable Lord; having tranſlated, ſome five or ſix years ago, the Hiſtory of *Don Quixote*, out of the *Spaniſh* Tongue, into *Engliſh*, in the ſpace of forty days: being thereunto more than half inforced, through the importunity of a very dear friend, that was deſirous to underſtand the ſubject: after I had given him once a view thereof, I caſt it aſide, where it lay long time neglected in a corner, and ſo little regarded by me, as I never once ſet hand to review or correct the ſame. Since when, at the

intreaty of others my friends, I was content to let it come to light, conditionally, that ſome one or other would peruſe and amend the errors eſcaped; my many affairs hindering me from undergoing that labour. Now I underſtand by the Printer, that the Copy was preſented to your Honour: which did at the firſt ſomewhat diſguſt me, becauſe as it muſt paſs, I fear much, it will prove far unworthy, either of your noble View or Protection. Yet ſince it is mine, tho' abortive, I do humbly intreat, that your Honour will lend it a favourable countenance, thereby to animate the parent thereof, to produce in time ſome worthier ſubject, in your Honourable Name, whoſe many rare vertues have already rendred me ſo highly devoted to your ſervice, as I will ſome day give very evident tokens of the ſame, and till then I reſt,

Your HONOUR's

moſt affectionate Servitor,

THOMAS SHELTON.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

GEORGE,

Marqueſs BUCKINGHAM,

Viſcount *Villiers*,

Baron of *Whaddon*,

Lord High Admiral of *England*; Juſtice in Eyre of all His Majeſty's Foreſts, Parks, and Chaſes beyond *Trent*, Maſter of the Horſe to His Majeſty, and one of the Gentlemen of His Majeſty's Bed-chamber, Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter, and one of His Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy-Counſel of *England* and *Scotland*.

Right Noble LORD,



OUR humble ſervant hath obſerved in the multitude of Books that have paſt his hands, no ſmall variety of Dedications; and thoſe ſeverally ſorted to their Preſenter's ends: ſome,

for the mere Ambition of great Names; others, for the deſire, or need of Protection; many, to win Friends, and ſo favour, and opinion; but moſt, for the more ſordid reſpect, Gain. This humbly offers into your Lordſhip's Preſence, with none of theſe Deformities: but as a baſhful Stranger, newly arrived in *Engliſh*, having originally had the fortune to be born commended to a *Grandee* of *Spain*; and, by the way of Tranſlation, the Grace to kiſs the Hands of a great Lady of *France*, could not deſpair of leſs Courteſy in the Court of *Great Britain*, than to be received of your Lordſhip's delight; his Study being to ſweeten thoſe ſhort Starts of your Retirement from publick Affairs, which ſo many, ſo unreaſonably, even to moleſtation trouble.

By him who moſt truly honours,

and humbly profeſſes all Duties

to your Lordſhip,

ED. BLOUNT.



THE Author's Preface TO THE READER.

THOU may'ſt believe me (gentle Reader) without ſwearing, that I could willingly deſire this Book (as a child of underſtanding) to be the moſt beautiful, gallant, and diſcreet, that might poſſibly be imagined. But I could not tranſgreſs the order of nature, wherein every thing begets his like: which being ſo, what could my ſteril and ill-till'd-wit ingender, but the Hiſtory of a dry toaſted and humourous ſon, full of various thoughts and conceits never before imagined of any other: much like one who was ingendred within ſome noiſom priſon, where all diſcommodities have taken poſſeſſion, and

all doleful noiſes made their Habitation? ſeeing that reſt, pleaſant places, amenity of the fields, the chearfulneſs of clear sky, the murmuring noiſe of the chryſtal fountains, and the quiet repoſe of the ſpirit, are great helps for the moſt barren Muſes to ſhew themſelves fruitful, and to bring into the world ſuch births as may enrich it with admiration and delight. It oft-times befals, that a father hath a child both by birth evil-favoured and quite devoid of all perfection, and yet the love that he bears him is ſuch, as it caſts a mask over his eyes, which hinders his diſcerning of the faults and ſimplicities thereof, and makes him rather deem them diſcretions and beauty, and ſo tells them to his friends, for witty jeſts and conceits. But I (though in ſhew a father, yet in truth but a ſtep-father to Don Quixote) *will not be born away by the violent current of the modern cuſtom now-a-days, and therefore entreat thee, with the tears almoſt in mine eyes, as many others are wont to do, (moſt dear Reader) to pardon and diſſemble the faults which thou ſhalt diſcern in this my ſon: for thou art neither his kinſ-man nor friend, and thou haſt thy ſoul in thy body, and thy free-will therein as abſolute as the beſt, and thou art in thine own houſe, wherein thou art as abſolute a Lord, as the King is of his ſubſidies, and thou knoweſt well the common Proverb, that* under my cloak a fig for the King, *all which doth exempt thee, and makes thee free from all reſpect and obligation; and ſo thou mayeſt boldly ſay of this Hiſtory, whatſoever thou ſhalt think*

think good, without fear either to be controuled for the evil, or rewarded for the good that thou ſhalt ſpeak thereof.

I would very fain have preſented it unto thee pure and naked, without the ornament of a Preface, or the rabblement and catalogue of the wonted Sonnets, Epigrams, Poems, Elegies, &c. which are wont to be put at the beginning of books. For I dare ſay unto thee, that (although it coſt me ſome pains to compoſe it) yet in no reſpect did it equalize that, which I took to make this Preface, which thou doſt now read. I took oftentimes my pen in my hand to write it, and as often ſet it down again, as not knowing what I ſhould write, and being once in a muſe with my paper before me, my pen in mine ear, mine elbow on the table, and mine hand on my cheek, imagining what I might write, there entered a friend of mine unexpectedly, who was a very diſcreet and pleaſantly-witted man: who ſeeing me ſo penſative, demanded of me the reaſon of my muſing, and not concealing it from him ſaid, that I bethought myſelf on my preface I was to make to Don Quixote's *Hiſtory, which did ſo much trouble me, as I neither meant to make any at all, nor publiſh the Hiſtory of the acts of ſo noble a Knight. For how can I chuſe (quoth I) but be much confounded at that which the old Legiſlator (the vulgar) will ſay, when it ſees that after the end of ſo many years (as are ſpent ſince I firſt ſlept in the boſom of oblivion) I come out loaden with my grey hairs, and bring with me a book as*

dry as a kex, void of invention, barren of good phraſe, poor of conceits, and altogether empty both of learning and eloquence: without quotations on the margins, or annotations in the end of the book, wherewith I ſee other books are ſtill adorned, be they never ſo idle, fabulous, and prophane: ſo full of ſentences of Ariſtotle *and* Plato, *and the other crew of the Philoſophers, as admires the Readers, and makes them beleive that theſe Authors are very learned and eloquent. And after when they cite* Plutarch *or* Cicero, *what can they ſay, but that they are the ſayings of* St. Thomas, *or other Doctors of the Church: obſerving herein ſo ingenious a method, as in one line they well paint you an enamoured Gull, and in the other will lay you down a little ſeeming devout Sermon, ſo that it is a great pleaſure and delight to read or hear it? All which things muſt be wanting in my book, for neither have I any thing to cite on the margin, or note in the end, and much leſs do I know what Authors I follow, to put them at the beginning as the cuſtom is, by the letter of the* A. B. C. *beginning with* Ariſtotle, *and ending in* Xenophon, *or in* Zoylus *or* Zeuxis. *Although the one was a Railer, and the other a Painter, ſo likewiſe ſhall my book want ſonnets at the beginning, at leaſt ſuch ſonnets whoſe Authors be Dukes, Marqueſſes, Earls, Biſhops, Ladies, or famous Poets. Although if I would demand them of two or three Artificers of mine acquaintance, I know they would make me ſome ſuch, as thoſe of the*

moſt

moſt renowned in Spain *would in no wiſe be able to equal or compare with them.*

Finally, good Sir, and my very dear friend, (quoth I) I do reſolve that Sir Don Quixote *remain intombed among the old records of the* Mancha, *until heaven ordain ſome one to adorn him with the many graces that are yet wanting; for I find myſelf wholly unable to remedy them, through mine inſufficiency and little learning; and alſo becauſe I am naturally lazy and unwilling to go ſearching for Authors to ſay that, which I can ſay well enough without them. And hence proceeded the perplexity and extaſy wherein you found me plunged. My friend hearing that, and ſtriking himſelf on the fore-head, after a long and loud laughter, ſaid, In good faith, friend, I have now at laſt delivered myſelf of a long and intricate error, wherewith I was poſſeſſed all the time of our acquaintance; for hitherto I accounted thee ever to be diſcreet and prudent in all thy actions, but now I ſee plainly, that thou art as far from that I took thee to be, as Heaven is from the Earth.*

How is it poſſible, that things of ſo ſmall moment, and ſo eaſy to be redreſſed, can have force to ſuſpend and ſwallow up ſo ripe a wit as yours hath ſeemed to be, and ſo fitted to break up and trample over the greateſt difficulties that can be propounded. This proceeds not in good ſooth from defect of will, but from ſuperfluity of ſloth, and penury of diſcourſe; wilt thou ſee whether that I ſay be true or no? Liſten then attentively awhile, and thou ſhalt

perceive how in the twinkling of an eye, I will confound all the difficulties, and ſupply all the wants, which do ſuſpend and affright thee from publiſhing to the world, The Hiſtory of thy famous *Don Quixote,* the light and mirrour of all Knighthood-Errant.

Say, I pray thee, quoth I, (hearing what he had ſaid) After what manner doſt thou think to repleniſh the vacuity of my fear, and reduce the Chaos *of my confuſion to any clearneſs and light? And he replied, The firſt thing whereat thou ſtoppeſt of Sonnets, Epigrams, Eclogues,* &c. *(which are wanting for the beginning, and ought to be written by grave and noble perſons) may be remedied, if thou thyſelf wilt but take a little pains to compaſs them, and thou may'ſt after name them as thou pleaſeſt, and father them on* Preſter John *of the* Indians, *or the Emperour of* Trapiſonde, *whom I know were held to be famous Poets; and ſuppoſe they were not, but that ſome Pedants and preſumptuous fellows would backbite thee, and murmur againſt this truth, thou needeſt not weigh them two ſtraws: for although they could prove it to be an untruth, yet cannot they cut off thy hand for it.*

As touching Citations in the margin, and Authors, out of whom thou mayeſt collect ſentences and ſayings, to inſert in thy Hiſtory, there is nothing elſe to be done, but to bob into it ſome Latin *ſentences, that thou knoweſt already by rote, or may'eſt get eaſily with a little labour: as for example,*

ample, when thou treateſt of liberty and thraldom, thou may'ſt cite that, Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro: *and preſently quote* Horace, *or he whoſoever elſe that ſaid it on the margin. If thou ſhouldſt ſpeak of the power of death, have preſently recourſe to that of,* Pallida mors æquo pulſat pede pauperum tabernas, Regumque turres. *If of the inſtability of friends, thou haſt at hand* Cato *freely offering his Diſtichon.* Donec eris fœlix, multos numerabis amicos. Tempora ſi fuerint nubila, ſolus eris. *If of riches,* Quantum quiſque ſua nummorum ſervat in arca, Tantum habet & fidei. *If of love,* Hei mihi quod nullis amor eſt medicabilis herbis! *And ſo with theſe latin authorities and other ſuch like, they will at leaſt account thee a good Grammarian, and the being of ſuch a one is of no little honour and profit in this our Age. As touching the addition of annotations in the end of thy Book, thou mayſt boldly obſerve this courſe: If thou nameſt any Giant in thy Book, procure that it be the Giant* Goliah, *and with this alone (which almoſt will coſt thee nothing) thou haſt gotten a fair annotation, for thou mayſt ſay, The Giant* Golias *or* Goliat *was a* Philiſtine, *whom the Shepherd* David *ſlew with the blow of a ſtone in the vale of* Terebintho, *as is recounted in the Book of* Kings, *in the Chapter wherein thou ſhalt find it written.*

After

After all this, to ſhew that thou art learned in humane Letters and a Coſmographer, take ſome occaſion to make mention of the River Tagus, *and thou ſhalt preſently find thy ſelf ſtored with another notable notation, ſaying, The River* Tagus *was ſo called of a King of* Spain; *it takes its beginning from ſuch a place, and dies in the* Ocean *Seas, kiſſing firſt the Walls of the famous City of* Lisbon: *And ſome are of opinion, that the ſands thereof are of Gold,* &c. *If thou wilt treat of Thieves, I will recite the Hiſtory of* Cacus *to thee, for I know it by memory. If of Whores or Curtezans, there thou haſt the Biſhop of* Mondonnedo, *who will lend thee* Lamia, Layda, *and* Flora, *whoſe annotation will gain thee no ſmall credit. If of cruel Perſons,* Ovid *will tender* Medea. *If of Inchanters or Witches,* Homer *hath* Calipſo, *and* Virgil, Circe. *If of valorous Captains,* Julius Cæſar *ſhall lend himſelf in his Commentaries to thee, and* Plutarch *ſhall give thee a thouſand* Alexanders. *If thou doſt treat of Love, and haſt but two ounces of the* Thuſcane *Language, thou ſhalt encounter with* Lion *the* Hebrew, *who will repleniſh thy veſſels with ſtore in that kind: but if thou wilt not travel for it into ſtrange Countries, thou haſt here at home in thy houſe* Fonſeca of the love of God, *wherein is deciphered all that either thou, or the moſt ingenious capacity can deſire to learn of that ſubject. In concluſion, there is nothing elſe to be done, but that thou only endeavour to*

name

name thoſe names, or to touch thoſe Hiſtories in thine own, which I have here related, and leave the adding of annotations and citations unto me; for I do promiſe thee, that I will both fill up the margin, and alſo ſpend four or five ſheets of advantage at the end of the Book.

Now let us come to the Citation of Authors, which other books have, and thine wanteth, the remedy hereof is very eaſy, for thou needeſt do nought elſe but ſeek out a book that doth quote them all, from the Letter A. *until* Z. *as thou ſaidſt thyſelf but even now, and thou ſhalt ſet that very ſame alphabet to thine own book. For although the little neceſſity that thou hadſt to uſe their aſſiſtance in thy work, will preſently convict thee of falſhood, it makes no matter, and perhaps there may not a few be found ſo ſimple, as to believe that thou haſt holp thy ſelf in the Narration of thy moſt ſimple and ſincere Hiſtory, with all their authorities. And though that large Catalogue of Authors do ſerve to none other purpoſe, yet will it at leaſt give ſome authority to the book at the firſt bluſh; and the rather, becauſe none will be ſo mad as to ſtand to examine whether thou doſt follow them or no, ſeeing they can gain nothing by the matter. Yet if I do not err in the conſideration of ſo weighty an affair, this book of thine needs none of all theſe things, for as much as it is only an invective againſt books of Knighthood, a ſubject whereof* Ariſtotle *never dreamed,* Saint Baſil *ſaid nothing,* Cicero *never heard any word.*

Nor

Nor do the punctualities of truth, nor obſervations of Aſtrology *fall within the Sphere of ſuch fabulous Jeſtings. Nor do Geometrical dimenſions impart it any thing, nor the confutation of arguments uſurp'd by Rhetorick, nor ought it to preach unto any the mixture of holy matters with prophane, (a motley wherewith no* Chriſtian *well ſhould be attired) only it hath need to help itſelf with imitation; for by how much the more it ſhall excel therein, by ſo much the more will the work be eſteemed. And ſince that thy labour doth aim at no more, than to diminiſh the authority and acceptance that books of Chivalry have in the world, and among the vulgar, there is no occaſion why thou ſhouldeſt go begging of Sentences from Philoſophers, Fables from Poets, Orations from Rhetoricians, or Miracles from the Saints, but only endeavour to deliver with ſignificant, plain, honeſt, and well-ordered words thy jovial and chearful diſcourſe, expreſſing as near as thou mayeſt poſſibly thy intention, making thy conceits clear, and not intricate or dark; and labour alſo that the melancholy Mare, by the reading thereof, may be urged to laughter, the pleaſant diſpoſition encreaſed, the ſimple not cloyed; and that the judicious may admire thy invention, the grave not deſpiſe it, the prudent applaud it. In concluſion, let thy project be to overthrow the ill compiled* Machina *and bulk of thoſe Knightly books, abhorred by many, but applauded by more, for if thou bring this to paſs, thou haſt not atchieved a ſmall matter.*

I liſtned with very great attention to my friend's ſpeech, and his reaſons are ſo firmly imprinted in my mind, as without making any reply unto them, I approved them all for good, and framed my Preface of them. Wherein (ſweet Reader) thou mayeſt perceive my friend's diſcretion, my happineſs to meet with ſo good a Counſellor at ſuch a pinch, and thine own caſe, in finding ſo plainly and ſincerely related, the Hiſtory of the famous Don Quixote *of the* Mancha, *of whom it is the common opinion of all the inhabitants bordering on the fields of* Montiel, *that he was the moſt chaſte, enamoured, and valiant Knight, that hath been ſeen, read, or heard of theſe many Ages. I will not endear the benefit and ſervice I have done thee by making thee acquainted with ſo noble and honourable a Knight, but only do deſire, that thou gratify me for the notice of the famous* Sancho Pança *his Squire; in whom in mine opinion are deciphered all the Squire-like graces diſperſed through the vain rout of Knightly books. And herewithal I bid thee farewel, and do not forget me.* Vale.

CERTAIN

SONNETS,

Written by *Knights-Errant*, *Ladies*, *Squires*, and *Horſes*, in the Praiſe of *Don Quixote*, his *Dame*, his *Squire*, and *Steed*.

AMADIS *of* Gaule, *in Praiſe of* DON QUIXOTE.

THou that my doleful life didſt imitate,
When abſent, and diſdain'd it befel,
Devoid of joy, I a repentant ſtate
Did lead, and on the *Poor Rock's* top did dwell,
Thou that the ſtreams, ſo often from thine eyes
Didſt ſuck, of ſcalding tears diguſtful brine:
And without Pewter, Copper, Plate, likewiſe,
Waſt on the bare Earth oft conſtrain'd to dine:
Live of one thing ſecure eternally,
That whilſt bright *Phœbus* ſhall his Horſe's ſpur
Through the fourth Sphere's dilated Monarchy,
Thy name ſhall be renowned, near and fur.
And as 'mongſt Countries, thine is beſt alone,
So ſhall thine Author, Peers on Earth have none.

DON

DON BELIANIS of *Greece*, to DON QUIXOTE of the *Mancha*.

I Tore, I hackt, aboliſht, ſaid and did,
More than Knight-Errant elſe on Earth hath done:
I dextrous, valiant, and ſo ſtout beſide,
Have thouſand wrongs reveng'd, millions undone.
I have done Acts, that my fame eternize:
In Love I courteous and ſo peerleſs was;
Giants, as if but Dwarfs, I did deſpiſe:
And yet no time of Love-plaints I let paſs.
I have held Fortune proſtrate at my feet,
And by my wit ſeiz'd on occaſions top,
Whoſe wandring ſteps, I led where I thought meet,
And though beyond the *Moor* my ſoaring hope
Did crown my hap, with all felicity:
Yet *Great Quixote*, do I ſtill envy thee.

The Knight of the Sun, ALPHEBO, *to* DON QUIXOTE.

MY Sword could not at all compare with thine,
Spaniſh Alphebo! full of courteſy:
Nor thine Arm's valour, can be matcht by mine,
Though I was fear'd, where days both ſpring and die.

Empires

Empires I ſcorn'd, and the vaſt monarchy
Of th' orient ruddy (off'red me in vain),
I left, that I the Soveraign face might ſee
Of my *Aurora*, fair *Claridiane*,
Whom, as by miracle I ſurely lov'd:
So baniſhit by diſgrace, even very Hell
Quak'd at mine arm, that did his fury tame:
But thou, Illuſtrious, *Gothe*, *Quixote!* haſt prov'd
Thy valour for *Dulcinea*'s ſake, ſo well,
As both on Earth have gain'd eternal fame.

ORLANDO FURIOSO, *Peer of* France, *to* DON QUIXOTE *of the Mancha.*

THough thou art not a *Peer*, thou haſt no peer,
Who might'ſt among ten thouſand *Peers* be one;
Nor ſhalt thou never any *Peer* have here,
Who ever conquering, vanquiſht waſt of none.
Quixote, I'm *Orlando!* that caſt-away
For fair *Angelica*, croſt remoteſt Seas,
And did ſuch *Trophies* on *Fame*'s altar lay,
As paſs oblivions reach, many degrees.
Nor can I be thy *Peer*, for *Peerleſneſs*,
Is to thy proweſs due and great renown,
Although I loſt, as well as thou, my wit:
Yet mine thou mayſt be, if thy good ſucceſs
Make thee, the proud *Moor* tame, and Schite that
Us equals in diſgrace, and loving fit. (crown

SOLIS

SOLIS DAN, *to* DON QUIXOTE *of the Mancha.*

MAugre the ravings, that are ſet abroach,
And rumble up and down thy troubled brain:
Yet none thine acts, *Don Quixote*, can reproach,
Or thy proceedings tax as vile, or vain.
Thy feats ſhall be, thy faireſt ornament
(Seeing wrongs to 'ndo, thou goeſt thus about)
Although, with blows, a thouſand times y-ſhent
Thou wert, well-nigh, ye 'ven by the miſcreant rout.
And if thy fair *Dulcinea*, ſhall wrong
By miſ-regard, thy fairer expectation,
And to thy cares will lend no liſtening ear:
Then let this comfort all thy woes out-wear,
That *Sancho* fail'd in Broker's occupation,
He fooliſh, cruel ſhe: thou, without tongue.

The

The Princeſs ORIANA *of* Great Britain, *to Lady* DULCINEA DE TOBOSO.

HAppy thoſe which, for more commodity
And eaſe *Dulcinea* fair! could bring to paſs,
That *Greenwich*, where *Toboſo* is, might be,
And *London* chang'd, where thy Knights village was.
Happy ſhe that might body and ſoul adorn
With thy rich Livery, and thy high deſire:
And ſee thy happy Knight by honour born,
In cruel combat broaching out his ire.
But happieſt ſhe, that might ſo cleanly ſcape
From *Amadis*, as thou haſt whilome done
From thy well-manner'd Knight, courteous *Quixote*:
O! were I ſhe, I'd envy no one's hap,
And had been merry, when I moſt did mone,
And ta'n my pleaſure, without paying ſhot.

GAN-

GANDALINE, AMADIS *of* GAULE's *Squire; to* SANCHO PANÇA, DON QUIXOTE's *Squire.*

HAil, famous man! whom fortune hath ſo bleſt,
When firſt in Squire like trade, it thee did place,
As thou didſt ſoft and ſweetly paſs diſgrace,
'Ere thou thereof the threatning danger wiſt.
The Shovel or Sickle little do reſiſt
The wandring exerciſe; for now's in grace
Plain Squire-like-dealing, which doth quite deface
His pride, that would the *Moor* bore with his fiſt.
Thine Aſs I jointly envy and thy name,
And eke thy Wallet I do emulate;
An argument of thy great providence:
Hail once again; who, 'cauſe ſo good a man,
Thy worths, our *Spaniſh Ovid* does relate,
And lovely chaunts them, with all reverence.

A DIA-

A DIALOGUE *between* BABIECA, *Horſe to the* CID, *a famous Conqueror of* Spain; *and* ROZINANTE, DON QUIXOTE's *Courſer.*

Ba. HOw haps it, *Rozinante*, thou art ſo lean?
Ro. Becauſe I travel ſtill, and never eat:
Ba. Thy want of Barley and Straw, what does it mean?
Ro. That of my Lord, a bit I cannot get.
Ba. Away, ſir Jade! you are ill mannered,
Whoſe Aſs's tongue, your Lord does thus abaſe.
Ro. If you did ſee how he's enamoured,
You would conclude, that he's the greater Aſs.
Ba. Is love a folly? (*Roz.*) Sure it is no wit.
Ba. Thou art a Metaphyſician, (*Roz.*) for want of Meat.
Ba. Complain upon the Squire. (*Roz.*) What profits it?
Or how ſhall I my woeful plaints repeat!
Since though the World imputes ſlowneſs to me
Yet greater Jades, my Lord, and *Sancho* be.

The



The Delightful

HISTORY

Of the most Ingenious KNIGHT

Don QUIXOTE

Of the MANCHA.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Wherein is rehearsed the Calling and Exercises of the Renowned Don Quixote *of the Mancha.*

THERE lived not long since in a certain Village of the *Mancha*, the Name whereof I purposely omit, a Gentleman of their calling that use to pile up in their Halls old Launces, Halbards, Morrions, and such other Armours and Weapons. He was besides Master of an ancient Target, a lean Stallion, and a swift Greyhound. His Pot consisted daily of some-

what more Beef than Mutton; a Galli-mawfry each Night, Collops and Eggs on *Saturdays*, Lentils on *Fridays*, and now and then a lean Pidgeon on *Sundays*, did consume three parts of his Rents: The rest and remnant thereof was spent on a Jerkin of fine Puke, a Pair of Velvet Hose, with Pantofles of the same, for the Holy-days, and one Suit of the finest Vesture; for therewithal he honoured and set out his Person on the work Days. He had in his House a Woman-servant, of about some forty Years old, and a Niece not yet twenty, and a Man that served him both in Field and at Home, and could saddle his Horse, and likewise manage a pruning Hook. The Master himself was about fifty Years old, of a strong Complexion, dry Flesh, and a withered Face: He was an early Riser, and a great Friend of Hunting. Some affirm that his Surname was *Quixada* or *Quesada* (for in this there is some variance among the Authors that write his Life) although it may be gathered by very probable Conjectures, that he was called *Quixana*. Yet all this concerns our historical Relation but little; let it then suffice, that in the Narration thereof we will not vary a Jot from the Truth.

You shall therefore wit, that this Gentleman above named, the Spirts that he was idle (which was the longer part of the Year) did apply himself wholly to the reading of Books of Knighthood, and that with such Gusts and Delights, as he almost wholly neglected the Exercise of Hunting, yea, and the very Administration of his Houshold Affairs: And his Curiosity and Folly came to that pass, that he made away many Acres of arable Land to buy him Books of that kind; and therefore he brought to his House as many as ever he could get of that Subject: And among them all none pleased him better than those which famous *Felician* of *Silua* composed. For the Smoothness of his Prose, with now and then some intricate Sentence medled, seemed to him peerless; and principally when he did read the Courtings or Letters of Challenge, that Knights sent to Ladies, or one to another; where, in many places he found written—the Reason of the Unreasonableness, which

which againſt my Reaſon is wrought, doth ſo weaken my Reaſon, as with all Reaſon I do juſtly complain on your Beauty. And alſo when he read—the high Heavens, which with your Divinity do fortify you divinely with the Stars, and make you deſervereſs of the Deſerts that your Greatneſs deſerves, *&c.* With theſe and other ſuch Paſſages the poor Gentleman grew diſtracted, and was breaking his Brains Day and Night, to underſtand and unbowel their Senſe. An endleſs Labour! For even *Ariſtotle* himſelf would not underſtand them, though he were again reſuſcitated only for that purpoſe. He did not like ſo much the unproportionate Blows that *Don Belianis* gave and took in Fight; for, as he imagined, were the Surgeons never ſo cunning that cured them, yet was it impoſſible but that the Patien's Face, and all his Body, muſt remain full of Scars and Tokens: Yet did he praiſe notwithſtanding, in the Author of that Hiſtory, the Concluſion of his Book, with the promiſe of the endleſs Adventure; and many times he himſelf had a deſire to take Pen and finiſh it exactly as it is there promiſed; and would doubtleſly have performed it, and that ſurely with happy Succeſs, if other more urgent and continual Thoughts had not diſturbed him.

MANY times did he fall at variance with the Curate of his Village (who was a learned Man, graduated in *Ciguenca*) touching who was the better Knight, *Palmerin* of *England*, or *Amadis de Gaule*: But Maſter *Nicholas* the *Barber* of the ſame Town would affirm, that none of both arrived in Worth to the *Knight of the Sun*; and if any one Knight might paragon with him, it was infallibly *Don Galaor*, *Amadis de Gaule*'s Brother, whoſe Nature might fitly be accommodated to any thing; for he was not ſo coy and whining a Knight as his Brother, and that in Matters of Valour, he did not bate him an ace.

IN Reſolution, he plunged himſelf ſo deeply in his reading of theſe Books, as he ſpent many times in the Lecture of them whole Days and Nights; and in the end, through his little ſleep and much reading, he dried up

his Brains in ſuch ſort, as he loſt wholly his Judgment. His fantaſie was filled with thoſe things that he read, of Enchantments, Quarrels, Battels, Challenges, Wounds, Wooings, Loves, Tempeſts, and other impoſſible Follies. And theſe Toys did ſo firmly poſſeſs his Imagination with an infallible Opinion, that all that Machina of dreamed Inventions which he read was true, as he accounted no Hiſtory in the World to be ſo certain and ſincere as they were. He was wont to ſay that the **Cid Ruydiaz* was a very good Knight, but not to be compared to the |*Knight of the burning Sword*, which with one thwart blow cut aſunder two fierce and mighty Gyants. He agreed better with *Bernardo del Carpio*, becauſe he ſlew the enchanted *Rowland* in *Roncevales*. He likewiſe liked of the ſhift *Hercules* uſed when he ſmothered *Anteon* the Son of the Earth between his Arms. He praiſed the Gyant *Morgant* marvellouſly, becauſe, though he was of that monſtrous Progeny, who are commonly all of them proud and rude, yet he only was affable and courteous. But he agreed beſt of all with *Reinauld* of *Mount Alban*; and moſt of all then, when he ſaw him ſally out of his Caſtle to rob as many as ever he could meet: And when moreover he rob'd the Idol of *Mahomet* made all of Gold, as his Hiſtory recounts. And would be content to give his old Woman, yea and his Niece alſo, for a good opportunity on the Traytor *Galalon*, that he might lamb-skin and trample him into Powder.

FINALLY, his Wit being wholly extinguiſhed; he fell into one of the ſtrangeſt Conceits that ever Mad-man ſtumbled on in this World, to wit, it ſeemed unto him very requiſite and behoveful, as well for the Augmentation of his Honours, as alſo for the Benefit of the Common-wealth, that he himſelf ſhould become a Knight-Errant, and go throughout the World with his Horſe and Armour to ſeek Adventures, and practiſe in Perſon all that he had read was uſed by Knights of yore; re-

* *A famous Captain of the* Spaniſh *Nation.*

venging

venging of all kinds of Injuries, and offering himſelf to Occaſions and Dangers: Which being once happily atchieved, might gain him eternal Renown. The poor Soul did already figure himſelf crowned, through the Valour of his Arm, at leaſt Emperour of *Trapeſonda*; and led thus by thoſe ſoothing Thoughts, and born away with the exceeding delight he found in them, he haſtened all that he might to effect his urging deſires.

And firſt of all he cauſed certain old ruſty Arms to be ſcoured, that belonged to his great Grand-father, and lay many Ages neglected, and forgotten in a by-corner of his Houſe; he trimmed them and dreſſed them the beſt he mought, and then perceived a great defect they had; for they wanted an Helmet, and had only a plain Morrion: But he by his Induſtry ſupplied that want, and framed with certain Papers paſted together, a Beaver for his Morrion. True it is, that to make Tryal whether his paſted Beaver was ſtrong enough, and might abide the Adventure of a blow, he out with his Sword, and gave it a blow or two, and with the very firſt, did quite undo his whole Week's Labour: The Facility wherewithal it was diſſolved liked him nothing; wherefore to aſſure himſelf better the next time from the like danger, he made it anew, placing certain Iron Bars within it, in ſo artificial manner, as he reſted at once ſatisfied, both with his Invention, and alſo the Solidity of the Work; and without making a ſecond Trial, he deputed and held it in Eſtimation of a moſt excellent Beaver. Then did he preſently viſit his Horſe, who though he had more Quarters than Pence in a Six-pence through Leanneſs, and more Faults then *Gonellas*, having nothing on him but Skin and Bone; yet he thought that neither *Alexander's Bucephalus*, nor the *Cid's* Horſe *Balieca*, were in any reſpect equal to him. He ſpent four Days deviſing him a Name: For (as he reaſoned to himſelf) it was not fit that ſo famous a Knight's Horſe, and chiefly being ſo good a Beaſt, ſhould want a known Name; and therefore he endeavoured to give him ſuch a one, as ſhould both declare what ſometime he had been, before he pertained to a Knight-Errant, and alſo

what at preſent he was: For it ſtood greatly with Reaſon, ſeeing his Lord and Maſter changed his Eſtate and Vocation, that he ſhould alter likewiſe his Denomination, and get a new one, that was famous and altiſonant, as becomed the new Order and Exerciſe which he now profeſſed: And therefore after many other Names which he framed, blotted out, rejected, added, undid, and turned again to frame in his Memory and Imagination, he finally concluded to name him *Rozinante* *, a Name in his Opinion, lofty, full, and ſignificant of what he had been when he was a plain Jade, before he was exalted to his new Dignity; being as he thought, the beſt carriage Beaſt of the World. The Name being thus given to his Horſe, and ſo to his Mind, he reſolved to give himſelf a Name alſo, and in that thought he laboured other eight Days; and in concluſion, called himſelf *Don Quixote*; whence (as is ſaid) the Authors of this moſt true Hiſtory deduce, that he was undoubtedly named *Quixada*, and not *Queſada*, as others would have it. And remembring that the valorous *Amadis* was not ſatisfied only with the dry Name of *Amadis*, but added thereunto the Name of his Kingdom and Country, to render his own more undoubted, terming himſelf *Amadis de Gaule*; ſo he, like a good Knight would add to his own, that alſo of his Province, and call himſelf *Don Quixote* of the *Mancha*, wherewith it appeared, that he very lively declared his Lineage and Country, which he did honour, by taking it for his Surname.

HIS Armour being ſcoured, his Morrion transformed into an Helmet, his Horſe named, and himſelf confirmed with a new Name alſo; he forthwith bethought himſelf that now he wanted nothing but a Lady, on whom he might beſtow his Service and Affection; for the Knight-Errant that is Loveleſs, reſembles a Tree

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* *A Horſe of Labour or Carriage, in* Spaniſh, *is called* Rozin, *and the word* Ante *ſignifies* Before; *ſo that* Rozinante *is a Horſe that ſometime was of Carriage.*

that

that wants Leaves and Fruit, or a Body without a Soul: And therefore he was wont to ſay, If I ſhould for my Sins, or by good hap encounter there abroad with ſome Gyant (as Knights Errant do ordinarily) and that I ſhould overthrow him with one blow to the Ground, or cut him with a ſtroke in two halves, or finally overcome, and make him yield to me, would it not be very expedient to have ſome Lady, to whom I might preſent him? And that he entring in her Preſence to kneel before my ſweet Lady, and ſay unto her with an humble and ſubmiſſive Voice: Madam! I am the Gyant *Caraculiambro*, Lord of the Iſland called *Malindrania*, whom the never-too-much-praiſed Knight *Don Quixote de la Mancha* hath overcome in ſingle Combat; and hath commanded to preſent my ſelf to your Greatneſs, that it may pleaſe your Highneſs to diſpoſe of me according unto your liking. O! how glad was our Knight when he had made this Diſcourſe to himſelf, but chiefly when he had found out one, whom he might call his Lady. For, as it is imagined there dwelled in the next Village unto his Mannor, a young handſome Wench, with whom he was ſometime in Love, although as is underſtood, ſhe never knew or took Notice thereof. She was called *Aldonſa Lorenſo*, and her he thought fitteſt to intitle with the Name of Lady of his Thoughts, and ſearching a Name for her that ſhould not vary much from her own, and yet ſhould draw and aveer ſomewhat to that of a Princeſs or great Lady, he called her *Dulcinea del Toboſo* (for there ſhe was Born) a Name in his Conceit harmonious, ſtrange and ſignificant, like to all the others that he had given to his Things.

CHAP. II.

Of the first Sally that Don Quixote *made to ſeek Adventures.*

THINGS being thus ordered, he would defer the Execution of his Deſigns no longer, being ſpur'd on the more vehemently, by the want which he eſteemed his Delays wrought in the World, according to the Wrongs that he reſolved to right, the Harms he meant to redreſs, the Exceſſes he would amend, the Abuſes that he would better, and the Debts he would ſatisfy. And therefore without acquainting any living Creature with his Intention, he unſeen of any, upon a certain Morning, ſomewhat before the Day (being one of the warmeſt of *July*) armed himſelf *Cap a pie*, mounted on *Rozinante*, laced on his ill-contrived Helmet, embraced his Target, took his Launce, and by a Poſtern-door of his baſe Court iſſued out to the Field, marvellous jocund and content to ſee with what Facility he had commenced his good deſires. But ſcarce had he ſallied to the Fields, when he was ſuddenly aſſaulted by a terrible Thought, and ſuch a one as did well-nigh overthrow his former good purpoſes; which was, he remembred that he was not yet dubb'd Knight, and therefore by the Laws of Knighthood neither could nor ought to combat with any Knight. And though he were one, yet ought he to wear white Armour like a new Knight, without any Device in his Shield, until he did win it by force of Arms.

THESE Thoughts did make him ſtagger in his purpoſes; but his Follies prevailing more than any other Reaſon, he purpoſed to cauſe himſelf to be Knighted by the firſt he met, to the Imitation of many others, that did the ſame, as he had read in the Books which diſtracted him. As touching white Armour, he reſolved with

with the firſt opportunity to ſcour his own ſo well, that they ſhould reſt whiter than Ermines: And thus he pacified his Mind, and proſecuted his Journey, without chuſing any other way than that which his Horſe pleaſed, believing that therein conſiſted the Vigour of Knightly Adventures. Our burniſht Adventurer travelling thus onward, did parle with himſelf in this manner: "Who doubts in the enſuing Ages, when the true Hiſtory of my famous Acts ſhall come to light, but that the wiſe Man who ſhall write it, will begin it, when he comes to declare this my firſt Sally ſo early in the Morning, after this manner? *Scarce had the ruddy* Apollo *ſpread over the Face of the vaſt and ſpacious Earth, the golden Twiſts of his beautiful Hairs, and ſcarce had the little enamel'd Birds with their naked Tongues ſaluted, with ſweet and melliſluous Harmony, the Arrival of Roſie* Aurora; when abandoning her jealous Husband's ſoft couch, ſhe ſhews her ſelf to mortal Wights thorow the Gates and Windows of the *Manchegall Orizon.* When the famous Knight *Don Quixote* of the *Mancha*, abandoning the ſlothful Plumes, did mount upon his renowned Horſe *Rozinante*, and began to travel thorough the antient and known fields of *Montiel*" (as indeed he did); and following ſtill on with his Diſcourſe, he ſaid: "O! happy the Age, and fortunate the time, wherein my famous Feats ſhall be revealed, Feats worthy to be graven in Braſs, carved in Marble, and delivered with moſt curious Art in Tables, for a future Inſtruction and Memory. And, thou wiſe Enchanter, whoſoever thou beeſt, whom it ſhall concern to be the Chronicler of this ſtrange Hiſtory, I deſire thee not to forget my good Horſe *Rozinante*, mine eternal and inſeparable Companion in all my Journies and Courſes." And then, as if he were verily enamoured, he ſaid, "O Princeſs *Dulcinea*, Lady of this captive Heart, much wrong haſt thou done me by diſmiſſing me, and reproaching me with the rigorous Decree and Commandment not to appear before thy Beauty: I pray thee, ſweet Lady, deign to re-

" member thee of this poor ſubjected Heart, that for " thy Love ſuffers ſo many Tortures." And with theſe Words he inſerted a thouſand other Ravings, all after the very ſame manner that his Books taught him, imitating as near as he could their very Phraſe and Language, and did ride therewithal ſo ſlow a pace, and the Sun did mount ſo ſwiftly, and with ſo great Heat, as it was ſufficient to melt his Brains if he had had any left.

He travelled almoſt all that Day, without encountring any thing worthy the recital, which made him to fret for Anger: For he deſired to encounter preſently ſome one upon whom he might make Trial of his invincible Strength. Some Authors write, that his firſt Adventure was that of the *Lapicean* Straights, others, that of the Wind-mills; but what I could only find out in this Affair, and that which I have found written in the Annals of the *Mancha* is, that he travelled all that Day long, and at Night both he and his Horſe were tired, and marvellouſly preſt by Hunger, and looking about him on every ſide, to ſee whether he could diſcover any Caſtle or Sheepfold, wherein he might retire himſelf for that Night, and remedy his Wants; he perceived an Inn, near unto the Highway wherein he travelled; which was as welcome a ſight to him, as if he had ſeen a Star, that did addreſs him to the Porch, if not to the Palace of his Redemption. Then ſpurring his Horſe, he hyed all he might towards it, and arrived much about Nightfall. There ſtood by Chance at the Inn door, two Women Adventurers likewiſe, which travelled toward *Sevil* with certain Carriers, and did by Chance take up their Lodging in that Inn the ſame Evening; and for as much as our Knight-Errant eſteemed all which he thought, ſaw, or imagined, was done or did really paſs in the very ſame form, as he had read the like in his Books; forthwith as ſoon as he eſpied the Vent, he fained to himſelf that it was a Caſtle with four Turrets, whereof the Pinacles were of gliſtering Silver, without omitting the Draw-bridge, deep Foſs, and other Adherents belonging to the like places: And approaching by

little

little and little to the Vent, when he drew near to it, checking *Rozinante* with the Bridle, he reſted a while to ſee whether any Dwarf would mount on the Battlements to give warning with the ſound of a Trumpet, that ſome Knight did approach the Caſtle; but ſeeing they ſtaid ſo long, and alſo that *Rozinante* kept a coil to go to his Stable, he went to the Inn door, and there beheld the two looſe Baggages, that ſtood at it, whom he preſently ſuppoſed to be two beautiful Damſels or lovely Ladies, that did ſolace themſelves before the Caſtle Gates. And in this Space it befel by chance, that a certain Swine-herd as he gathered together his Hogs, blew the Horn, whereat they are wont to come together: And inſtantly Don *Quixote* imagined it was what he deſired, to wit, ſome Dwarf who gave Notice of his Arrival; and therefore with marvellous Satisfaction of Mind he approached to the Inn and Ladies; who beholding one armed in that manner to draw ſo near, with his Launce and Target, they made much haſte, being greatly affrighted, to get to their Lodging. But Don *Quixote* perceiving their Fear by their flight, lifting up his paſted Beaver, and diſcovering his withered and duſty Countenance, did accoſt them with gentle Demeanour and grave Words in this manner: "Let "not your Ladiſhips fly, nor fear any Outrage, for to "the Order of Knighthood which I do profeſs, it "toucheth nor appertaineth not to wrong any Body, "and leaſt of all ſuch worthy Damſels as your Preſences "denote you to be." The Wenches looked on him very earneſtly, and did ſearch with their Eyes for the Viſage, which his ill-faſhioned Beaver did conceal: But when they heard themſelves termed Damſels, a Thing ſo far from their Profeſſion, they could not contain their Laughter, which was ſo loud, as Don *Quixote* waxed aſhamed thereat, and therefore ſaid to them: "Modeſty is a comely Ornament of the beautiful, and "the exceſſive Laughter that ſprings from a light Oc-"caſion, muſt be reputed great Folly: But I do not ob-"ject this unto you to make you the more aſhamed, "or that you ſhould take it in ill part; for my deſire is

" none other than to do you all the Honour and Ser-
" vice I may." This he ſpake unto them in ſuch uncooth Words, as they could not underſtand him, which was an Occaſion, joined with his own Uncomelineſs, to increaſe their Laughter and his Wrath, which would have paſs'd the Bounds of Reaſon, if the Inn-keeper had not come out at the inſtant; being a Man who by Reaſon of his exceeding Fatneſs, muſt needs have been of a very peaceable Condition, who beholding that counterfeit Figure, all armed in ſo unſuitable Armour, as were his Bridle, Lance, Target, and Corſlet, was very near to have kept the Damſels company in the pleaſant Shows of his Merriment: But fearing in effect the *Machina* and Bulk contrived of ſo various Furnitures, he determined to ſpeak him fairly, and therefore began to him in this manner: If your Worſhip (Sir Knight) do ſeek for Lodging, you may chalk your ſelf a Bed, for there is none in this Inn, wherein you ſhall find all other things in abundance. Don *Quixote* noting the Lowlineſs of the Conſtable of that Fortreſs (for ſuch the Inn and Inn-keeper ſeemed unto him) anſwered, Any Thing, Sir * Conſtable, may ſerve me; for mine Arms are mine Ornaments, and Battels mine Eaſe, *&c.* The Hoſt thought he had called him a *Caſtellano* or Conſtable, becauſe he eſteemed him to be one of the ſincere and honeſt Men of *Caſtile*, whereas he was indeed an *Andaluzian*, and of the Commark of S. *Lucars*, no leſs thieviſh than *Cacus*, nor leſs malicious and crafty than a Student or Page; and therefore he anſwered him thus: If that be ſo, your Bed muſt be hard Rocks, and your Sleep a perpetual Watching: And being ſuch, you may boldly alight, and ſhall find certainly here occaſion and opportunity to hold you waking this Twelve-month more, for one Night. And ſaying ſo, laid Hand on Don *Quixote*'s Stirrop, who did forth-

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* *Here the* Spaniſh *is* Caſtellano, *that is in the* Spaniſh *Tongue either a Conſtable of a Caſtle, or one born in* Caſtile,

with

with alight, though it was with great Difficulty and Pain, as one that had not eaten all that Day one crum; and then he requeſted the Hoſt to have ſpecial Care of his Horſe, ſaying, He was one of the beſt Pieces that ever eat Bread. The Inn-keeper viewed and reviewed him, to whom he did not ſeem half ſo good as Don *Quixote* valued him, and ſetting him up in the Stable, he turned to ſee what his Gueſt would command, who was a diſarming by both the Damſels (which were by this time reconciled to him) who, though they had taken off his Breaſt-plate and back Parts, yet knew they not how, nor could any wiſe undo his Gorget, nor take off his counterfeit Beaver, which he had faſtened on with green Ribbons: And by Reaſon the Knots were ſo intricate, it was requiſite they ſhould be cut, whereunto he would not in any wiſe agree; and therefore remained all the Night with his Helmet on, and was the ſtrangeſt and pleaſanteſt Figure thereby, that one might behold. And as he was a diſarming (imagining thoſe light Wenches that helpt him, to be certain principal Ladies and Dames of that Caſtle) he ſaid unto them with a very good Grace, Never was any Knight ſo well attended on, and ſerved by Ladies as was Don *Quixote*; when he departed from his Village, Damſels attended on him, and Princeſſes on his Horſe. O *Rozinante*, for (Ladies) that is the Name of my Horſe, and Don *Quixote de la Mancha* is mine own. For although I meant at the firſt not to have diſcovered my ſelf, until the acts done in your Service and Benefit ſhould manifeſt me, yet the Neceſſity of accommodating to our preſent purpoſe, the old Romance of Sir *Launcelot*, hath been an Occaſion that you ſhoudl know my Name before the right Seaſon: But the time will come wherein your Ladiſhips may command me, and I obey, and then the Valour of mine Arm ſhall diſcover the deſire I have to do you Service.

THE Wenches being unaccuſtomed to hear ſo Rhetorical Terms, anſwered never a Word to him, but only demanded, whether he would eat any Thing? That I would, replied Don *Quixote*, for as much as I think the

the taking of a little Meat would be very behoveful for me. It chanced by hap to be on *Friday*, and therefore there was no other Meat in the Inn, than a few Pieces of a Fiſh called in *Caſtile Abadexo*, in *Andaluzia Bacallao*, and in ſome places *Curadillo*, and in others *Truchuela*, and is but poor *John*. They demanded of him therefore whether he would eat thereof, giving it the Name uſed in that place of *Truchuela*, or little Troute, for there was no other Fiſh in all the Inn to preſent unto him but ſuch? Why then (quoth Don *Quixote*) bring it in, for if there be many little Trouts, they may ſerve me in ſtead of a great one; it being all one to me to be paid my Money (if I were to receive any) in eight ſingle Reals, or to be paid the ſame in one Real of eight. And moreover thoſe little Trouts are perhaps like unto Veal, which is much more delicate Fleſh than Beef; or the Kid, which is better than the Goat: But be it what it liſt, let it be brought in preſently; for the Labour and Weight of Arms cannot be well born, without the well ſupplying of the Guts. Then was there ſtraight laid a Table at the Inn-door, that he might take the Air: And the Hoſt brought him a Portion of evil-watered, and worſe boiled poor *John*, and a Loaf as black and hoary as his Harneſs: But the only ſport was to behold him eat, for by Reaſon his Helmet was on, and his Beaver lifted, he could put nothing into his Mouth himſelf, if others did not help him to find the way; and therefore one of thoſe Ladies ſerved his turn in that: But it was altogether impoſſible to give him drink after that manner, and would have remained ſo for ever, if the Inn-keeper had not bored a Cane, and ſetting the one end in his Mouth, poured down the Wine at the other: All which he ſuffered moſt patiently, becauſe he would not break the Ribbons of his Helmet. And as he ſate at Supper, there arrived by chance a Sow-gelder, who as ſoon as he came to the Inn, did ſound four or five times a whiſtle of Canes, the which did confirm Don *Quixote*, that he was in ſome famous Caſtle, where he was ſerved with Muſick, and that the poor *John* was Trouts, the Bread

of

BRIT
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Cur. Coypel pinxit. G. I. & Gucht Sculp.

Don Quixote Knighted in the Inn.

of the fineſt Flower, the Whores, Ladies, and the Inn-keeper, Conſtable of that Caſtle: Wherefore he accounted his Reſolution and Departure from his own Houſe very well employed. But that which did moſt afflict him, was, that he was not yet dubbed Knight, for as much as he was fully perſuaded, that he could not lawfully enterprize or follow any Adventure, until he received the Order of Knighthood.

CHAP. III.

Wherein is recounted the pleaſant manner obſerved in the Knighting Don Quixote.

AND being thus toſſed in Mind, he made a ſhort beggarly Supper; which being finiſhed, he called for his Hoſt, and ſhutting the Stable-door very faſt, he laid himſelf down upon his Knees in it before him, ſaying, I will never riſe from the place where I am, valorous Knight, until your Courteſy ſhall grant unto me a Boon that I mean to demand of you, the which will redound unto your Renown, and alſo to the Profit of all humane Kind. The Inn-keeper ſeeing his Gueſt at his Feet, and hearing him ſpeak thoſe Words, remained confounded, beholding him, not knowing what he might do or ſay, and did ſtudy and labour to make him ariſe: But all was in vain, until he muſt have promiſed unto him, that he would grant him any Gift that he ſought at his Hands. I did never expect leſs (replied Don *Quixote*) from your great Magnificence, my Lord: And therefore I ſay unto you, that the Boon which I demand of you, and that hath been granted unto me by your Liberality, is, that to Morrow in the Morning you will dub me Knight, and this Night I will watch mine Armour in the Chapel of your Caſtle, and in the Morning, as I have ſaid, the reſt of my Deſires ſhall be accompliſhed, that I may go in due manner

ner throughout the four Parts of the World to ſeek Adventures, to the Benefit of the Needy, as is the Duty of Knighthood and of Knights-Errant, as I am, whoſe deſires are wholly inclined and dedicated to ſuch Atchievements. The Hoſt, who, as we noted before, was a great Giber, and had before gathered ſome Arguments of the defect of Wit in his Gueſt, did wholly now perſuade himſelf that his Suſpicions were true, when he heard him ſpeak in that manner: And that he might have an occaſion of Laughter, he reſolved to feed his Humour that Night, and therefore anſwered him, that he had very great Reaſon in that which he deſired and ſought, and that ſuch Projects were proper and natural to Knights of the Garb and Worth he ſeemed to be of: And that he himſelf likewiſe in his youthful Years had followed that honourable Exerciſe, going thorough divers Parts of the World to ſeek Adventures, without either omitting the * Dangers of *Malaga*, the Iſles of *Riaran*, the Compaſs of *Sevil*, the † Quick-ſilver Houſe of *Segovia*, the Olive-field of *Valencia*, the Circuit of *Granada*, the Wharf of S. *Lucar*, the ‖ Potro or Cowlt of *Cordova*, and the little Taverns of *Toledo*; and many other places, wherein he practiſed the Dexterity of his Hands, doing many Wrongs, ſolliciting many Widows, undoing certain Maidens, and deceiving many Pupils, and finally making himſelf known and famous in all the Tribunals and Courts almoſt of all *Spain*, and that at laſt he had retired himſelf to that his Caſtle, where he was ſuſtained with his own and other Men's Goods; entertaining in it all Knights-Errant, of whatſoever Quality and Condition they were, only for the great Affection he bore towards them, and to the end they might divide with him part of their Winnings in recompence of his good Will: He added beſides, that

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* Percheles. † Azogueſo. ‖ *The Potron of* Cordova *is a certain Fountain whereon ſtands a* Pegaſus, *and to that Fountain reſort a number of cunny-catching Fellows, as to Duke* Humphrey *at* Pauls.

there

there was no Chapel in his Caſtle, wherein he might watch his Arms, for he had broken it down to build it up anew: But notwithſtanding he knew very well, that in a Caſe of Neceſſity, they might lawfully be watched in any other place, and therefore he might watch them that Night in the baſe Court of the Caſtle; for in the Morning, and pleaſed God, the Ceremonies requiſite ſhould be done in ſuch ſort, as he ſhould remain a dubbed Knight, in ſo good Faſhion, as in all the World he could not be bettered. He demanded of Don *Quixote* whether he had any Money? Who anſwered, that he had not a Blank, for he had never read in any Hiſtory of Knights-Errant, that any one of them ever carried any Money. To this his Hoſt replied, that he was deceived; for admit that Hiſtories made no mention thereof, becauſe the Authors of them deemed it not neceſſary to expreſs a Thing ſo manifeſt, and needful to be carried as was Money and clean Shirts: It was not therefore to be credited, that they had none; and therefore he ſhould hold for moſt certain and manifeſt, that all the Knights-Errant, with the Story of whoſe Acts ſo many Books are repleniſhed and heaped, had their Purſes well lined for that which might befal, and did moreover carry with them a little Casket of Ointments and Salves, to cure the Wounds which they received; for they had not the Commodity of a Surgeon to cure them, every time that they fought abroad in the Fields and Deſarts, if they had not by chance ſome wiſe Enchanter to their Friend, who would preſently ſuccour them, bringing unto them in ſome Cloud through the Air ſome Damſel or Dwarf, with a Viol of Water of ſo great Virtue, as taſting one drop thereof, they remained as whole of their Sores and Wounds, as if they had never received any. But when they had not that Benefit, the Knights of Times paſt held it for a very commendable and ſecure Courſe, that their Squires ſhould be provided of Money and other neceſſary Things, as Lint and Ointments for to cure themſelves: And when it befel that the like Knights had no Squires to attend upon them (which happened but very ſeldom) then

then would they themſelves carry all this Proviſion behind them on their Horſes, in ſome ſlight and ſubtil Wallets, which could ſcarce be perceived, as a Thing of very great conſequence. For if it were not upon ſuch an occaſion, the carriage of Wallets was not very tolerable among Knights-Errant. And in this reſpect he did adviſe him, ſeeing he might yet command him as one that by receiving the Order of Knighthood at his Hands, ſhould very ſhortly become his God-child, that he ſhould not travel from thence forward without Money, and other the Preventions he had then given unto him; and he ſhould perceive himſelf how behoveful they would prove unto him, when he leaſt expected it.

DON *Quixote* promiſed to accompliſh all that he had counſelled him to do, with all Punctuality; and ſo order was forthwith given how he ſhould watch his Arms in a great Yard that lay near unto one ſide of the Inn: Wherefore Don *Quixote* gathering all his Arms together, laid them on a Ciſtern that ſtood near unto a Well: And buckling on his Target, he laid hold on his Launce, and walked up and down before the Ciſtern very demurely; and when he began to walk, the Night likewiſe began to lock up the Splendor of the Day. The Inn-keeper in the mean Seaſon recounted to all the reſt that lodged in the Inn the Folly of his Gueſt, the watching of his Arms, and the Knighthood which he expected to receive. They all admired very much at ſo ſtrange a kind of Folly, and went out to behold him from afar off, and ſaw that ſometimes he pranced to and fro with a quiet Geſture; other times leaning upon his Launce he looked upon his Armour, without beholding any other Thing ſave his Arms for a good ſpace.

THE Night being ſhut up at laſt wholly, but with ſuch Clearneſs of the Moon, as it might well compare with his Brightneſs that lent her her Splendor, every thing which our new Knight did, was eaſily perceived by all the Beholders. In this Seaſon one of the Carriers that lodged in the Inn, reſolved to water his Mules, and for that purpoſe it was neceſſary to remove *Don Quixote*'s Armour that lay on the Ciſtern; who ſeeing him

him approach, ſaid unto him with a loud Voice: O thou! whoſoever thou beeſt, bold Knight, that comeſt to touch the Armour of the moſt valorous Adventurer that ever girded Sword, look well what thou doſt, and touch them not, if thou meaneſt not to leave thy Life in Payment of thy Preſumption. The Carrier made no Account of thoſe Words (but it were better he had, for it would have redounded to his Benefit) but rather laying hold on the Leatherings, threw the Armour a pretty way off from him: Which being perceived by *Don Quixote*, he lifted up his Eyes towards Heaven, and addreſſing his Thoughts (as it ſeemed) to his Lady *Dulcinea*, he ſaid, "Aſſiſt me, dear Lady, in this firſt dan-"gerous Affront and Adventure offered to this Breaſt, "that is inthralled to thee, and let not thy Favour and "Protection fail me in this my firſt Trance." And uttering theſe and other ſuch Words, he let ſlip his Target, and lifting up his Launce with both Hands, he paid the Carrier ſo round a knock therewithal on the Pate, as he overthrew him to the Ground in ſo evil taking, as if he had ſeconded it with another, he ſhould not have needed any Surgeon to cure him. This done, he gathered up his Armour again, and laying them where they had been before, he walked after up and down by them, with as much Quietneſs as he did at the firſt.

BUT very ſoon after, another Carrier without knowing what had hapned (for his Companion lay yet in a Trance on the ground) came alſo to give his Mules Water, and coming to take away the Arms, that he might free the Ciſtern of Incumbrances, and take Water the eaſier: *Don Quixote* ſaying nothing, nor imploring Favour of his Miſtreſs or any other, let ſlip again his Target, and lifting his Launce, without breaking of it in Pieces, made more than three on the ſecond Carrier's noddle; for he broke it in four places. All the People of the Inn, and amongſt them the Hoſt likewiſe repaired at this time to the Noiſe: Which *Don Quixote* perceiving, embracing his Target, and laying Hand on his Sword, he ſaid, "O Lady of all Beauty, Courage,

"and

" and Vigour of my weakned Heart, it is now high " time that thou do convert the Eyes of thy Greatneſs " to this thy captive Knight, who doth expect ſo mar- " vellous great an Adventure." Saying thus, he recovered as he thought ſo great Courage, that if all the Carriers of the World had aſſailed him, he would not go one Step backward. The wounded Mens Fellows, ſeeing them ſo evil dight, from a far off began to rain Stones on *Don Quixote*, who did defend himſelf the beſt he might with his Target, and durſt not depart from the Ciſtern, leſt he ſhould ſeem to abandon his Arms. The Inn-keeper cried to them to let him alone, for he had already informed them that he was mad, and for ſuch a one would ſcape ſcot-free although he had ſlain them all. *Don Quixote* likewiſe cried out louder, terming them all diſloyal Men and Traytors, and that the Lord of the Caſtle was a treacherous and bad Knight, ſeeing he conſented that Knights-Errant ſhould be ſo baſely uſed; and that if he had not yet received the Order of Knighthood, he would make him underſtand his Treaſon. " But of you baſe and raſcally " Kennel (quoth he) I make no reckoning at all: Throw " at me, approach, draw near, and do me all the hurt " you may, for you ſhall 'ere long perceive the Reward " you ſhall carry for this your Madneſs and Outrage." Which Words he ſpoke with ſo great Spirit and Boldneſs, as he ſtruck a terrible Fear into all thoſe that aſſaulted him: And therefore moved both by it, and the Inn-keeper's Perſuaſions, they left off throwing Stones at him, and he permitted them to carry away the wounded Men, and returned to the guard of his Arms, with as great Quietneſs and Gravity, as he did at the beginning.

THE Inn-keeper did not like very much theſe Tricks of his Gueſt, and therefore he determined to abbreviate, and give him the unfortunate Order of Knighthood forthwith, before ſome other Diſaſter befel: And with this Reſolution coming unto him, he excuſed himſelf of the Inſolencies thoſe baſe Fellows had uſed to him, without his Privity or Conſent, but their Raſhneſs, as he

he ſaid, remained well chaſtiſed: He added how he had already told unto him, that there was no Chapel in his Caſtle, and that for what yet reſted unperfected of their Intention, it was not neceſſary, becauſe the chief Point remaining of being Knighted, conſiſted chiefly in blows of the Neck and Shoulders, as he had read in the ceremonial Book of the Order, and that, that might be given in the very midſt of the Fields; and that he had already accompliſhed the Obligation of watching his Arms, which with only two Hours watch might be fulfilled; how much more after having watched four, as he had done? All this *Don Quixote* believed, and therefore anſwered, that he was moſt ready to obey him, and requeſted him to conclude with all the Brevity poſſible: For if he ſaw himſelf Knighted, and were once again aſſaulted, he meant not to leave one Perſon alive in all the Caſtle, except thoſe which the Conſtable ſhould command, whom he would ſpare for his ſake.

THE Conſtable being thus advertiſed, and fearful that he would put this his Deliberation in Execution, brought out a Book preſently, wherein he was wont to write down the Accounts of the Straw and Barley, which he delivered from time to time, to ſuch Carriers as lodged in his Inn, for their Beaſts: And with a But of a Candle which a Boy held lighted in his Hand before him, accompanied by the two Damſels above-mentioned, he came to *Don Quixote* whom he commanded to kneel upon his Knees, and reading in his *Manual* (as it ſeemed ſome devout Oriſon) he held up his Hand in the midſt of the Lecture, and gave him a good blow on the Neck, and after that gave him another trim thwack over the Shoulders with his own Sword (always murmuring ſomething between the Teeth as if he prayed) this being done, he commanded one of the Ladies to gird on his Sword, which ſhe did with a ſingular good Grace and Dexterity, which was much, the Matter being of it ſelf ſo ridiculous, as it wanted but little to make a Man burſt for Laughter at every Paſſage of the Ceremonies: But the Proweſs which they had already beheld in the new Knight, did limit and contain their Delight.

Delight. At the girding on of his Sword, the good Lady ſaid, God make you a fortunate Knight, and give you good Succeſs in all your Debates. *Don Quixote* demanded then how ſhe was called, that he might thenceforward know to whom he was ſo much obliged for the Favour received? And ſhe anſwered with great Buxomneſs, that ſhe was named *Toloſa*, and was a Botcher's Daughter of *Toledo*, that dwelt in *Sancho-Benegas-Street*, and that ſhe would ever honour him as her Lord. *Don Quixote* replied, requeſting her for his ſake to call her ſelf from thenceforth the Lady *Toloſa*, which ſhe promiſed him to perform. The other Lady buckled on his Spur, with whom he had the very like Conference; and asking her Name, ſhe told him ſhe was called *Molinera*, and was Daughter to an honeſt Miller of *Antequera*: Here likewiſe our Knight intreated to call her ſelf the Lady *Molinera*, proffering her new Services and Favours. The new and never-ſeen before Ceremonies being thus ſpeedily finiſhed, as it ſeemed with a Gallop, *Don Quixote* could not reſt until he were mounted on Horſeback, that he might go to ſeek Adventures; wherefore cauſing *Rozinante* to be inſtantly ſadled, he leaped on him, and embracing his Hoſt, he ſaid unto him ſuch ſtrange Things, gratifying the Favour he had done him in dubbing him Knight, as it is impoſſible to hit upon the manner of recounting them right. The Inn-keeper, that he might be quickly rid of him, did anſwer his Words with others no leſs Rhetorical, but was in his Speech ſomewhat briefer; and without demanding of him any Thing for his Lodging, he ſuffered him to depart in a fortunate Hour.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of that which befel to our Knight, after he had departed from the Inn.

AURORA began to diſplay her Beauties about the time that *Don Quixote* iſſued out of the Inn, ſo content, lively, and jocund to behold himſelf Knighted, as his very Horſe-girts were ready to burſt for Joy: But calling to Memory the Counſels that his Hoſt had given him, touching the moſt needful Implements that he was ever to carry about him, of Money and clean Shirts, he determined to return to his Houſe, and to provide himſelf of them, and alſo of a Squire; making account to entertain a certain Labourer his Neighbour, who was Poor, and had Children, but yet one very fit for this purpoſe, and ſquirely Function, belonging to Knighthood. With this Determination he turned *Rozinante* towards the way of his own Village, who knowing in a manner his Mind, began to trot on with ſo good a Will, as he ſeemed not to touch the Ground. He had not travelled far, when he thought that he heard certain weak and delicate cries, like to thoſe of one that complained, to iſſue out from the thickeſt of a Wood that ſtood on the Right-hand. And ſcarce had he heard them when he ſaid, "I ren-"der infinite Thanks to Heaven for the Favour it doth "me, by proffering me ſo ſoon Occaſions, wherein I "may accompliſh the Duty of my Profeſſion, and ga-"ther the Fruits of my good deſires: Theſe Plaints "doubtleſly be of ſome diſtreſſed Man or Woman, who "needeth my Favour and Aid." Then turning the Reins, he guided *Rozinante* towards the place from whence he thought the Complaints ſallied; and within a few Paces, after he had entred into the Thicket, he ſaw a Mare tied unto an *Holme Oak*, and to another

was

was tied a young Youth all naked from the middle upward of about the Age of fifteen Years, and was he that cried ſo pitifully: And not without cauſe; for a certain Countryman of comely Perſonage did whip him with a Girdle, and accompanied every blow with a Reprehenſion and Counſel, for he ſaid, The Tongue muſt peace, and the Eyes be wary: And the Boy anſwered, I will never do it again, good Maſter; for the Paſſion of God, I will never do it again. And I promiſe to have more care of your Things from hēnceforth.

BUT *Don Quixote* viewing all that paſſed, ſaid with an angry Voice, "Diſcourteous Knight, it is very uncomely to ſee thee deal thus with one that cannot "defend himſelf, mount therefore a Horſeback, and "take thy Launce (for the Farmer had alſo a Launce "leaning to the very ſame Tree, whereunto his Mare "was tied) for I will make thee know, that it is the "uſe of Cowards to do that which thou doſt." The other beholding ſuch an Antick to hover over him, all laden with Arms, and brandiſhing of his Launce towards his Face, made full Account that he ſhould be ſlain, and therefore he anſwered with very mild and ſubmiſſive Words, ſaying, Sir Knight, the Boy which I chaſtiſe, is mine own Servant, and keepeth for me a Flock of Sheep in this Commark; who is grown ſo negligent, as he loſeth one of them every other Day, and becauſe I correct him for his Careleſneſs and Knavery, he ſays I do it through Covetouſneſs and Pinching, as meaning to defraud him of his Wages; but before God and in Conſcience he belies me. "What? "the Lye, in my Preſence raſcally Clown? Quoth "*Don Quixote*, By the Sun that ſhines on us, I am "about to run thee thorow and thorow with my "Launce, baſe Carl; pay him inſtantly without more "replying, or elſe by that God which doth manage "our ſublunary Affairs, I will conclude thee and anni-"hilate thee in a Moment; looſe him forthwith." The Countryman hanging down of his Head, made no reply, but looſed his Servant; of whom *Don Quixote* demanded how much did his Maſter owe unto him? He

He ſaid, Nine Months hire, at ſeven Reals a Month. *Don Quixote* made then the Account, and found that all amounted to 61 Reals, and therefore commanded the Farmer to pay the Money preſently, if he meaned not to die for it. The fearful Countryman anſwered, that by the Trance wherein he was then, and by the Oath he had made (which was none at all, for he ſwore not) that he ow'd not ſo much: For there ſhould be deducted out of the Accounts three Pair of Shoes he had given unto him, and a Real for twice letting him Blood, being Sick. All is well, quoth *Don Quixote:* But let the Price of the Shoes and letting Blood, go for the blows which thou haſt given him without any deſert; for if he have broken the Leather of thoſe Shoes thou haſt beſtowed on him, thou haſt likewiſe torn the Skin of his Body; and if the Barber took away his Blood being Sick, thou haſt taken it out, he being in Health; ſo as in that reſpect he owes thee nothing. The Damage is, Sir Knight, replied the Boy's Maſter, that I have no Money here about me. Let *Andrew* come with me to my Houſe, and I will pay him his Wages, one Real upon another. I go with him (quoth the Boy)? Evil befal me then. No, Sir, I never meant it; for as ſoon as ever he were alone, he would flay me like S. *Bartholomew*. He will not dare to do it, quoth *Don Quixote*, for my command is ſufficient to make him reſpect me; and ſo that he will ſwear to me to obſerve it by the Order of Knighthood which he hath received, I will ſet him free, and aſſure thee of the Payment. Good Sir, quoth the Youth, mark well what you ſay, for this Man my Maſter is no Knight, nor did ever receive any Order of Knighthood; for he is *John Haldudo*, the rich Man, a dweller of *Quintanar*. That makes no Matter, quoth *Don Quixote*, for there may be Knights of the *Haldudos:* And what is more, every one is Son of his Works. That's true, quoth *Andrew*, but of what Works can this my Maſter be Son, ſeeing he denies me my Wages, and my Sweat and Labour? I do not deny thy Wages, Friend *Andrew*, quoth his Maſter; do me but the pleaſure to come with

me, and I ſwear by all the Orders of Knighthood that are in the World, to pay thee as I have ſaid, one Real upon another, yea and thoſe alſo perfumed. " For the " perfuming I thank thee, quoth Don *Quixote*, give it " him in Reals, and with that I will reſt ſatisfied; and " ſee that thou fulfilleſt it as thou haſt ſworn: If not, " I ſwear again to thee by the ſame Oath, to return " and ſearch thee, and chaſtiſe thee, and I will find thee " out, though thou didſt hide thy ſelf better than a *Li-* " *zard*: and if thou deſireſt to note who commands " thee this, that thou mayeſt remain more firmly ob- " liged to accompliſh it, know that I am the valo- " rous Don *Quixote* of the *Mancha*, the righter of " Wrongs, and undoer of Injuries, and ſo farewel: And " do not forget what thou haſt promiſed and ſworn on " Pain of the Pains already pronounced." And ſaying theſe Words, he ſpurred *Rozinante*, and in ſhort ſpace was got far off from them. The Country-man purſuing him with his Eye, and perceiving that he was paſt the Wood, and quite out of ſight, he returned to his man *Andrew*, and ſaid to him, Come to me, Child, for I will pay thee what I owe thee, as the righter of Wrongs hath left me commanded. That I ſwear, quoth *Andrew*, and you ſhall deal diſcreetly in fulfilling that good Knight's Commandment, who I pray God may live a thouſand Years: For ſeeing he is ſo valorous and ſo juſt a Judge, I ſwear by *Rocque*, that if you pay me not, he ſhall return and execute what he promiſed. I alſo do ſwear the ſame, quoth the Farmer, but in reſpect of the great Affection I bear unto thee, I will augment the Debt, to increaſe the Payment; and catching the Youth by the Arm, he tied him again to the Oak, there he gave him ſo many Stripes as he left him for dead. Call now, Maſter *Andrew* (quoth he) for the righter of Wrongs, and thou ſhalt ſee that he cannot undo this, although I believe it is not yet ended to be done. For I have yet a deſire to flay thee alive, as thou didſt thy ſelf fear. Notwithſtanding all theſe Threats, he untied him at laſt, and gave him leave to go ſeek out his Judge; to the end he might execute the Sentence pronounced. *Andrew* departed

ſome-

ſomewhat diſcontent, ſwearing to ſearch for the valorous Don *Quixote* of the *Mancha*, and recount unto him Word for Word, all that had paſt, and that he ſhould pay the Abuſe with Uſury: But for all his Threats he departed weeping, and his Maſter remained behind laughing; and in this manner the valorous Don *Quixote* redreſſed that Wrong: Who glad above meaſure for his ſucceſs, accounting himſelf to have given a moſt noble beginning to his Feats of Arms, did travel towards his Village, with very great Satisfaction of himſelf, and ſaid in a low Tone theſe Words enſuing: "Well mayſt thou call thy ſelf happy a-"bove all other Women of the Earth, O! above all "Beauties, beautiful *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*, ſince thy good "Fortune was ſuch, to hold ſubject and proſtrate to thy "Will and Deſire ſo valiant and renowned a Knight as is, "and ever ſhall be, Don *Quixote* of the *Mancha*: Who, "as the World knows, received the Order of Knight-"hood but yeſterday, and hath deſtroyed to Day the "greateſt Outrage and Wrong that want of Reaſon could "form, or Cruelty commit. To Day did he take a-"way the Whip out of that pittileſs Enemy's hand, "which did ſo cruelly ſcourge without occaſion the de-"licate Infant."

AND now he came to a way which divided it ſelf into four: and preſently theſe thwarting croſs-ways preſented themſelves to his Imagination, which oft-times held Knights-Errant in Suſpence, which way they ſhould take; and that he might imitate them, he ſtood ſtill a while, and after he had bethought himſelf well, he let ſlip the Reins to *Rozinante*, ſubjecting his will to that of his Horſe, who preſently purſued his firſt Deſign, which was to return Home unto his own Stable: and having travelled ſome two Miles, Don *Quixote* diſcovered a great Troop of People, who, as it was after known, were certain Merchants of *Toledo*, that rode towards *Murcia* to buy Silks; they were ſix in Number, and came with their * *Quitaſoles* or Shadows of

* *A Thing made like a Canopy, and is uſed by Travellers to keep away the Sun.*

the Sun, four Serving-Men a Horſe-back, and three Lackies. Scarce had Don *Quixote* perceived them, when he ſtraight imagined them to be a new Adventure: And becauſe he would imitate as much as poſſible, the paſſages which he read in his Books, he repreſented this to himſelf, to be juſt ſuch an Adventure as he ſuppoſed to atchieve. And ſo with comely geſture and hardineſs, ſettling himſelf well in the Stirrops, he ſet his Lance into his reſt, and imbraced his Target, and placing himſelf in the midſt of the way, he ſtood awaiting when thoſe Knights-Errant ſhould arrive; for now he judged and took them for ſuch: And when they were ſo near as they might hear and ſee him, he lifted up his voice, and ſaid, "Let all the World ſtand "and paſs no further, if all the World will not confeſs, "that there is not in all the World a more beautiful "Damſel than the Empreſs of the *Mancha*, the peerleſs "*Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*." The Merchants ſtay'd at theſe Words, to behold the marvellous and ridiculous Shape of him that ſpake them, and by his faſhion and them joined, did incontinently gather his Folly and Diſtraction, and notwithſtanding would leiſurely behold to what tended that Confeſſion which he exacted of them; and therefore one of them who was ſomewhat given to gibing, and was withal very diſcreet, ſaid unto him, Sir Knight, we do not know that good Lady of whom you ſpeak; ſhew her therefore to us, and if ſhe be ſo beautiful as you affirm, we will willingly and without any Compulſion confeſs the Truth, which you now demand of us. If I did ſhew her to you, replied Don *Quixote*, what Maſtery were it then for you to acknowledge a Truth ſo notorious? The conſequence of mine Affairs conſiſts in this, that without beholding her, you do believe, confeſs, affirm, ſwear and defend it; which if you refuſe to perform, I challenge you all to Battel, proud and unreaſonable folk, and whether you come one by one (as the order of Knighthood requires) or all at once, as is the cuſtom and diſhonourable practiſe of Men of your brood: here will I expect and await you all, truſting in the reaſon which I have on my ſide. Sir Knight,

Knight, replied the Merchant, I requeſt you in all theſe Princes names, as many as we be here, that to the end we way not burden our Conſciences, confeſſing a thing which we never beheld nor heard, and chiefly being ſo prejudicial to the Empreſſes and Queens of the Kingdoms of *Alcarria* and *Eſtremadura*, you will pleaſe to ſhew us ſome Portraiture of that Lady, although it be no bigger than a Grain of Wheat; for by one thread we may judge of the whole clue, and we will with this favour reſt ſecure and ſatisfied, and you likewiſe remain content and appaid. And I do believe moreover that we are already ſo inclined to your ſide, that although her Picture ſhewed her to be Blind of the one Eye, and that ſhe ran Fire and Brimſtone at the other, yet we would notwithſtanding, to pleaſe you, ſay in her favour all that you liſted. There drops not, baſe Scoundrels, quoth Don *Quixote*, all inflamed with Colour, there drops not, I ſay, from her that which thou ſayeſt, but *Amber* and *Civet* among Bombaſe; and ſhe is not Blind of an Eye, or crook-back'd, but is ſtraighter than a ſpindle of *Guadarama*: But all of you together ſhall pay for the great Blaſphemy thou haſt ſpoken againſt ſo immenſe a Beauty, as is that of my Miſtreſs. And ſaying ſo, he abaſed his Launce againſt him that had anſwered, with ſuch Fury and Anger, as if good Fortune had not ſo ordained it, that *Rozinante* ſhould ſtumble, and fall in the midſt of the Career, it had gone very ill with the bold Merchant. *Rozinante* fell in fine, and his Maſter reeled over a good Piece of the Field: And though he attempted to ariſe, yet was he never able, he was ſo incumbred by his Launce, Target, Spurs, Helmet, and his weighty old Armour. And in the mean while that he ſtrived to ariſe and could not, he cried, File not, cowardly Folk; Abide baſe People, for I lie not here through mine own fault, put through the defect of my Horſe.

One of the Lackies which came in the Company and ſeemed to be a Man of none of the beſt Intentions, hearing the poor overthrown Knight ſpeak ſuch inſolent Words, could not forbear them, without returning him an anſwer on his Ribs: and with that Intention ap-

proaching to him he took his Launce, and after he had broken it in pieces, he gave Don *Quixote* ſo many blows with one of them, that in deſpite of his Armour he threſhed him like a Sheaf of Wheat. His Maſters cried to him, commanding him not to beat him ſo much, but that he ſhould leave him: but all would not ſerve, for the Youth was Angry, and would not leave off the play until he had avoided the reſt of his Choler. And therefore running for the other Pieces of the broken Launce, he broke them all on the miſerable fal'n Knight, who for all the Tempeſt of blows that rained on him, did never ſhut his Mouth, but threatned Heaven and Earth, and thoſe * Murderers; for ſuch they ſeemed to him. The Lackey tired himſelf at laſt, and the Merchants followed on their way, carrying with them occaſion enough of talk of the poor belaboured Knight: Who when he ſaw himſelf alone, turned again to make Trial whether he might ariſe; but if he could not do it when he was whole and ſound, how was it poſſible he being ſo bruiſed and almoſt deſtroyed? And yet he accounted himſelf very happy, perſwading himſelf that his diſgrace was proper and incident to Knights-Errant, and did attribute all the fault to his Horſe, and could in no wiſe get up, all his Body was ſo † bruiſed and loaden with Blows.

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* *Malandrines.* † *Brumado.*

CHAP. V.

Wherein is proſecuted the former Narration of our Knight's Misfortune.

BUT ſeeing in effect that he could not ſtir himſelf, he reſolved to have recourſe to his ordinary Remedy, which was, to think on ſome paſſage of his Hiſtories, and in the inſtant his Folly preſented to his Memory that of *Valdovinos*, and the Marqueſs of *Mantua*.

tua, then, when *Carloto* had left him wounded in the Mountain. A Hiſtory known by Children, not hidden to young Men, much celebrated, yea, and believed by many old Men, and is yet for all that no more authentical, than are *Mahomet*'s Miracles. This Hiſtory as it ſeemed to him, was moſt fit for the Trance wherein he was, and therefore he began with Signs of great Pain to tumble up and down, and pronounce with a languiſhing Breath the ſame that they feign the wounded Knight to have ſaid in the Wood:

Where art thou Lady dear! that griev'ſt not at my ſmart?
Or thou doſt it not know, or thou diſloyal art.

And after this manner he did proſecute the old Song until theſe Verſes that ſay: O noble Marqueſs of *Mantua*, my carnal Lord and Uncle. And it befel by chance that at the very ſame time there paſt by the place where he lay a Man of his own Village, who was his Neighbour, and returned after having carried a Load of Wheat to the Mill: Who beholding a Man ſtretched on the Ground, he came over to him, and demanded what he was, and what was it was that cauſed him to complain ſo dolefully? Don *Quixote* did verily believe that it was his Uncle the Marqueſs of *Mantua*; and ſo gave him no other anſwer, but only followed on in the Repetition of his old Romance, wherein he gave him account of his Misfortune, and of the Love the Emperour's Son bore to his Spouſe, all in the very ſame manner that the Ballad recounts it. The Labourer remained much aſtoniſhed, hearing thoſe Follies; and taking off his Viſor, which with the Lackey's blows was broken all to pieces, he wiped his Face that was full of duſt; and ſcarce had he done it when he knew him, to whom he ſaid, Maſter *Quixada*, (for ſo he was probably called when he had his Wits, before he left the State of a ſtaid Yeoman, to become a wandring Knight) who hath uſed you after this manner? But he continued his Romance, anſwering out of it, to every queſtion that was put to him. Which the good Man perceiving, diſarming him the

beſt he could, to ſee whether he had any Wound, but he could ſee no Blood, or any token on him of hurt. Afterward he endeavoured to raiſe him from the Ground; which he did at laſt with much ado; and mounted him on his Aſs, as a Beaſt of eaſieſt carriage. He gathered then together all his Arms, and left not behind ſo much as the Splinters of the Lance, and tied them all together upon *Rozinante*, whom he took by the Bridle, and the Aſs by his Halter, and led them both in that Equipage fair and eaſily towards his Village, being very penſative to hear the Follies that Don *Quixote* ſpoke.

AND Don *Quixote* was no leſs melancholy, who was ſo beaten and bruiſed, as he could very hardly hold himſelf upon the Aſs; and ever and anon he breathed forth ſuch grievous Sighs, as he ſeemed to fix them in Heaven which moved his Neighbour to intreat him again to declare unto him the Cauſe of his Grief. And it ſeems none other, but that the very Devil himſelf did call to his Memory, Hiſtories accommodated to his Succeſſes. For in that inſtant, wholly forgetting *Valdovinos*, he remembred the Moor *Abindaraez*, then, when the Conſtable of *Antequera*, *Roderick Narvaez*, had taken him and carried him Priſoner to his Caſtle. So that when his Neighbour turned again, to ask of him how he did and what ailed him, he anſwered the very ſame Words and Speech that Captive *Abencerraſe* ſaid to *Narvaez*, juſt as he had read them in *Diana* of *Montemayor*, where the Hiſtory is written; applying it ſo properly to his purpoſe, that the Labourer grew almoſt mad for Anger, to hear that Machina of Follies: By which he collected that his Neighbour was diſtracted, and therefore he hied as faſt as poſſible he could to the Village, that ſo he might free himſelf from the Vexation that Don *Quixote*'s prolix Diſcourſe gave unto him. At the end whereof the Knight ſaid, *Don Roderick* of *Narvaez*, you ſhall underſtand that this beautiful *Xarifa*, of whom I ſpoke, is now the fair *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*, for whom I have done, I do, and will do ſuch famous Acts of Knighthood, as ever have been, are, and ſhall be ſeen in all the World. To this his Neighbour anſwered, Do not you perceive,

perceive, Sir, (ſinner that I am) how I am neither *Don Roderick de Narvaez*, nor the *Marqueſs of Mantua*, but *Peter Alonſo* your Neighbour? Nor are you *Valdovinos*, nor *Abindaraez*, but the honeſt Gentleman Maſter *Quixada*. I know very well who I am, quoth Don *Quixote*, and alſo I know that I may not only by thoſe whom I have named, but alſo all the twelve Peers of *France*; yea, and the nine Worthies, ſince mine acts ſhall ſurpaſs all thoſe that ever they did together, or every one of them apart.

WITH theſe, and ſuch other Diſcourſes, they arrived at laſt at their Village about Sun-ſet; but the Labourer awaited until it waxed ſomewhat dark, becauſe Folk ſhould not view the Knight ſo ſimply mounted. And when he ſaw his time, he entred into the Town, and went to Don *Quixote*'s great Friends. To whom the old Woman of the Houſe ſaid in a lamentable manner, What do you think, Maſter Licenciate *Pero Perez*, (for ſo the Curate was called) of my Maſter's Misfortune? Theſe ſix Days, neither he nor his Horſe have appeared, nor the Target, Lance, or Armour: Unfortunate Woman that I am, I do ſuſpect, and I am as ſure it is true, as that I ſhall dye, how thoſe accurſed Books of Knighthood which he hath, and is wont to read ordinarily, have turned his Judgment; for now I remember that I have heard him ſay oftentimes, (ſpeaking to himſelf) that he would become a Knight-Errant, and go ſeek Adventures throughout the World. Let ſuch Books be recommended to *Satan* and *Barrabas*, which deſtroyed in this ſort the moſt delicate underſtanding of all the *Mancha*. His Niece affirmed the ſame, and did add, Moreover you ſhall underſtand, good Maſter *Nicholas* (for ſo hight the Barber) that it many times befel my Uncle to continue the Lecture of thoſe unhappy Books of Diſventures two Days and two Nights together. At the end of which, throwing the Book away from him, he would lay Hand on his Sword; and would fall a ſlaſhing of the Walls: And when he were wearied, he would ſay that he had ſlain four Giants, as great as four Towers, and the ſweat that dropped down thro' the Labour he took, he would

ſay was Blood that guſhed out of thoſe Wounds which he had received in the conflict, and then would he quaff off a great Pot full of Water, and ſtraight he did become whole and quiet, ſaying, that Water was a moſt precious drink, which the wiſe Man *Eſquife*, a great Inchanter or Sorcerer, and his Friend, had brought unto him. But I am in the fault of all this, who never advertiſed you both of mine Uncle's raving, to the end you might have redreſs'd it, 'ere it came to theſe Terms, and burnt all thoſe excommunicated Books; for he had many as deſerved the Fire as much as if they were Heretical. That do I likewiſe affirm, quoth Maſter Curate, and in ſooth to morrow ſhall not paſs over us, without making a publick Proceſs againſt them, and condemn them to be burned in the Fire, that they may not miniſter occaſion again to ſuch as may read them, to do that which I fear my good Friend hath done.

THE Labourer, and Don *Quixote*, ſtood hearing all that which was ſaid, and then he perfectly underſtood the diſeaſe of his Neighbour; and therefore he began to cry aloud, Open the Doors to Lord *Valdovinos*, and to the Lord *Marqueſs of Mantua*, who comes very ſore wounded and hurt, and to the Lord Moor *Abindaraez* whom the valorous *Roderick of Narvaez* (Conſtable of *Antequera*) brings as his Priſoner. All the Houſhold ran out, hearing theſe cries, and ſome knowing their Friend, the others their Maſter and Uncle, who had not yet alighted from the Aſs, becauſe he was not able, they ran to embrace him; but he forbad them, ſaying, Stand ſtill, and touch me not, for I return very ſore wounded and hurt through default of my Horſe; carry me to my Bed, and (if it be poſſible) ſend for the wiſe *Urganda*, that ſhe may cure and look to my hurts. See, in an ill Hour (quoth the old Woman ſtraightway) if my Heart did not very well foretel me on which Foot my Maſter halted: Come up, in good time, for we ſhall know how to cure you well enough, without ſending for that *Urganda* you have mentioned. Accurſed may thoſe Books of Knighthood be which have brought you to ſuch Eſtate. With that, they bore him

up

up to his Bed, and ſearching for his Wounds, could not find any; and then he ſaid, all was but bruiſing, by reaſon of a great Fall he had with his Horſe *Rozinante*, as he fought with ten Giants, the moſt unmeaſurable and boldeſt that might be found in a great part of the Earth. Hearken, quoth the Curate, we have alſo Giants in the Dance; by mine Honeſty I will burn them all before to morrow at Night. Then did they ask a thouſand Queſtions of *Don Quixote*, but he would anſwer to none of them; and only requeſted them to give him ſome Meat, and ſuffer him to ſleep, ſeeing reſt was moſt behoveful for him. All which was done, and the Curate informed himſelf at large of the labouring Man, in what ſort he had found *Don Quixote*; which he recounted to him, and alſo the Follies he ſaid, both at his finding and bringing to Town; which did kindle more earneſtly the Licentiate's deſire to do what he had reſolved the next Day; which was, to call his Friend the Barber Maſter *Nicholas*, with whom he came to *Don Quixote*'s Houſe.

CHAP. VI.

Of the pleaſant and curious Search, made by the Curate and the Barber, of Don Quixote's *Library.*

WHILE he ſlept ſoundly, the Curate ſought for the Keys of the Library, the only Authors of his harm: Which the Gentleman's Niece gave unto him very willingly. All of them entred into it, and among the reſt the old Woman, wherein they found more than a hundred great Volumes, and thoſe very well bound, beſide the ſmall ones. And as ſoon as the old Woman had ſeen them, ſhe departed very haſtily out of the Chamber, and eftſoons returned

with as great ſpeed, with a Holy-water Pot and a Sprinkler in her Hand, and ſaid, Hold, Maſter Licenciate, and ſprinkle this Chamber all about, leſt there ſhould lurk in it ſome one Inchanter of the many which theſe Books contain, and cry quittance with us for the Penalties we mean to inflict on theſe Books, by baniſhing them out of this World. The Simplicity of the good old Woman, cauſed the Licenciate to laugh; who commanded the Barber to fetch him down the Books from their Shelves, one by one, that he might peruſe their Arguments; for it might happen ſome to be found, which in no ſort deſerved to be chaſtiſed with Fire. No, replied the Niece, no, you ought not to pardon any of them, ſeeing they have all been Offenders; it is better you throw them all into the baſe Court, and there make a Pile of them, and then ſet them a Fire; if not, they may be carried into the Yard, and there make a Bonfire of them, and the Smoak will offend no Body. The old Woman ſaid as much, both of them thirſted ſo much for the Death of theſe Innocents, but the Curate would not condeſcend thereto, until he had firſt read the Titles at the leaſt of every Book.

THE firſt that Maſter *Nicholas* put into his Hands, was that of *Amadis* of *Gaule*; which the Curate peruſing a while, ſaid, This comes not to me firſt of all others, without ſome Myſtery: For as I have heard told, this is the firſt Book of Knighthood that ever was Printed in *Spain*, and all the others have had their Beginning and Original from this; and therefore me thinks that we muſt condemn him to the Fire, without all Remiſſion, as the Dogmatizer and Head of ſo bad a Sect. Not ſo, fie, quoth the Barber, for I have heard that it is the very beſt contrived Book of all thoſe of that kind, and therefore he is to be pardoned as the only compleat one of his Profeſſion. That is true, replied the Curate, and for that reaſon we do give him his Life for this time. Let us ſee that other which lies next unto him. It is, quoth the Barber, *The Adventures of Splandian, Amadis of Gaules's* lawfully begotten Son: Yet on mine Honeſty, replied the Curate, his Father's Goodneſs ſhall nothing

thing avail him: Take this Book, old Miſtreſs, and opening the Window throw it down into the Yard, and let it lay the Foundation of our heap for the Fire we mean to make. She did what was commanded, with great Alacrity, and ſo the good *Splandian* fled into the Yard, to expect with all Patience the Fire which he was threatned to abide. Forward, quoth the Curate. This that comes now, ſaid the Barber, is *Amadis of Greece*, and as I conjecture, all thoſe that lie on this ſide, are of the ſame Lineage of *Amadis*. Then let them go all to the Yard, quoth the Curate, in exchange of burning Queen *Pintiquineſtra*, and the Shepherd *Darinel*, with his Ecclogues, and the ſubtil and intricate Diſcourſes of the Author, which are able to intangle the Father that ingendred me, if he went in form of a Knight-Errant. I am of the ſame Opinion, quoth the Barber. And I alſo, ſaid the Niece. Then ſince it is ſo, quoth the old Wife, let them come, and to the Yard with them all. They were rendred all up unto her, which were many in Number: Wherefore to ſave a Labour of going up and down the Stairs, ſhe threw them out at the Window.

WHAT Bundle is that, quoth the Curate? This is, anſwered Maſter *Nicholas*, *Don Olivante of Laura*. The Author of that Book, quoth the Curate, compoſed likewiſe *The Garden of Flowers*, and in good ſooth I can ſcarce reſolve which of the two Works is trueſt, or to ſpeak better, is leſs lying: Only this much I can determine, that this muſt go to the Yard, being a Book fooliſh and arrogant. This that follows is *Floriſmarte* of *Hircania*, quoth the Barber. Is Lord *Floriſmarte* there? (then replied the Curate) Then by mine Honeſty he ſhall briefly make his Arreſt in the Yard, in deſpite of his wonderful Birth and famous Adventures; for the Drought and Harſhneſs of his Style deſerves no greater favour. To the Yard with him, and this other (good Maſters.) With a very good Will, Sir, quoth old *Mumpſimus*; and ſtraightway did execute his Commandment with no ſmall Gladneſs. This is Sir *Platyr* (quoth the Barber.) It is an antient Book, replied the Curate,

Curate, wherein I find nothing meriting Pardon, let him without any reply keep Company with the reſt. Forthwith it was done. Then was another Book opened, and they ſaw the Title thereof to be *Knight of the Croſs*. For the holy Title which this Book beareth, quoth the Curate, his Ignorance might be pardoned: But it is a common ſaying, *The Devil lurks behind the Croſs*; wherefore let it go to the Fire. The Barber taking another Book, ſaid, this is *The Mirrour of Knighthood*. I know his Worſhip well, quoth the Curate. There goes among thoſe Books I ſee, the *Lord Raynald of Montalban* with his Friends and Companions, all of them greater Thieves than * *Cacus*, and the twelve Peers of *France*, with the true Hiſtoriographer *Turpin*. I am in Truth about to condemn them only to Exile, for as much as they contain ſome part of the famous Poet *Matthew Boyardo*'s Invention. Out of which the Chriſtian Poet *Ludovic Arioſto* did likewiſe weave his Work, which if I can find among theſe, and that he ſpeaks not his own native Tongue, I'll uſe him with no reſpect; but if he talk in his own Language, I will put him for honour's ſake on my Head. If that be ſo, quoth the Barber, I have him at Home in the *Italian*, but cannot underſtand him. Neither were it good you ſhould underſtand him, replied the Curate: And here we would willingly have excuſed the good Captain that tranſlated it into *Spaniſh* from that Labour, or bringing it into *Spain* if it had pleaſed himſelf. For he hath deprived it of much natural Worth in the Tranſlation; a Fault incident to all thoſe that preſume to tranſlate Verſes out of one Language into another: For though they employ all their Induſtry and Wit therein, they can never arrive to the height of that primitive Conceit, which they bring with them in their firſt Birth. I ſay therefore that this Book, and all the others that may be found in this Library to treat of *French*

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* *A Thief that uſed to ſteal Cattel, and pull them backward by their Tails, that none might trace them.*

Affairs,

Affairs, be caſt and depoſited in ſome dry Vault, until we may determine with more Deliberation what we ſhould do with them: Always excepting *Bernardo del Carpio*, which muſt be there among the reſt, and another called *Ronceſualles*; for theſe two coming to my Hands, ſhall be rendred up to thoſe of the old Guardian, and from hers into the Fire's, without any Remiſſion. All which was confirmed by the Barber, who did ratify his Sentence, holding it for good and diſcreet, becauſe he knew the Curate to be ſo virtuous a Man, and ſo great a Friend of the Truth, as he would ſay nothing contrary to it for all the Goods of the World.

And then opening another Book, he ſaw it was *Palmerin de Oliva*, near unto which ſtood another, intitled, *Palmerin of England*; which the Licentiate perceiving, ſaid, Let *Oliva* be preſently rent to pieces, and burned in ſuch ſort, that even the very Aſhes thereof may not be found: And let *Palmerin of England* be preſerved, as a thing rarely delectable, and let ſuch another Box as that which *Alexander* found among *Darius*'s ſpoils, and deputed to keep *Homer*'s Works, be made for it: For, Goſſip, this Book hath ſufficient Authority for two Reaſons; the firſt, becauſe of it ſelf it is very good and excellently contrived: The other, for as much as the report runs, that a certain diſcreet King of *Portugal* was the Author thereof. All the Adventures of the Caſtle of *Miraguarda*, are excellent and artificial. The Diſcourſes very clear and courtly, obſerving evermore a *decorum* in him that ſpeaks, with great Propriety and Conceit: Therefore, I ſay, Maſter *Nicholas*, if you think good, this and *Amadis de Gaule* may be preſerved from the Fire: And let all the reſt, without further ſearch or regard periſh. In the Devil's Name do not ſo, gentle Goſſip (replied the Barber) for this which I hold now in my Hand, is the famous *Don Belianis*: What he, quoth the Curate, the ſecond, third, and fourth part thereof have great need of ſome *Rhubarb* to purge his exceſſive Choler, and we muſt moreover take out of him all that of the *Caſtle of Fame*, and other Impertinencies of more conſequence. Therefore we give

give him a *terminus Ultramarinus*, and as they ſhall be corrected, ſo will we uſe Mercy or Juſtice towards them: And in the mean ſpace, Goſſip, you may keep them at your Houſe, but permit no Man to read them. I am pleaſed, quoth the Barber, and being unwilling to tire himſelf any more by reading of Titles, he bad the old Woman to take all the great Volumes, and throw them into the Yard; the Words were not ſpoken to a mome or deaf Perſon, but to one that had more deſire to burn them, than to weave a Piece of Linnen, were it never ſo great and fine. And therefore taking eight of them together, ſhe threw them all out of the Window, and returning the ſecond time, thinking to carry away a great many at once, one of them fell at the Barber's Feet, who deſirous to know the Title, ſaw that it was *The Hiſtory of the famous Knight-Tyrant the White*. Good God, quoth the Curate with a loud Voice, Is *Tyrant the White* here? Give me it, Goſſip, for I make account to have found in it a Treaſure of Delight, and a copious Mine of Paſtime. Here is *Don Quireleiſon* of *Montalban*, a valiant Knight, and his Brother *Thomas* of *Montalban*, and the Knight *Fonſeca*, and the Combat which the valiant *Detriante* fought with *Alano*, and the witty Conceits of the Damſel *Plazerdemivida*, with the Love and Guiles of the Widow *Repoſada*, and of the Empreſs enamoured on her Squire *Ipolito*. I ſay unto you, Goſſip, that this Book is for the Style, one of the beſt of the World: In it Knights do eat, and drink, and ſleep, and die in their Beds naturally, and make their Teſtaments before their Death: With many other Things, which all other Books of this Subject do want; yet notwithſtanding, if I might be judge, the Author thereof deſerved, becauſe he purpoſely penned and writ ſo many Follies, to be ſent to the Gallies for all the Days of his Life.

CARRY it Home and read it, and you ſhall ſee all that I have ſaid thereof to be true. I believe it very well, quoth the Barber. But what ſhall we do with theſe little Books that remain? Theſe as I take, ſaid the Curate, are not Books of Knighthood, but of Poetry; and

and opening one, he perceived it was *The Diana of Montemayor*, and believing that all the reſt were of that Stamp, he ſaid, theſe deſerve not to be burned with the reſt, for they have not, nor can do ſo much Hurt as Books of Knighthood, being all of them Works full of Underſtanding and Conceits, and do not prejudice any other.

O good Sir, quoth *Don Quixote*'s Niece, your Reverence ſhall likewiſe do well to have them alſo burned, leſt that mine Uncle, after he be cured of his Knightly Diſeaſe, may fall by Reading of theſe in an Humour of becoming a Shepherd, and ſo wander through the Woods and Fields, ſinging of Roundelays, and playing on a Crowd. And what is more dangerous than to become a Poet, which is, as ſome ſay, an incurable and infectious Diſeaſe? This Maiden ſays true, quoth the Curate, and it will not be amiſs to remove this ſtumbling Block and Occaſion out of our Friend's Way: And ſince we begin with the *Diana of Montemayor*, I am of Opinion that it be not burned, but only that all that which treats of the wiſe *Felicia*, and of the enchanted Water, be taken away, and alſo all the longer Verſes, and let him remain with his Proſes, and the Honour of being the beſt of that Kind. This that follows, quoth the Barber, is the *Diana* called the ſecond, written by him of *Salamanca*, and this other is of the ſame Name, whoſe Author is *Gil Polo*. Let that of *Salamanca*, anſwered Mr. Parſon, augment the Number of the condemned in the Yard, and that of *Gil Polo* be kept as charily, as if it were *Apollo* his own Work: And go forward ſpeedily, good Goſſip, for it grows late. This Book, quoth the Barber, opening of another, is *The twelve Books of the Fortune of Love*, written by *Anthony Lofraſo*, the *Sardinical* Poet. By the Holy Orders which I have received, quoth the Curate, ſince *Apollo* was *Apollo*, and the *Muſes Muſes*, and *Poets Poets*, was never written ſo delightful and extravagant a Work as this; and that in his Way and Vein, it is the only one of all the Books that have ever iſſued of that Kind to view the Light of the World, and he that hath not read it, may make Account that he hath never read Matter of Delight. Give it to me, Goſſip,

ſip, for I do prize more the finding of it, than I would the Gift of a Caſſock of the beſt Sattin in *Florence*. And ſo with great Joy he laid it aſide, and the Barber proceeded, ſaying, theſe that follow be, *The Shepherd of Iberia: The Nymphs of Enares*, and *The Reclaiming of Jealouſies*. Then there's no more to be done, but to deliver them up to the ſecular Arm of the old Wife, and do not demand the Reaſon, for that were never to make an End. This that comes, is *The Shepherd of Filida*. That is not a Shepherd, quoth the Curate, but a very compleat Courtier; let it be reſerved as a precious Jewel. This great one that follows, is, ſaid the Barber, intituled, *The Treaſure of divers Poems*. If they had not been ſo many, replied the Curate, they would have been more eſteemed. It is neceſſary that this Book be carded and purged of certain baſe Things, that lurk among his high Conceits.

LET him be kept, both becauſe the Author is my very great Friend, and in regard of other more heroical and lofty Works he has written. This is, ſaid the Barber, *The Ditty Book of Lopez Maldonado*. The Author of that Work is likewiſe my great Friend, replied the Parſon, and his Lines pronounced by himſelf, do raviſh the Hearers, and ſuch is the Sweetneſs of his Voice, when he ſings them, it doth enchant the Ear. He is ſomewhat prolix in his *Ecclogues*, but that which is good is never ſuperfluous: Let him be kept among the choiceſt. But what Book is that, which lies next unto him? *The Galatea of Michel Cernantes*, quoth the Barber. That *Cernantes*, ſaid the Curate, is mine old Acquaintance this many a Year. And I know, he is more practis'd in Misfortunes than in Verſes. His Book hath ſome good Invention in it, he intends and propounds ſomewhat, but concludes nothing: Therefore we muſt expect the ſecond Part, which he hath promiſed, perhaps his Amendment may obtain him a general Remiſſion, which until then is denied him, and whilſt we expect the Sight of his ſecond Work, keep this Part cloſely impriſoned in your Lodging. I am very well content to do ſo, good Goſſip, ſaid the Barber, and here there come three together. *The*

Auracana

Auracana of Don Alonſo de Ercilla, The Auſtrianda of John Ruffo, one of the Magiſtrates of *Cordova*, and *The Monſerrato of Chriſtopher de Virnes a Valencian* Poet. All theſe three Books, quoth the Curate, are the beſt that are written in Heroical Verſe in the *Caſtilian* Tongue, and may compare with the moſt famous of *Italy*. Reſerve them as the richeſt Pawns that *Spain* enjoyeth of Poetry. The Curate with this grew weary to ſee ſo many Books, and ſo he would have all the reſt burned at all Adventures. But the Barber, 'ere the Sentence was given, had opened by Chance one Intitled, *The Tears of Angelica*. I would have ſhed thoſe Tears my ſelf, ſaid the Curate, if I had wittingly cauſed ſuch a Book to be burned; for the Author thereof was one of the moſt famous Poets of the World, not only of *Spain*: And was moſt happy in the Tranſlation of certain Fables of *Ovid*.

CHAP. VII.

Of the ſecond Departure which our good Knight Don Quixote *made from his Houſe to ſeek Adventures.*

WHILE they were thus buſied, Don *Quixote* began to cry aloud, ſaying, here, here, valorous Knights, here it is needful that you ſhew the Force of your valiant Arms; for the Courtiers begin to bear away the beſt of the Tourney. The Folk repairing to this Rumour and Noiſe, was an Occaſion, that any farther Speech and Viſitation of the Books was omitted, and therefore it is to be ſuſpected, that *The Carolea*, and *Lion of Spain*, with the Acts of the Emperor *Charles* the fifth, written by Don *Lewis de Avila* were burned, without being ever ſeen or heard; and perhaps if the Curate had ſeen them, they ſhould not have paſt under ſo rigorous a Sentence.

WHEN they all arrived to Don *Quixote*'s Chamber, he was riſen already out of his Bed, and continued ſtill his Outcries, cutting and ſlaſhing on every Side, being as broadly awake, as if he never had ſlept. Wherefore taking him in their Arms, they returned him by main Force into his Bed: And after he was ſomewhat quiet and ſettled, he ſaid, turning himſelf to the Curate, In good ſooth, Lord Arch-biſhop *Turpin*, it is a great Diſhonour to us that are called the twelve Peers, to permit the Knights of the Court to bear thus away the Glory of the Tourney without more ado; ſeeing that we the Adventurers have gained the Prize thereof the three foremoſt Days. Hold your Peace, good Goſſip, quoth the Curate, for Fortune may be pleaſed to change the Succeſs, and what is loſt to day, may be won again to morrow: Look you to your Health for the preſent, for you ſeem at leaſt to be very much tired, if beſides you be not ſore wounded.

WOUNDED? No, quoth Don *Quixote*, but doubtleſs I am ſomewhat bruiſed: For that Baſtard Don *Rowland* hath beaten me to Powder with the Stock of an Oak-Tree, and all for Envy, becauſe he ſees that I only dare oppoſe myſelf to his Valour: But let me be never again called *Raynold de Montealban*, if he pay not dearly for it, as ſoon as I riſe from this Bed, in Deſpite of all his Enchantments. But I pray you call for my Breakfaſt, for I know it will do me much Good, and leave the Revenge of this Wrong to my Charge. Preſently Meat was brought, and after he had eaten he fell aſleep, and they remained aſtoniſhed at his wonderful Madneſs.

THAT Night the old Woman burned all the Books that ſhe found in the Houſe and Yard, and ſome there were burned that deſerved for their Worthineſs to be kept up in everlaſting Treaſuries, if their Fortunes and the Lazineſs of the Searchers had permitted it. And ſo the Proverb was verified in them, That the juſt pays ſometimes for Sinners. One of the Remedies which the Curate and Barber preſcribed for that preſent, to help their Friend's Diſeaſe, was, that they ſhould change his Chamber, and dam up his Study, to the end that when he

he aroſe, he might not find them: For perhaps by removing the Cauſe, they might alſo take away the Effects: And moreover they bad them to ſay, that a certain Inchanter had carried them away Study and all; which Device was preſently put in practice. And within two Days after, Don *Quixote* got up, and the firſt thing he did, was to go and viſit his Books; and ſeeing he could not find the Chamber in the ſame place where he had left it, he went up and down to find it. Sometimes he came to the place where the Door ſtood, and felt it with his Hands, and then would turn his Eyes up and down, here and there to ſeek it, without ſpeaking a word. But at laſt, after Deliberation, he asked of the old Woman the way to his Books; She as one well ſchooled before that ſhe ſhould anſwer, ſaid, What Study, or what nothing is this you look for? There is now no more Study, nor Books in this Houſe; for the very Devil himſelf carried all away with him. It was not the Devil, ſaid his Niece, but an Inchanter that came here one night upon a Cloud, the Day after you departed from hence; and alighting down from a Serpent upon which he rode, he entred into the Study, and what he did therein I know not; and within a while after, he fled out at the Roof of the Houſe, and left all the Houſe full of ſmoak: and when we accorded to ſee what he had done, we could neither ſee Book or Study: Only this much the old Woman, and I do remember very well, that the naughty old Man at his departure, ſaid with a loud Voice, that he, for hidden Enmity, that he bore to the Lord of thoſe Books, had done all the harm to the Houſe: That they might perceive when he was departed, and added that he was named the wiſe *Muniaton*. *Freſtron*, you would have ſaid, quoth Don *Quixote*. I know not, quoth the old Woman, whether he hight *Freſtron* or *Friton*, but well I wot, that his name ended in *Ton*. That is true, quoth Don *Quixote*, and he is a very wiſe Inchanter, and my great Adverſary, and looks on me with a ſiniſter Eye, for he knows by his Art and Science, that I ſhall in time fight a ſingle Combat with a Knight

Knight his very great Friend, and overcome him in Battel, without being able to be by him aſſiſted, and therefore he labours to do me all the hurt he may; and I have ſent him word, that he ſtrives in vain to divert or ſhun that which is by Heaven already decreed. Who doubts of that, quoth his Niece? but I pray you, good Uncle, ſay, what need have you to thruſt your ſelf into theſe Difficulties and Brabbles? Were it not better to reſt you quietly in your own Houſe, than to wander thorow the World, ſearching Bread of * blaſted Corn; without once conſidering how many there go to ſeek for Wooll, that return again ſhorn themſelves? O Niece, quoth *Don Quixote*, how ill doſt thou underſtand the Matter? Before I permit my ſelf to be ſhorn, I will pill and pluck away the Beards of as many as ſhall dare or imagine to touch but only a Hair of me. To theſe Words the Women would make no reply, becauſe they ſaw his Choler increaſe.

FIFTEEN Days he remained quietly at Home, without giving any Argument of ſeconding his former Vanities: In which time paſs'd many pleaſant Encounters between him and his two Goſſips, the Curate and Barber, upon that point which he defended, to wit, that the World needed nothing ſo much as Knights-Errant, and that the errantical Knighthood ought to be again renewed therein. Maſter Parſon would contradict him ſometimes, and other times yield unto what he urged; for had they not obſerved that manner of proceeding, it were impoſſible to bring him to any Conformity. In this ſpace Don *Quixote* dealt with a certain Labourer his Neighbour, an honeſt Man (if the Title of Honeſty may be given to the Poor) but one of a very ſhallow Wit; in Reſolution he ſaid ſo much to him, and perſwaded him ſo earneſty, and made him ſo large Promiſes, as the poor Fellow determined to go away with him, and ſerve him as his Squire. Don *Quixote* among many other things bad him to diſpoſe himſelf willingly to de-

* *Bi çurdo, pan de Traſtrigo, p.* 47.

part

part with him, for now and then ſuch an Adventure might preſent it ſelf, that in as ſhort ſpace as one would take up a couple of Straws, an Iſland may be won, and he be left as Governour thereof. With theſe and ſuch like promiſes *Sancho Pança*, (for ſo he was called,) left his Wife and Children, and agreed to be his Squire. Afterward Don *Quixote* began to caſt Plots how to come by ſome Money, which he atchieved by ſelling one thing, pawning another, and turning all upſide down. At laſt got a pretty Sum, and accommodated himſelf with a Buckler which he had borrowed of a Friend, and patching up his broken Beaver again as well as he could, he advertiſed his Squire *Sancho* of the Day and Hour wherein he meant to depart, that he might likewiſe furniſh himſelf with that which he thought needful; but above all things he charged him to provide himſelf of a Wallet; which he promiſed to perform, and ſaid, That he meant alſo to take a very good Aſs, which he had of his own, becauſe he was not wont to travel much a-foot. In that of the Aſs Don *Quixote* ſtood a while penſive, calling to mind whether ever he had read, that any Knight-Errant carried his Squire Aſſiſtly mounted, but he could not remember any Authority for it: Yet notwithſtanding he reſolved that he might bring his Beaſt, with Intention to accommodate him more honourably when occaſion were offered, by diſmounting the firſt diſcourteous Knight they met, from his Horſe, and giving it to his Squire, he alſo furniſhed himſelf with Shirts, and as many other Things as he might, according unto the Inn-keeper's Advice. All which being finiſhed, *Sancho Pança*, without bidding his Wife or Children farewel; or *Don Quixote*, his Niece and old Servant, they both departed one Night out of the Village unknown to any Perſon living; and they travelled ſo far that Night, as they were ſure in the Morning not to be found, although they were purſued. *Sancho Pança* rode on his Beaſt like a *Patriarch*, with his Wallet and Bottle, and a marvellous Longing to ſee himſelf Governour of the Iſland which his Maſter had promiſed unto him.

DON *Quixote* took by Chance the ſame very Courſe and Way that he had done in his firſt Voyage, through the Field of *Montiel*, wherein he travelled then with leſs Vexation than the firſt; for by Reaſon that it was early, and the Sun-Beams ſtroke not directly down, but athwart, the Heat did not trouble them much. And *Sancho Pança* ſeeing the Opportunity good, ſaid to his Maſter, I pray you have Care, good Sir Knight, that you forget not that Government of the Iſland which you have promiſed me, for I ſhall be able to govern it were it never ſo great.

To which Don *Quixote* replied, " You muſt under-
" ſtand, Friend *Sancho Pança*, that it is a Cuſtom very
" much uſed by ancient Knights-Errant, to make their
" Squires Governours of the Iſlands and Kingdoms that
" they conquered, and I am reſolved that ſo good a Cuſ-
" tom ſhall never be aboliſhed by me, but rather I will
" paſs and exceed them therein: For they ſometimes,
" and as I take it, did for the greater Part expect until
" their Squires waxed aged, and after they were cloyed
" with Service, and had ſuffer'd many bad Days and
" Nights, then did they beſtow upon them ſome Title
" of an Earl, or at leaſt of a Marquiſs of ſome Valley of
" more or leſs Account.

BUT if thou liveſt, and I withal, it may happen that I may conquer ſuch a Kingdom within ſix Days, that hath other Kingdoms adherent to it, which would fall out juſt as it were caſt in a Mould for thy Purpoſe, whom I would crown preſently King of one of them. And do not account this to be any great Matter, for Things and Chances do happen to ſuch Knights Adventurers as I am, by ſo unexpected and wonderful Ways and Means, as I might give thee very eaſily a great deal more than I promiſed. After that Manner, ſaid *Sancho Pança*, if I were a King, through ſome Miracle of thoſe which you ſay, then ſhould *Joan Gutierez* my Wife become a Queen, and my Children Princes. Who doubts of that, ſaid Don *Quixote*? That do I, replied *Sancho Pança*, for I am fully perſwaded, that although God would rain Kingdoms down upon the Earth, none of them would

ſit

ſit well on *Mary Gutierez*'s Head. For Sir, you muſt underſtand that ſhe's not worth a Dodkin for a Queen. To be a Counteſs would agree with her better: And yet I pray God ſhe be able to diſcharge that Calling. Commend thou the Matter to God, quoth Don *Quixote*, that that he may give her that which is moſt convenient for her. But do not thou abaſe thy Mind ſo much, as to content thyſelf with leſs than at leaſt to be a Vice-Roy. I will not, good Sir, quoth *Sancho*, eſpecially ſeeing I have ſo worthy a Lord and Maſter as yourſelf, who knows how to give me all that may turn to my Benefit, and that I ſhall be able to diſcharge in good Sort.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the good Succeſs Don Quixote *had, in the dreadful and never-imagined Adventure of the Wind-Mills, with other Accidents worthy to be recorded.*

AS thus they diſcourſed, they diſcovered ſome thirty or forty Wind-Mills, that are in that Field: And as ſoon as Don *Quixote* eſpied them, he ſaid to his Squire; Fortune doth addreſs our Affairs better than we ourſelves could deſire; for behold there, Friend *Sancho Pança*, how there appears thirty or forty monſtrous Giants, with whom I mean to fight, and deprive them all of their Lives; with whoſe Spoils we will begin to be rich; for this is a good War, and a great Service unto God, to take away ſo bad a Seed from the Face of the Earth.

WHAT Giants, quoth *Sancho Pança*? Thoſe that thou ſeeſt there, quoth his Lord, with the long Arms, and ſome there are of that Race, whoſe Arms are almoſt two Leagues long. I pray you underſtand, quoth *Sancho Pança*, that thoſe which appear there, are no Giants

but Wind-Mills; and that which ſeems in them to be Arms, are their Sails, that are ſwinged about with the Wind, do alſo make the Mill go. It ſeems well, quoth Don *Quixote*, that thou art not yet acquainted with Matter of Adventures: They are Giants, and if thou beeſt afraid, go aſide and pray, whilſt I enter into cruel and unequal Battle with them. And ſaying ſo, he ſpurred his Horſe *Rozinante*, without taking heed to his Squire *Sancho*'s Cries, advertiſing him how they were doubtleſsly Wind-Mills that he did aſſault, and no Giants; but he went ſo fully perſuaded that they were Giants, as he neither heard his Squire's Out-cries, nor did diſcern what they were, although he drew very near to them, but rather ſaid as loud as he could, flie not, ye Cowards and vile Creatures, for it is only one Knight that aſſaults you.

WITH this the Wind increaſed, and the Mill-Sails began to turn about; which Don *Quixote* eſpying, ſaid, although thou movedſt more Arms than the Giant *Briareus*, thou ſhalt ſtoop to me; and after ſaying this, and commending himſelf moſt devoutly to his Lady *Dulcinea*, deſiring her to ſuccour him in that Trance, covering himſelf well with his Buckler, and ſetting his Lance on his reſt, he ſpurred on *Rozinante*, and encountred with the firſt Mill that was before him, and ſtriking his Lance into the Sail, the Wind ſwinged it about with ſuch Fury, that it broke his Lance into Shivers, carrying him and his Horſe after it, and finally tumbled him a good Way off from it, on the Field in very evil Plight. *Sancho Pança* repaired preſently to ſuccour him, as faſt as his Aſs could drive: and when he arrived, he found him not able to ſtir, he had gotten ſuch a Cruſh with *Rozinante*. Good God! quoth *Sancho*, did I not foretel unto you that you ſhould look well what you did? for they were none other than Wind-Mills, nor could any think otherwiſe, unleſs he had alſo Wind-Mills in his Brains. Peace *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, for Matters of War are more ſubject than any other Thing to continual Change: How much more, ſeeing I do verily perſwade myſelf, that the ſage *Freſtron*, who rob'd my Study and Books, hath transformed theſe Giants

Giants into Mills, to deprive me of the Glory of the Victory? Such is the Enmity he bears towards me. But yet in fine, all his bad Arts ſhall but little prevail againſt the Goodneſs of my Sword. God grant it, as he may, ſaid *Sancho Pança*; and then helped him to ariſe: and preſently he mounted on *Rozinante*, who was * half ſhoulder-pitcht by the rough encounter; and diſcourſing upon that adventure, they followed on the way which guided towards the paſſage or gate of *Lapice*; for there, as Don *Quixote* avouched, it was not poſſible, but to find many adventures, becauſe it was a thorough-fare much frequented, and yet he affirmed that he went very much grieved becauſe he wanted a Lance, and telling it to his Squire, he ſaid, I remember how I have read that a certain *Spaniſh* Knight called *Diego Peres* of *Vargas*, having broken his Sword in a Battle, tore off a great branch, or ſtock from an Oak-tree, and did ſuch Marvels with it that Day, and battered ſo many Moors, as he remained with the ſurname of *Machuca*, which ſignifies a ſtump, and as well he, as all his progeny were ever after that day called *Vargas* and *Machuca*. I tell thee this, becauſe I mean to tear another branch, ſuch, or as good at leaſt as that, from the firſt Oak we ſhall encounter, and I mean to atchieve ſuch adventures therewithal, as thou wilt account thy ſelf fortunate, for having merited to behold them, and be a Witneſs of Things almoſt incredible.

In God's Name, quoth *Sancho*, I do believe every word you ſaid: but I pray you ſit right in your ſaddle, for you ride ſideling, which proceeds as I ſuppoſe of the bruiſing you got by your fall. Thou ſayeſt true, quoth Don *Quixote*, and if I do not complain of the Grief, the reaſon is, becauſe Knights-Errant uſe not to complain of any wound, although their guts did iſſue out thereof. If it be ſo (quoth *Sancho*) I know not what to ſay, but God knows I would be glad to hear you to complain when any thing grieves you. Of my ſelf I

* *Medio ſpaldado.* *A paſſage through the Mountains.*

dare affirm, that I muſt complain of the leaſt Grief that I have, if it be not likewiſe meant that the Squires of Knights-Errant muſt not complain of any harm. Don *Quixote* could not refrain laughter, hearing the Simplicity of his Squire; and after ſhewed unto him, that he might lawfully complain both when he pleaſed, and as much as he liſted, with deſire, or without it, for he had never yet read any thing to the contrary, in the order of Knighthood.

THEN *Sancho* ſaid unto him, that it was dinner time. To whom he anſwered, that he needed no repaſt, but if he had Will to eat, he might begin when he pleaſed. *Sancho* having obtained his licence, did accommodate himſelf on his Aſs back, the beſt he might, taking out of his wallet ſome belly munition, he rode after his Maſter, travelling and eating at once, and that with great leiſure, and ever anon he lifted up his bottle with ſuch pleaſure as the beſt fed Victualler of *Malaga* might envy his ſtate; and whilſt he rode multiplying of quaffs in that Manner, he never remembered any of the Promiſes his Maſter had made him, nor did he hold the fetch of adventures to be a labour, but rather a great recreation and eaſe, were they never ſo dangerous.

IN concluſion, they paſſed over that night under certain Trees, from one of which Don *Quixote* tore a withered branch, which might ſerve him in ſome ſort for a Lance, and therefore he ſet thereon the iron of his own, which he had reſerved when it was broken. All that night Don *Quixote* ſlept not one wink, but thought upon his Lady *Dulcinea*, that he might conform himſelf to what he had read in his books of adventures, when Knights paſſed over many nights without ſleep in Forreſts and Fields, only entertained by the Memory of their Miſtreſſes: but *Sancho* ſpent not his time ſo vainly, for having his ſtomach well ſtuffed, and that not with *Succory* water, he carried ſmoothly away the whole night in one ſleep: and if his Maſter had not called him up, neither the Sun-beams which ſtruck on his viſage, nor the Melody of the Birds which were many, and did chearfully welcome the approach of the new day, could have

have been able to awake him: at his ariſing he gave one eſſay to the bottle, which he found to be ſomewhat more weak than it was the Night before, whereat his heart was grieved, for he miſtruſted that they took not a courſe to remedy that defect ſo ſoon as he wiſhed: nor could Don *Quixote* break his faſt, who (as we have ſaid) meant only to ſuſtain himſelf with pleaſant remembrances. Then did they return to their commenced way, towards the Gate of *Lapice*, which they diſcovered about three of the clock in the afternoon: here (ſaid Don *Quixote*) as ſoon as he ken'd it, may we (friend *Sancho*) thruſt our hands up to the very elbows into that, which is called adventures. But obſerve well this Caveat which I ſhall give thee, that although thou ſeeſt me in the greateſt dangers of the World, thou muſt not ſet hand to thy ſword in my defence, if thou doſt not ſee that thoſe which aſſault me, be baſe and vile vulgar people; for in ſuch a caſe thou mayeſt aſſiſt me. Marry, if they be Knights, thou mayeſt not do ſo in any wiſe, nor is it permitted by the laws of Arms that thou mayeſt help me, until thou beeſt likewiſe dubbed Knight thyſelf,

I DO aſſure you, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, that herein you ſhall be moſt punctually obeyed; and therefore chiefly, in reſpect that I am of mine own nature a quiet and peaceable man, and a mortal enemy of thruſting myſelf into ſtirs or quarrels: yet it is true, that touching the defence of mine own perſon, I will not be altogether ſo obſervant of thoſe Laws, ſeeing that both divine and humane allow every man to defend himſelf from any one that would wrong him. I ſay no leſs, anſwered Don *Quixote*, but in this of aiding me againſt any Knight, thou muſt ſet bounds to thy natural impulſes. I ſay that I will do ſo, quoth *Sancho*, and I will obſerve this commandment as punctually, as that of keeping holy the Sabbath-day.

WHILST thus they reaſoned, there appeared in the way two Monks of St. *Bennet's* order, mounted on two Dromedaries; for the Mules whereon they rode, were but little leſs. They wore masks with ſpectacles in them, to keep the duſt from their faces, and each of them beſides bore their Umbrilles; after them came a Coach and

four or five a horſe-back accompanying it, and two Lackies that ran hard by it. There came therein, as it was after known, a certain *Biſcaine* Lady, which travelled towards *Sevil*, where her husband ſojourned at the preſent, and was going to the *Indies*, with an honourable charge: the Monks rode not with her, although they travelled the ſame way. Scarce had Don *Quixote* perceived them, when he ſaid to his Squire, either I am deceived, or elſe this will prove the moſt famous adventure, that ever hath been ſeen. For theſe two great black bulks which appear there, are queſtionleſs Enchanters, that ſteal or carry away perforce ſome Princeſs in that Coach; and therefore I muſt with all my Power undo that wrong. This will be worſe than the adventure of the Wind-mills, quoth *Sancho*. Do not you ſee, Sir, that thoſe are Fryars of St. *Bennet*'s Order? And the Coach can be none other than of ſome Travellers. Therefore liſten to mine Advice, and ſee well what you do, leſt that the Devil do deceive you. I have ſaid already to thee, *Sancho*, that thou art very ignorant in matter of adventures. What I ſay is true, as now thou ſhalt ſee: and ſaying ſo, he ſpurred on his horſe, and plac'd himſelf juſt in the midſt of the Way, by which the Friars came: and when they approached ſo near as he ſuppoſed they might hear him, he ſaid with a loud Voice: "Deviliſh and "wicked people, leave preſently thoſe high Princeſſes "which you violently carry away with you in that Coach; "or if you will not, prepare yourſelf to receive ſudden "Death. as a juſt puniſhment of your bad Works.

THE Friars held their horſes, and were amazed both at the ſhape and words of Don *Quixote*. To whom they anſwered, Sir Knight, we are neither deviliſh nor wicked, but religious Men of St. *Bennet*'s Order, that travel about our Affairs, and we know not whether or no, there comes any Princeſſes forced in this Coach. With me fair Words take no effect, quoth Don *Quixote*. For I know you very well, treacherous Knaves; and then without expecting their reply, he ſet Spurs to *Rozinante*, and laying his Launce on the thigh, charged the firſt Friar with ſuch fury and rage, that if he had not

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ſuffered himſelf willingly to fall off his Mule, he would not only have overthrown him againſt his will, but likewiſe have ſlain, or at leaſt wounded him very ill with the blow. The ſecond religious Man ſeeing how ill his companion was uſed, made no words, but ſetting ſpurs to that Caſtel, his Mule did fly away through the Field, as ſwift as the wind itſelf. *Sancho Pança* ſeeing the Monk overthrown, diſmounted very ſpeedily off his Aſs, and ran over to him, and would have ranſacked his Habits. In this arrived the Monks two Lackies, and demanded of him, why he thus diſpoiled the Friar? *Sancho* replied, that it was his due by the law of arms, as lawful Spoils gained in battle by his Lord Don *Quixote*. The Lackies which underſtood not the jeſt, nor knew not what words of battle or ſpoils meant, ſeeing that Don *Quixote* was now out of the way, ſpeaking with thoſe that came in the Coach, ſet both at once upon *Sancho*, and left him not a hair in his beard but they plucked, and did ſo trample him under their Feet, as they left him ſtretched on the ground without either breath or feeling. The Monk cutting off all delays, mounted again on horſe-back, all affrighted, having ſcarce any drop of blood left in his face through fear. And being once up, he ſpurred after his fellow, who expected him a good way off, ſtaying to ſee the ſucceſs of that aſſault, and being unwilling to attend the end of that ſtrange adventure, they did proſecute their journey, bleſſing and croſſing themſelves, as if the Devil did purſue them,

Don *Quixote*, as is rehearſed, was in this ſeaſon ſpeaking to the Lady of the Coach, to whom he ſaid, " Your beauty, dear Lady, may diſpoſe from henceforth " of your perſon, as beſt ye liketh; for the pride of your " robbers lies now proſtrated on the Ground, by this my " invincible arm. And becauſe you may not be troubled " to know your deliverer's name, know that I am called " Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, a Knight-Errant and Ad- " venturer, and captive to the peerleſs and beautiful Lady " *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*: and in reward of the benefit which " you have received at my hands, I demand nothing elſe " but that you return to *Toboſo*; and there preſent your-

" ſelves in my name before my Lady, and recount unto " her, what I have done to obtain your liberty.

To all theſe Words which Don *Quixote* ſaid, a certain *Biſcayan* Squire that accompanied the Coach gave ear who ſeeing that Don *Quixote* ſuffered not the Coach to paſs onward, but ſaid that it muſt preſently return to *Toboſo*, he drew near to him, and laying hold on his Launce, he ſaid in his bad *Spaniſh* and worſe *Biſquiſh*; get thee away, Knight in an ill hour, by the God that created me, if thou leave not the Coach, I will kill thee, as ſure as I am a *Biſcaine*.

Don *Quixote* underſtanding him, did anſwer with great ſtaidneſs, If thou wer'ſt a * Knight as thou art not, I would by this have puniſhed thy folly and preſumption, Caitiff creature. The *Biſcaine* replied with great fury, Not I a Gentleman? I ſwear God thou lieſt, as well as I am a Chriſtian. If thou caſt away thy Launce, and draw thy ſword, † thou ſhalt ſee the Water as ſoon as thou ſhalt carry away the Cat: A *Biſcaine* by Land, and a Gentleman by Sea, a Gentleman in deſpite of the Devil, and thou lieſt if other things thou ſayeſt. Straight thou ſhalt ſee that, ſaid *Agrages*; replied Don *Quixote*, and throwing his Launce to the ground, he out with his ſword, and took his buckler, and ſet on the *Biſcaine*, with reſolution to kill him.

The *Biſcaine* ſeeing him approach in that manner, although he deſired to alight off his Mule, which was not to be truſted, being one of thoſe naughty ones which are wont to be hired, yet had he no leiſure to do any other thing, than to draw out his ſword: but it befel him happily to be near to the Coach, out of which he ſnatched a cuſhion that ſerved him for a Shield: and preſently the one made upon the other like mortal Enemies.

Thoſe that were preſent, laboured all that they might but in vain, to compound the matter between them; for the *Biſcaine* ſwore in his bad Language, that if they

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* Cavallero *in* Spaniſh *is taken as well for a Gentleman, as for a Knight.* † *Pag.* 58.

hindred

hindred him from ending the battle, he would put his Lady, and all the reſt that dared to diſturb him, to the Sword.

THE Lady aſtoniſhed and fearful of that which ſhe beheld, commanded the Coachman to go a little out of the Way, and ſate aloof, beholding the rigorous conflict. In the progreſs whereof, the *Biſcaine* gave Don *Quixote* over the Target a mighty blow on one of the Shoulders, where if it had not found reſiſtance in his armour, it would doubtleſsly have cleft him down to the Girdle. Don *Quixote* feeling the weight of that unmeaſurable blow, crying with a loud Voice, ſaying, " O *Dulcinea*, " Lady of my ſoul, the flower of all beauty, ſuccour " this thy Knight, who to ſet forth thy worth, finds " himſelf in this dangerous trance." The ſaying of theſe words, the griping faſt of his ſword, the covering himſelf well with his buckler, and the aſſailing of the *Biſcaine*, was done all in one Inſtant, reſolving to venture all the ſucceſs of the battle on that one only blow. The *Biſcaine* who perceiving him come in that manner, perceived by his doughtineſs his Intention, and reſolved to do the like; and therefore expected him very well covered with his cuſhion, not being able to manage his Mule as he wiſhed, from one part to another, who was not able to go a ſtep, it was ſo wearied, as a beaſt never before uſed to the like toys.

DON *Quixote*, as we have ſaid, came againſt the weary *Biſcaine*, with his ſword lifted aloft, with a full Reſolution to part him in two: and the beholders ſtood with fear ſuſpended, to ſee the ſucceſs of thoſe monſtrous blows wherewithal they threatned one another. And the Lady of the Coach, with her Gentlewoman, made a thouſand vows and offerings to all the devout Places of *Spain*, to the end that God might deliver the Squire and themſelves, out of that great danger wherein they were.

BUT it is to be deplored, how in this very point and term, the Author of this Hiſtory leaves this battle depending, excuſing himſelf, that he could find no more written of the acts of Don *Quixote*, than thoſe which he hath already recounted. True it is, that the ſecond

writer of this work would not believe, that ſo curious a hiſtory was drowned in the jaws of oblivion, or that the wits of the *Mancha* were ſo little curious, as not to reſerve among their treaſuries or records, ſome Papers treating of this famous Knight: and therefore encouraged by this preſumption, he did not deſpair to find the end of this pleaſant Hiſtory, which, heaven being propitious to him, he got at laſt, after the manner that ſhall be recounted in the ſecond Part.

The End of the firſt Part.



THE



The Delightful

HISTORY

Of the moſt Witty KNIGHT

Don QUIXOTE

Of the MANCHA.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Wherein is related the events of the fearful battel which the valiant Biſcaine *fought with* Don Quixote.

WE left the valorous *Biſcaine*, and the famous *Don Quixote* in the firſt part with their ſwords lifted up and naked in terms, to diſcharge one upon another two furious Cleavers, and ſuch, as if they had alighted rightly, would cut and divide them both from the top to the toe, and open them like a *Pomegranate*. And

that in ſo doubtful a taking, the delightful Hiſtory ſtopped, and remained diſmembered, the Author thereof leaving us no notice where we might find the reſt of the narration. This grieved me not a little, but wholly turned the Pleaſure I took in reading the beginning thereof into diſguſt, thinking how ſmall commodity was offered, to find out ſo much as in mine opinion wanted of this ſo delectable a tale. It ſeemed unto me almoſt impoſſible and contrary to all good Order, that ſo good a Knight, ſhould want ſome wiſe Man, that would undertake his wonderful proweſſes and feats of Chivalry. A Thing that none of thoſe Knights-Errant ever wanted, of whom people ſpeak; for each of them had one or two wiſe men of purpoſe, that did not only write their Acts, but alſo depainted their very leaſt thoughts and toys, were they never ſo hidden. And ſure ſo good a Knight could not be ſo unfortunate, as to want that wherewith *Platyr* and others his like abounded; and therefore could not induce myſelf to believe, that ſo gallant a Hiſtory might remain maimed and lame, and did rather caſt the fault upon the malice of the time, who is a conſumer and devourer of all Things, which had either hidden or conſumed it.

Me thought on the other ſide, ſeeing that among his Books were found ſome modern Works, ſuch as the *Undeceiving of Jealouſy*, and *the Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares*, That alſo his own Hiſtory muſt have been new; and if it were not written, yet was the Memory of him freſh among the dwellers of his own Village, and the other Villages adjoining. This Imagination held me ſuſpended and deſirous to learn really and truly all the Life and Miracles of our famous *Spaniard Don Quixote of the Mancha*, the Light and Mirrour of all *Manchical* Chivalry; being the firſt who in this our Age and Time ſo full of Calamities, did undergo the Travels and Exerciſe of Arms-Errant; and undid Wrongs, ſuccour'd Widows, protected Damſels that rode up and down with their Whips and Palfreys, and with all their Virginity on their Backs, from Hill to Hill, and Dale to Dale: For if it hapned not that ſome lewd

lewd Miſcreant, or ſome Clown with a Hatchet and long Hair, or ſome monſtrous Giant did force them, Damſels there were in times paſt, that at the end of fourſcore Years old, all which time they never ſlept one Day under a Roof, went as entire and pure Maidens to their Graves, as the very Mother that bore them. Therefore, I ſay, that as well for this, as for many other good Reſpects, our gallant *Don Quixote* is worthy of continual and memorable Praiſes; nor can the like be juſtly denied to my ſelf, for the Labour and Diligence which I uſed, to find out the end of this grateful Hiſtory; although I know very well, that if Heaven, Chance, and Fortune had not aſſiſted me, the World had been deprived of the Delight and Paſtime, that they may take for almoſt two Hours together, who ſhall with Attention read it. The manner therefore of finding it, was this:

BEING one Day walking on the Exchange at *Toledo*, a certain Boy by chance would have ſold divers old Quires and Scrouls of Books to a Squire that walked up and down in that place, and I being addicted to read ſuch Scrouls, though I found them torn in the Streets, born away by this my natural Inclination, took one of the Quires in my Hand, and perceived it to be written in *Arabick* Characters, and ſeeing that although I knew the Letters, yet could I not read the Subſtance, I looked about to view whether I could perceive thereabouts, any *Moor* turned *Spaniard*, that could read them; nor was it very difficult to find there ſuch an Interpreter: For if I had ſearched one of another better and more antient * Language, that place would eaſily have afforded him. In fine, my good Fortune preſented one to me, to whom telling my deſire, and giving him the Book in his Hand, he opened it, and having read a little therein, began to laugh. I demanded of him why he laughed? And he anſwered, At that marginal Note which the Book had. I bid him to expound it to me,

* *To wit, a Few.*

and I

and with that took him a little aſide: And he continuing ſtill his laughter, ſaid, There is written here on this Margin theſe Words: *This Dulcinea of* Toboſo *ſo many times ſpoken of in this Hiſtory, had the beſt Hand for powdring of Pork, of any Woman in all the Mancha.* When I heard it make mention of *Dulcinea of Toboſo*, I reſted amazed and ſuſpended, and imagined forthwith, that thoſe Quires contained the *Hiſtory of Don Quixote.* With this conceit I haſtned him to read the beginning, which he did, and tranſlating the *Arabick* into *Spaniſh* in a trice, he ſaid that it began thus, *The Hiſtory of Don Quixote of the Mancha, written by Cyd Hamet Benengeli, an Arabical Hiſtoriographer.* Much Diſcretion was requiſite to diſſemble the content of Mind I conceived: When I heard the Title of the Book, and preventing the Squire, I bought all the Boys Scroles and Papers for a Rial: And had he been of Diſcretion, or known my deſire, he might have promiſed himſelf eaſily, and alſo born away with him more then ſix Rials for his Merchandize. I departed after with the *Moor*, to the Cloyſter of the great Church, and I requeſted him to turn me all the *Arabick* Sheets that treated of Don *Quixote* into *Spaniſh*, without adding or taking away any thing from them, and I would pay him what he would deſire for his Pains: He demanded fifty Pounds of Raiſins and three Buſhels of Wheat, and promiſed to tranſlate them ſpeedily, well, and faithfully. But I, to haſten the Matter more, leſt I ſhould loſe ſuch an unexpected and welcome Treaſure, brought him to my Houſe, were he tranſlated all the Work in leſs than a Month and a half, even in the manner that it is here recounted.

THERE was painted in the firſt Quire, very naturally, the Battel betwixt Don *Quixote* and the *Biſcaine*; even in the ſame manner that the Hiſtory relateth it, with their Swords lifted aloft; the one covered with his Buckler, the other with his Cuſhion: And the *Biſcaine's Mule* was delivered ſo naturally, as a Man might perceive it was Hired; although he ſtood farther off than the ſhot of a Croſs-bow: the *Biſcaine* had

a Title

a Title written under his Feet that ſaid, Don *Sancho de Azpetir*, for ſo belike he was called: And at *Rozinante*'s Feet there was another that ſaid, Don *Quixote*. *Rozinante* was marvellous well pourtraited, ſo long and lank, ſo thin and lean, ſo like one labouring with an incurable Conſumption, as he did ſhew very clearly with what Conſideration and Propriety he had given unto him the name *Rozinante*. By him ſtood *Sancho Pança*, holding his Aſs by the Halter; at whoſe Feet was another ſcroul, ſaying, *Sancho Cancas*: and I think the reaſon thereof was, that as his picture ſhewed, he had a great belly, a ſhort ſtature, and thick legs. and therefore I judge he was called *Pança* or *Canca*; for both theſe names are written of him indifferently in the Hiſtory.

THERE were other little things in it worthy the noting, but all of them are of no great importance, nor any thing neceſſary for the true relation of the Hiſtory, for none is ill if it be true. And if any objection be made againſt the truth of this, it can be none other, than that the Author was a *Moor*, and it is a known propriety of that Nation to be lying: yet in reſpect that they hate us ſo mortally, it is to be conjectured, that in this Hiſtory there is rather want and concealment of our Knights worthy Acts, than any ſuperfluity; which I imagine the rather, becauſe I find in the progreſs thereof many times, that when he might and ought to have advanced his pen in our Knight's praiſes, he does as it were of purpoſe paſs them over in ſilence. Which was very ill done, ſeeing that Hiſtoriographers ought and ſhould be very preciſe, true, and unpaſſionate, and that neither profit, or fear, rancour or affection ſhould make them to tread awry from the truth, whoſe mother is Hiſtory, the Emulatreſs of Time, the Treaſury of actions, the witneſs of things paſt, and advertiſer of things to come.

IN this Hiſtory I know a man may find all that he can deſire in the moſt pleaſing manner; and if they want any thing to be deſired, I am of opinion that it is through the fault of that ungracious knave that

tranſlated

tranſlated it, rather than through any defect in the ſubject. Finally the ſecond part thereof (according to the tranſlation) began in this manner:

THE trenchant ſwords of the two valorous inraged combatants being lifted aloft, it ſeemed that they threatned Heaven, the earth, and the depths, ſuch was their hardineſs and courage: and the firſt that diſcharged his blow was the *Biſcaine*, which fell with ſuch force and fury, as if the ſword had not turned a little in the way, that only blow had been ſufficient to ſee an end to the rigorous contention, and all other the adventures of our Knight. But his good *Fortune* which reſerved him for greater affairs, did wreſt his adverſary's ſword awry in ſuch ſort, as though he ſtroke him on the left ſhoulder, yet did it no more harm, than diſarm all that ſide, carrying away with it a great part of his Beaver, with the half of his ear; all which fell to the ground with a dreadful ruin, leaving him in very ill caſe for a good time. Good God! who is he that can well deſcribe at this preſent the fury that entred into the heart of our *Manchegan*, ſeeing himſelf uſed in that manner? Let us ſay no more, but that it was ſuch, that ſtretching himſelf again in the ſtirrops, and griping his ſword faſt in both his hands, he diſcharged ſuch a terrible blow on the *Biſcaine*, hitting him right upon the Cuſhion, and by it on the head, that the ſtrength and thickneſs thereof ſo little availed him, that as if a whole mountain had fall'n upon him, the blood guſhed out of his mouth, noſe, and ears, all at once, and he tottered ſo on his Mule, that every ſtep he took he was ready to fall off, as he would indeed, if he had not taken him by the neck: yet nevertheleſs he loſt the ſtirrops, and looſing his gripe of the Mule, it being likewiſe frighted by that terrible blow, ran away as faſt as it could about the fields, and within two or three winces, overthrew him to the ground.

ALL which Don *Quixote* ſtood beholding with great quietneſs, and as ſoon as he ſaw him fall, he leapt off his horſe, and ran over to him very ſpeedily, and ſetting the point of his ſword on his eyes, he bad him

yield

yield himſelf or elſe he would cut of his head. The *Biſcaine* was ſo amazed, as he could not ſpeak a word, and it had ſucceeded very ill with him, conſidering Don *Quixote's* fury, if the Ladies of the Coach, (which until then had beheld the conflict with great anguiſh) had not come where he was, and earneſtly beſought him to do them the favour to pardon their Squire's life. Don *Quixote* anſwered with a great loftineſs, and gravity, "Truly, fair Ladies, I am well appaid to grant "your requeſt, but it muſt be with this agreement and "condition, that this Knight ſhall promiſe me to go "to *Toboſo*, and preſent himſelf in my name to the "Peerleſs Lady *Dulcinea*, to the end ſhe may diſpoſe "of him as ſhe pleaſeth."

THE timorous and comfortleſs Lady, without conſidering what Don *Quixote* demanded, or asking what *Dulcinea* was, promiſed that her Squire ſhould accompliſh all that he pleaſed to command. Why then, quoth Don *Quixote*, truſting to your promiſe, I'll do him no more harm, although he hath well deſerved it at my hands.

CHAP. II.

Of that which after befel unto Don Quixote, *when he had left the Ladies.*

BY this *Sancho Pança* had gotten up, though ſomewhat abuſed by the Friars Lackies, and ſtood attentively beholding his Lord's combat, and prayed to God with all his heart that it would pleaſe him to give him the victory; and that he might therein win ſome Iſland, whereof he might make him governour, as he had promiſed.

And ſeeing the controverſy ended at laſt, and that his Lord remounted upon *Rozinante*; he came to hold him the ſtirrop, and caſt himſelf on his knees before him

him e're he got up, and taking him by the hand, he kiſt it, ſaying, I deſire that it will pleaſe you, good my Lord Don *Quixote*, to beſtow upon me the government of that Iſland which in this terrible battel you have won; for though it were never ſo great, yet do I find my ſelf able enough to govern it, as well as any other whatſoever that ever governed Iſlands in this world.

To this demand Don *Quixote* anſwered, Thou muſt note, friend *Sancho*, that this adventure, and others of this kind, are not adventures of Iſlands, but of thwartings and high-ways, wherein nothing elſe is gained but a broken pate, or the loſs of an ear. Have patience a while, for adventures will be offered, whereby thou ſhalt not only be made a governour, but alſo a greater man. *Sancho* rendred him many thanks, and kiſſing his hand again, and the skirt of his Habergeon, he did help him to get up on *Rozinante*, and he leapt on his Aſs, and followed his Lord; who, with a ſwift pace, without taking leave, or ſpeaking to thoſe of the Coach, entred into a wood that was hard at hand. *Sancho* followed him as faſt as his beaſt could trot, but *Rozinante* went off ſo ſwiftly, as he perceiving he was like to be left behind, was forced to call aloud to his Maſter that he would ſtay for him. Which Don *Quixote* did by checking *Rozinante* with the bridle, until his wearied Squire did arrive, who as ſoon as he came, ſaid unto him: Me thinks (Sir) that it will not be amiſs to retire our ſelves to ſome Church; for according as that man is ill dight with whom you fought, I certainly perſwade my ſelf that they will give notice of the fact to the *holy Brotherhood*, and they will ſeek to apprehend us; which, if they do, in good faith before we can get out of their claws, I fear me we ſhall ſweat for it. Peace, quoth Don *Quixote*, where haſt thou ever read or ſeen that Knight-errant that hath been brought before the Judge, though he committed never ſo many homicides and ſlaughters. I know nothing of *Omicilles*, quoth *Sancho*, nor have I cared in my life for any: but well I wot, that it concerns the *holy Brotherhood*, to deal with ſuch as fight in the fields, and in

that

that other I will not intermeddle. Then be not afraid, friend, quoth Don *Quixote*, for I will deliver thee out of the hands of the *Caldeans*, how much more out of thoſe of the *Brotherhood*. But tell me in very good earneſt, whether thou didſt ever ſee a more valorous Knight than I am, throughout the face of the earth? Didſt thou ever read in Hiſtories, of any other that hath, or ever had more courage in aſſailing, more breath in perſevering, more dexterity in offending, or more art in overthrowing, than I? The truth is (quoth *Sancho*) that I have never read any Hiſtory, for I can neither read nor write; but that which I dare wager, is, that I never in my life ſerved a bolder Maſter than you are; and I pray God that we pay not for this boldneſs, there where I have ſaid. That which I requeſt you, is, that you will cure your ſelf, for you loſe much blood by that ear; and here I have Lint, and a little *Unguentum Album* in my Wallet.

All this might be excuſed, quoth Don *Quixote*, if I had remembered to make a Viol full of the *Balſamum* of *Fierebras*; for with one drop of it, we might ſpare both time, and want well all thoſe other Medicines. What Viol, and what *Balſamum* is that, ſaid *Sancho Panſa*? It is, anſwered Don *Quixote*, a *Balſamum* whereof I have the receipt in memory, which one poſſeſſing, he needs not fear death, nor ought he to think that he can be killed by any Wound: and therefore after I have made it, and given it unto thee, thou haſt nothing elſe to do, but when thou ſhalt ſee that in any battle, I be cleaven in twain (as many times it happens) thou ſhalt take fair and ſoftly that part of my body that is fallen to the ground, and put it up again with great ſubtilty on the part which reſts in the ſaddle, before the blood congeal having evermore great care that thou place it juſt and equally; then preſently after, thou ſhalt give me two draughts of that *Balſamum*, of which I have ſpoken, and thou ſhalt ſee me ſtraight become ſounder than an apple. If that be true, quoth *Sancho*, I do preſently here renounce the Government of the Iſland you promiſed, and in recompence of my ſervices of you, but only the receipt

receipt of this precious liquor; for I am certain that an ounce thereof will be worth two Rials in any place, and when I have it, I ſhould need nothing elſe to gain my living eaſily and honeſtly. But let me know, is it coſtly in making? With leſs than three Rials, quoth Don *Quixote*, a man may make three Gallons of it. But I mean to teach thee greater Secrets than this, and do thee greater Favours alſo. And now let me cure myſelf, for mine Ear grieves me more than I could wiſh. *Sancho* then took out of his wallet his lint and ointment to cure his Maſter.

BUT when Don *Quixote* ſaw that the Vizar of his Helmet was broken, he was ready to run mad, and ſetting his hand to his ſword, and lifting up his eyes to heaven he ſaid, I vow to the Creator of all things, and to the four Goſpels where they are largeſt written, to lead ſuch another life as the great Marqueſs of *Mantua* did, when he ſwore to revenge the death of his Nephew *Valdovinos*, which was, not to eat on Table-cloth, nor ſport with his Wife, and other things, which although I do not now remember, I give them here for expreſſed, until I take compleat revenge on him that hath done me this outrage. *Sancho* hearing this, ſaid, You muſt note, Sir Don *Quixote*, that if the Knight hath accompliſhed what you ordained, to go and preſent himſelf before my Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*, then hath he fully ſatisfied his Debt, and deſerves no new puniſhment, except he commit a new fault. Thou haſt ſpoken well, and hit the mark right, ſaid Don *Quixote*, and therefore I diſanul the oath in that of taking any new revenge on him: but I make it, and confirm it again, that I will lead the life I have ſaid, until I take another Helmet like, or as good as this perforce from ſome Knight. And do not think, *Sancho*, that I make this reſolution lightly, or (as they ſay) with the ſmoak of ſtraws; for I have an author whom I may very well imitate herein, for the very like in every reſpect paſſed about *Mambrino*'s Helmet, which coſt *Sacriphante* ſo dearly. I would have you reſign thoſe kind of oaths to the Devil, quoth *Sancho*, for they will hurt your health and prejudice your conſcience. If not, tell me now, I beſeech you, if we

ſhall

ſhall not theſe many days encounter with any one that wears a Helmet, what ſhall we do? Will you accompliſh the oath, in deſpite of all the inconveniences and diſcommodities that enſue thereof? To wit, to ſleep in your cloaths; not to ſleep in any dwelling; and a thouſand other Penitencies, which the oath of the mad old man, the Marqueſs of *Mantua* contained, which you mean to ratify now? Do you not conſider that armed Men travel not in any of theſe ways, but Carriers and Waggoners, who not only carry no Helmets, but alſo for the moſt part never heard ſpeak of them in their lives? Thou doſt deceive thyſelf, ſaying ſo, replied Don *Quixote*, for we ſhall not haunt theſe ways two hours before we ſhall ſee more armed Knights than were at the Siege of *Albraca*, to conquer *Angelica the fair*.

Well then, let it be ſo (quoth *Sancho*) and I pray God it befal us well: whom I devoutly beſeech that the time may come of gaining that Iſland which coſt me ſo dear, and after let me die preſently, and I care not. I have already ſaid to thee, *Sancho*, (quoth his Lord) that thou ſhouldeſt not in any wiſe trouble thy ſelf about this affair: for if an Iſland were wanting, we have then the Kingdom of *Denmark*, or that of *Sobradiſa*, which will come as fit for thy purpoſe as a ring to thy finger, and principally thou art to rejoice, becauſe they are on the Continent. But omitting this till its own time, ſee whether thou haſt any thing in thy wallet, and let us eat it, that afterwards we may go ſearch out ſome Caſtle, wherein we may lodge this Night, and make the *Balſamum* which I have told thee. For I vow to God that this ear grieves me marvellouſly. I have here an Onion, replied the Squire, a piece of cheeſe, and a few cruſts of bread, but ſuch groſs meats are not befitting ſo noble a Knight as you are. How ill doſt thou underſtand it, anſwered Don *Quixote*? I let thee to underſtand, *Sancho*, that it is an honour for Knights-Errant, not to eat once in a Month's ſpace; and if by chance they ſhould eat, to eat only of that which was next at hand. And this thou mighteſt certainly conceive, hadſt thou read ſo many books as I have done. For though I paſt over many,

yet

yet did I never find recorded in any, that Knights-Errant did ever eat, but by meer chance and adventure, or in ſome coſtly banquets that were made for them, and all the other days they paſt over with herbs and roots: and though it is to be underſtood that they could not live without meat, and ſupplying the other needs of nature, becauſe they were, in effect, men as we are: It is likewiſe to be underſtood, that ſpending the greater part of their Lives in Foreſts and Deſarts, and that too without a Cook, that their moſt ordinary meats were but courſe and ruſtical, ſuch as thou doſt now offer unto me. So that, friend *Sancho*, let not that trouble thee which is my pleaſure, nor go not thou about to make a new world, or to hoiſt Knight-Errantry off of her Hinges.

PARDON me, good Sir (quoth *Sancho*;) for by reaſon I can neither read nor write, as I have ſaid once before, I have not fal'n rightly in the rules and laws of Knighthood; and from henceforth my Wallet ſhall be well furniſhed with all kinds of dry fruits for you, becauſe you are a Knight; and for my ſelf, ſeeing I am none, I will provide fowls and other things, that are of more ſubſtance. I ſay not, *Sancho* (quoth Don *Quixote)* that it is a forcible law to Knights-errant, not to eat any other things than ſuch fruits, but that their moſt ordinary ſubſtance could be none other than thoſe, and ſome herbs they found up and down the fields, which they knew very well, and ſo do I alſo.

IT is a vertue, quoth *Sancho*, to know thoſe herbs: for as I imagine, that knowledge will ſome day ſtand us in ſtead: and ſaying ſo, he took out the proviſion he had, which they both eat together with good conformity. But being deſirous to ſearch out a place where they might lodge that night, they did much ſhorten their poor dinner, and mounting anon on horſeback, they made as much haſte as they could, to find out ſome dwellings, before the night did fall: but the Sun and their hopes did fail them at once, they being near the Cabins of certain Goat-herds; and therefore they concluded to take up their lodging there for that night; for though *Sancho*'s grief was great to lie out

of

of a Village, yet Don *Quixote*'s joy exceeded it far, conſidering he muſt ſleep under open heaven, becauſe he made account as oft as this befel him, that he did a worthy act, which did facilitate and ratify the practice of his Chivalry.

CHAP. III.

Of that which paſt between Don Quixote, *and certain Goat-herds.*

HE was entertained very chearfully by the Goat-herd: and *Sancho* having ſet up *Rozinante*, and his Aſs, as well as he could, he preſently repaired to the ſmell of certain pieces of Goat-fleſh that ſtood boiling in a Kettle over the fire, and although he thought in that very moment to try whether they were in ſeaſon to be tranſlated out of the Kettle into the ſtomach, he did omit it, becauſe he ſaw the Herds take them off the fire, and ſpreading certain Sheep-skins, which they had for that purpoſe on the ground, lay in a trice their ruſtical Table, and invited the Maſter and man with very chearful mind, to come and take part of that which they had. There ſat down round about the skins ſix of them, which were all that dwelled in that Fold, having firſt (uſing ſome courſe complements) placed Don *Quixote* upon a trough, turning the bottom up.

DON *Quixote* ſate down, and *Sancho* ſtood, to ſerve the cup, which was made of horn. His Maſter ſeeing him a-foot, ſaid, *Sancho*. to the end that thou may'ſt perceive the good included in wandring Knighthood, and alſo in what poſſibility they are, which exerciſe themſelves in any miniſtry thereof to arrive briefly to honour and reputation in the world. My will is, that thou doſt ſit here by my ſide, and in company with this good people, and that thou beeſt one and the very ſelf-

ſelf-ſame thing with me, who am thy Maſter and natural Lord, that thou eat in my diſh, and drink in the ſame cup wherein I drink: for the ſame may be ſaid of Chivalry that is of Love, to wit, that it makes all things equal.

I YIELD you great thanks (quoth *Sancho*) yet dare I avouch unto you, that ſo I had wherewithal to eat well, I could eat it as well or better ſtanding and alone, than if I ſet by an *Emperour*. And beſides, if I muſt ſay the truth, me thinks, that which I eat in a corner without ceremonies, curioſity, or reſpect of any, though it were but bread and an Onion, ſmacks a great deal better, then Turkey-cocks at other tables, where I muſt chaw my meat leiſurely, drink but little, wipe my hands often, muſt not ſneeze nor cough, though I have a deſire or be like to choke, nor do other things that ſolitude and liberty bring with them. So that, (good Sir) I would have you convert theſe honours that you would beſtow upon me, in reſpect that I am an adherent to Chivalry, as I am being your Squire, into things more eſſential and profitable for me than theſe; and though I remain as thankful for them, as if they were received, yet do I here renounce from this time until the World's end. For all that, thou ſhalt ſit, for the humble ſhall be exalted; and ſo taking him by the arm, he forced him to ſit down near himſelf.

THE Goat-herds did not underſtand this *Gibbriſh* of *Squires* and *Knights-Errant*, and therefore did nothing elſe but eat, and hold their peace, and look on their gueſts, that toſſed in with their Fiſts whole ſlices, with good grace and ſtomachs. The courſe of Fleſh being ended, they ſerved in on the rugs a great quantity of ſhelled Acorns, and half a cheeſe, harder than if it were made of rough-caſting. The horn ſtood not the while idle, for it went round about ſo often, now full, now empty, much like a conduit of * *Noria:* and in a trice it emptied one of the two wine-bags that lay there in the publick View. After that Don

* *Arcaduzed Noria.* p. 76.

Quixote had ſatisfied his appetite well, he took up a handful of Acorns, and beholding them earneſtly, he began to diſcourſe in this manner.

" HAPPY time, and fortunate Ages were thoſe, where-
" on our Anceſtors beſtowed the title of Golden, not be-
" cauſe Gold (ſo much prized in this our iron age) was got-
" ten in that happy time, without any Labours, but be-
" cauſe thoſe which lived in that time, knew not theſe
" two Words *Thine* and *Mine*; in that holy age all things
" were in common: No man needed for his ordinary
" ſuſtenance to do ought elſe than lift up his hand, and
" take it from the ſtrong Oak, which did liberally invite
" them, to gather his ſweet and ſavory fruit. The clear
" Fountains, and running Rivers, did offer them theſe
" ſavory and tranſparent Waters in magnificent abun-
" dance. In the Clifts of Rocks, and hollow Trees,
" did the careful and diſcreet Bees erect their common-
" wealth, offering to every hand without intereſt, the
" fertil crop of their ſweeteſt travels. The lofty Cork-
" tree did diſmiſs (of themſelves, without any other art
" than that of their native liberality) their broad and light
" Rhines, wherewithal horſes were at firſt covered, be-
" ing ſuſtained by ruſtical Stakes, to none other end, but
" for to keep back the inclemencies of the Air. All then
" was peace, all amity, and all concord: as yet the plow-
" ſhare preſumed not with rude encounter to open and
" ſearch the compaſſionate bowels of our firſt Mother;
" for ſhe without compulſion, offered up through all the
" parts of her fertil and ſpacious boſom, all that which
" might ſatisfy, ſuſtain, and delight thoſe children which
" it then had: yea, it was then that the ſimple and beau-
" tiful young Shepherdeſſes went from valley to valley,
" and hill to hill, with their hairs ſometimes pleated,
" ſometimes diſhrevelled, without other apparel than
" that which was requiſite to cover comelily, that which
" modeſty wills and ever would have concealed. Then
" were of no requeſt the attires and ornaments which
" are now uſed, by thoſe that eſteem the Purple of *Tyre*,
" and the ſo-many-ways-martyrized Silk ſo much: but
" only certain green leaves of Burdock and Ivy intertexed

" and woven together, wherewithal perhaps they went
" as gorgeouſly and comelily deckt, as now our Court
" Dames with all the rare and outlandiſh inventions that
" idleneſs or curioſity hath found out. Then were the
" amorous conceits of the mind, ſimply and ſincerely de-
" livered and imbelliſhed in the very form and manner
" ſhe had conceived them, without any artificial contex-
" ture of words to endear them: fraud, deceit or malice
" had not then medled themſelves with plainneſs and
" truth: Juſtice was in her proper terms, favour daring
" not to trouble or confound her, or the reſpect of pro-
" fit, which do now perſecute, blemiſh, and diſturb her
" ſo much. The Saw of corruption or taking bribes
" had not yet poſſeſt the underſtanding of the Judge: for
" then was neither Judge nor perſon to be judged. Mai-
" dens and honeſty wandred then, I ſay, where they liſt-
" ed, alone, ſignioriziug ſecure, that no ſtranger liberty
" or laſcivious intent could prejudice it, or their own na-
" tive deſire or will any way endamage it. But now in
" theſe our deteſtable times no damſel is ſafe, although
" ſhe be hid and ſhut up in another new Labyrinth, like
" that of *Creet*; for even there itſelf the amorous Plague
" would enter, either by ſome cranny, or by the air, or
" by the continual urgings of curſed care to infect her.
" For whoſe protection and ſecurity, by ſucceſs of times
" the order of Knighthood; to defend damſels, protect
" widows, and aſſiſt orphans and diſtreſſed wights. Of
" this order am I, friends Goat-herds, whom I do hear-
" tily thank for the good entertainment which you give
" unto me and my Squire; for although that every one li-
" ving is obliged by the law of nature to favour Knights-
" Errant; yet notwithſtanding, knowing that you knew
" not this Obligation, and yet did receive and make
" much of me, it ſtands with all reaſon that I do render
" you thanks with all my heart."

Our Knight made this long oration (which might have been well excuſed) becauſe the Acorns that were given unto him, called to his mind the golden World: and therefore the humour took him to make the Goat-herds that unprofitable diſcourſe, who heard him all amazed, and

ſuſpended

ſuſpended with very great attention all the while. *Sancho* likewiſe held his peace, eating Acorns, and in the mean while viſited very often the ſecond wine-bag, which becauſe it might be freſh, was hanged upon a Cork-tree.

Don *Quixote* had ſpent more time in his ſpeech than in his ſupper; at the end whereof one of the Goat-herds ſaid, To the end that you may more aſſuredly know, Sir Knight-Errant, that we do entertain you with prompt and ready will, we will likewiſe make you ſome paſtime, by hearing one of our companions ſing, who is a Herd of good Underſtanding, and very amorous withal; and can beſides read and write, and plays ſo well on a Rebeck, that there is nothing to be deſired. Scarce had the Goat-herd ended his ſpeech, when the ſound of the Rebeck touched his ear, and within a while after he arrived that played on it, being a Youth of ſome twenty years old, and one of a very good grace and countenance. His fellows demanded if he had ſupped, and anſwering that he had; he that did offer the courteſy, ſaid, then *Anthony*, thou mayſt do us a pleaſure by ſinging a little, that this Gentleman our gueſt may ſee, that we enjoy amidſt theſe Groves and Woods, thoſe that know what muſick is: we have told him already thy good qualities, and therefore we deſire that thou ſhew them, to verify our words. And therefore I deſire thee by thy Life, that thou wilt ſit and ſing the Ditty which thy Uncle the Prebendary made of thy love, and was ſo well liked of in our Village. I am content, quoth the Youth, and without farther intreaty, ſitting down on the trunk of a lopped Oak, he tuned his Rebeck, and after a while began with a ſingular good grace to ſing in this manner.

I *Know*, Olalia! *thou doſt me adore,*
Though yet to me the ſame thou haſt not ſaid:
Nor ſhewn it once, by one poor glance or more,
Since love is ſooneſt by ſuch Tongues bewray'd.

Yet cauſe I ever held thee to be wiſe,
It me aſſures thou bear'ſt me good will:
And he is not unfortunate that ſees
How his Affections are not taken ill.
Yet for all this, Olalia! *'tis true*
I by obſervance gather to my woe:
Thy Mind is fram'd of braſs by art undue,
And flint thy boſom is, though it ſeems ſnow.
And yet amidſt thy rigor's Winter face,
And other ſhifts thou uſeſt to delay me,
Somtime hope peeping out, does promiſe grace,
But wo is me, I fear 'tis to betray me.
Sweeteſt! once in the balance of thy mind
Poize with juſt weights my faith, which never yet
Diminiſh'd, though diſfavour it did find;
Nor can increaſe more, though thou favour'd'ſt it.
If Love be courteous, as ſome men ſay;
By thy humanity, I muſt collect,
My hopes, hows'ever thou doſt uſe delay,
Shall reap at laſt, the good I do expect.
If many Services be of eſteem,
Or power to render a hard heart benign:
Such Things I did for thee, as make me deem,
I have the match gain'd, and thou ſhalt be mine.
For if at any time, thou haſt ta'en heed,
Thou more than once mightſt view how I was clad;
To honour thee, on Mondays *with the weed,*
Which worn on Sundays, *got me credit had.*
For Love and Bravery ſtill themſelves conſort,
Becauſe they both ſhoot ever at one end:
Which made me when I did to thee reſort,
Still to be neat and fine I did contend.

Here

Here I omit the dances I have done,
And Muſicks at thy window I have given:
And when thou didſt at Cock-crow liſten alone,
Thou ſeem'd'ſt hearing my voice, to be in heaven.

I do not eke, the praiſes here recount
Which of thy beauty I ſo oft have ſaid:
Which though they all were true, were likewiſe wont
To make the envious, me for ſpight upbraid.

When to Tereſa, *ſhe of* Berrocal,
I of thy worth's diſcourſe did ſometime ſhape:
Good God! quoth ſhe, you ſeem an Angel's thrall,
And yet for Idol you adore an Ape.

She to her bugles, thanks may give and chains,
Falſe hair, and other ſhifts that ſhe doth uſe
To mend her beauty, with a thouſand pains
And guiles; which might love's very ſelf abuſe.

Wroth at her words, I gave her ſtraight the lie,
Which did her and her Couſin ſo offend:
As me to fight he challeng'd preſently,
And well thou know'ſt of our debate the end:

I mean not thee, to purchaſe at a clap,
Nor to that end, do I thy favour ſue:
Thereby thine honour either to entrap,
Or thee perſwade to take courſes undue.

The Church hath bands, which do ſo ſurely hold,
As no ſilk ſtring for ſtrength comes to them near:
To thruſt thy neck once in the yoak be bold,
And ſee if I to follow thee will fear.

If thou wilt not, here ſolemnly I vow
By holieſt Saint, enwrapt in precious ſhrine,
Never to leave thoſe hills where I dwell now,
If't be not to become a Capuchine.

HERE the Goat-herd ended his ditty, and although Don *Quixote* intreated him to ſing ſomewhat elſe, yet would not *Sancho Pança* conſent to it; who was at that time better diſpoſed to ſleep than to hear muſick: and therefore ſaid to his Maſter, You had better provide your ſelf of a place wherein to ſleep this night, than to hear muſick; for the labour that theſe good men endure all the day long, doth not permit that they likewiſe ſpend the Night in ſinging.

I underſtand thee well enough, *Sancho*, anſwered Don *Quixote*, nor did I think leſs, but that thy manifold viſitations of the Wine-bottle, would rather deſire to be recompenced with ſleep rather than muſick. The Wine liked us all well, quoth *Sancho*: I do not deny it, replied Don *Quixote*, but go thou, and lay thee down where thou pleaſeſt, for it becomes much more men of my profeſſion to watch than to ſleep. Yet notwithſtanding it will not be amiſs to lay ſomewhat again to mine ear; for it grieves me very much. One of the Goat-herds beholding the hurt, bad him be of good cheer, for he would apply a Remedy that ſhould cure it eaſily. And taking ſome Roſemary-leaves of many that grew thereabouts, he hew'd them, and after mixed a little ſalt among them, and applied this medicine to the ear; he bound it up well with a cloth, aſſuring him that he needed to uſe no other Medicine, as it proved after in effect.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Of that which one of the Goat-herds recounted to thoſe that were with Don Quixote.

ABOUT this time arrived another Youth, one of thoſe that brought them proviſion from the Village, who ſaid, Companions, do not you know what paſſeth in the Village? How can we know it being abſent, ſays another of them? Then wit, quoth the Youth, that the famous Shepherd, and Student *Chryſoſtom* died this morning, and they murmur, that he died for love of that diviliſh Laſs *Marcela*, *William* the rich his daughter, ſhe that goes up and down theſe plains and hills among us, in the habit of a *Shepherdeſs*. Doſt thou mean *Marcela*, quoth one of them? Even her, I ſay, anſwered the other; and the jeſt is, that he hath commanded in his Teſtament, that he be buried in the fields as if he were a *Moor*; and that it be at the foot of the Rock, where the fountain ſtands of the Cork-tree. For that according to fame, and as they ſay, he himſelf affirmed, was the place wherein he viewed her firſt. And he hath likewiſe commanded ſuch other things to be done, as the ancienter ſort of the Village do not allow, nor think fit to be performed; for they ſeem to be ceremonies of the *Gentiles*. To all which objections his great friend *Ambroſio* the Student, who likewiſe apparelled himſelf like a Shepherd, at once with him, anſwers, that all ſhall be accompliſhed, without omiſſion of any thing, as *Chryſoſtom* hath ordained, and all the Village is in an uproar about this affair, and yet it is ſaid that what *Ambroſio* and all the other Shepherds his friends do pretend, ſhall in fine be done: at leaſtwiſe, I will not omit to go, and behold it, although I were ſure that I could not return the ſame day to the Village. We will all do the ſame, quoth the Goat-herds,

and will draw lots who ſhall tarry here to keep all our Herds. Thou ſay'ſt well, *Peter*, quoth one of them, although that labour may be excuſed; for I mean to ſtay behind for you all; which you muſt not attribute to any vertue, or little curioſity in me, but rather to the fork that prickt my foot the other day, and makes me unable to travel from hence. We do thank thee notwithſtanding, quoth *Peter*, for thy good will. And *Don Quixote*, who heard all their diſcourſe, intreated *Peter* to tell him who that dead man was, and what the Shepherdeſs of whom they ſpoke.

Peter made anſwer, that what he knew of the affair was, that the dead perſon was a rich Gentleman of a certain Village, ſeated among thoſe mountains, who had ſtudied many years in *Salamanca*, and after returned home to his houſe, with the opinion to be a very wiſe and learned man: but principally it was reported of him, that he was skilful in Aſtronomy, and all that which paſſed above in Heaven, in the Sun and the Moon; for he would tell us moſt punctually the clipſe of the Sun and the Moon. Friend, quoth *Don Quixote*, the darkening of theſe two greater *Luminaries*, is called an *Eclipſe*, and not a *Clipſe*: but *Peter* ſtopping not at thoſe trifles, did proſecute his Hiſtory, ſaying, He did alſo Prognoſticate when the year would be abundant or *Eſtil*. Thou wouldſt ſay *Steril*, quoth *Don Quixote*, *Steril* or *Eſtil*, ſaid *Peter*, all is one for my purpoſe: and I ſay, that by his words, his father and his other friends, that gave credit to him, became very rich. For they did all that he counſelled them, who would ſay unto them, Sow Barley this year, and no Wheat. In this you may ſow Peaſe, and no Barley. The next year will be good for Oil. The three enſuing you ſhall not gather a drop. That ſcience is called *Aſtrology*, quoth *Don Quixote*. I know not how it is called, replied *Peter*; but I know very well, he knew all this and much more.

FINALLY, a few months after he came from *Salamanca*, he appeared one day apparelled like a Shepherd with his flock, and leather coat; having laid aſide the long habits that he wore, being a Scholar, and jointly with

with him came alſo a great friend of his, and fellow Student called *Ambroſio*, apparelled like a Shepherd. I did almoſt forget to tell how *Chryſoſtom* the dead man, was a great maker of verſes; inſomuch that he made the Carrols of *Chriſtmas* day at night, and the plays for *Corpus-Chriſti* day, which the Youths of our Village did repreſent, and all of them affirmed, that they were moſt excellent. When thoſe of the Village ſaw the two Scholars ſo ſuddenly clad like Shepherds, they were amazed, and could not gueſs the cauſe that moved them to make ſo wonderful a change. And about this time *Chryſoſtom*'s Father died, and he remained poſſeſſed of a great deal of goods, as well moveable as immoveable, and no little quantity of cattel great and ſmall; and alſo a great ſum of money, of all which the young man remained a diſſolute Lord. And truly he deſerved it all; for he was a good fellow, and a charitable, and a friend of good folk, and he had a face like a bleſſing. It came at laſt to be underſtood, that the cauſe of changing his habit was none other, than for to go up and down thorough theſe deſarts after the Shepherdeſs *Marcela*, whom our Herd named before; of whom the poor dead *Chryſoſtom* was become enamoured. And I will tell you now, becauſe it is fit you ſhould know it, what this wanton Laſs is, perhaps, and I think without perhaps you have not heard the like thing in all the days of your life, although you had lived more years than *Sarna*. Say *Sarra*, quoth *Don Quixote*, being not able to hear him any longer to change one word for another.

THE *Sarna* or Scab, quoth *Peter*, lives long enough too. And if you go thus, Sir, interrupting my tale at every pace, we ſhall not be able to end it in a year. Pardon me, friend, quoth *Don Quixote*, for I ſpeak to thee by reaſon there was ſuch difference between *Sarna* and *Sarra*. But thou didſt anſwer well; for the *Sarna* or Scab lives longer than *Sarra*. And therefore proſecute thy Hiſtory: for I will not interrupt thee any more. I ſay then, dear Sir of my ſoul, quoth the Goat-herd, that there was in our Village a farmer that was yet richer than *Chryſoſtom*'s Father, who was called *William*, to

whom fortune gave in the end of his great riches a daughter called *Marcela*, of whoſe birth her mother died, who was the beſt woman that dwelled in all this circuit. Me thinks I do now ſee her quick before me, with that face, which had on the one ſide the Sun, and on the other the Moon, and above all, ſhe was a thrifty houſe-wife, and a great friend to the poor: For which I believe that her ſoul is this very hour enjoying of the gods in the other world. For grief of the loſs of ſo good a wife, her husband *William* likewiſe died, leaving his daughter *Marcela* young and rich in the cuſtody of his Uncle, who was a Prieſt, and Curate of our Village. The child grew with ſuch beauty, as it made us remember that of her mother, which was very great. And yet notwithſtanding they judged that the daughters would ſurpaſs hers, as indeed it did: for when ſhe arrived to the age of fourteen or fifteen years old, no man beheld her, that did not bleſs God for making her ſo fair: and moſt men remained enamoured and caſt-away for her love.

HER Uncle kept her with very great care and cloſeneſs: and yet nevertheleſs the fame of her great beauty did ſpread it ſelf in ſuch ſort, that as well for it, as for her great riches, her Uncle was not only requeſted by thoſe of our Village, but alſo was prayed, ſollicited, and importuned by all thoſe that dwelled many leagues about, and that by the very beſt of them, to give her to them in marriage. But he (who is a good Chriſtian every inch of him) although he deſired to marry her preſently as ſoon as ſhe was of age, yet would he not do it without her good will; without ever reſpecting the gain and profit he might make by the poſſeſſion of her goods, whilſt he deferred her marriage.

AND in good ſooth this was ſpoken of, to the good Prieſt his commendation, in more than one meeting of the people of our Village. For I would have you to wit, Sir Errant, that in theſe little Villages they talk of all things, and make account, as I do, that the Prieſt muſt have been too good, who could oblige his Pariſhioners to ſpeak ſo well of him, and eſpecially in the

Villages.

Villages. Thou haſt reaſon, quoth *Don Quixote*, and therefore follow on, for the Hiſtory is very pleaſant; and thou, good *Peter*, doſt recount it with a very good grace.

I PRAY God, ſaid *Peter*, that I never want our Herds; for it is that which makes to the purpoſe. And in the reſt you ſhall underſtand, that although her Uncle propounded and told to his Niece the quality of every wooer, of the many that deſired her for wife, and intreated her to marry and chuſe at her pleaſure; yet would ſhe never anſwer other, but that ſhe would not marry as then, and that in reſpect of her over-green years, ſhe did not find her ſelf able enough yet to bear the burthen of marriage. With theſe juſt excuſes which ſhe ſeemed to give, her Uncle left of importuning of her, and did expect until ſhe were further entred into years, and that ſhe might know how to chuſe one that might like her. For he has wont to ſay, and that very well, *That Parents were not to place or beſtow their children where they bore no liking*. But ſee here, when we leaſt imagined it, the coy *Marcela* appeared one morning to become a Shepherdeſs, and neither her Uncle nor all thoſe of the Village which diſſwaded her from it, could work any effect, but ſhe would needs go to the fields, and keep her own ſheep with the other young Laſſes of the town. And ſhe coming thus in publick, when her beauty was ſeen without hinderance, I cannot poſſibly tell unto you, how many rich Youths, as well Gentlemen as Farmers, have taken on them the habit of *Chryſoſtom*, and follow wooing her up and down thoſe fields. One of which, as is ſaid already, was our dead man, of whom it is ſaid, that leaving to love her, he had at laſt made her his Idol. Nor is it to be thought, that becauſe *Marcela* ſet herſelf in that liberty, and ſo looſe a life, and of ſo little or no keeping, that therefore ſhe hath given the leaſt token or ſhadow of diſhoneſty or negligence: nay rather, ſuch is the watchfulneſs wherewithal ſhe looks to her honour, that among ſo many as ſerve and ſollicite her, not one hath praiſed or can juſtly vaunt himſelf to have received at

her hands, the leaſt hope that may be to obtain his deſires. For although ſhe did not flie nor ſhun the company and converſation of Shepherds, and doth uſe them courteouſly and friendlily, whenſoever any one of them begin to diſcover their intention, be it never ſo juſt and holy, as is that of *Matrimony*, ſhe caſts them away from her, as with a ſling. And with this manner of proceeding ſhe does more harm to the country, than if the plague had entred into it by her means: for her affability and beauty did draw to it the hearts of thoſe which do ſerve and love her. But her diſdain and reſolution do conduct them to terms of deſperation; and ſo they know not what to ſay unto her, but to call her with a loud voice, Cruel and ungrateful, with other titles like unto this, which do clearly manifeſt the nature of her condition. And Sir, if you ſtaid here but a few days, you ſhould hear theſe mountains reſound with the lamentations of thoſe wretches that follow her.

THERE is a certain place not far off, wherein are about two dozen of Beech-trees, and there is not any one of them in whoſe rinde is not ingraven *Marcela*'s name, and over ſome names graven alſo a crown in the ſame tree, as if her lover would plainly denote that *Marcela* bears it away, and deſerves the garland of all human beauty. Hear ſighs one Shepherd; there another complains, in another place are heard amorous ditties, here in another, doleful and deſpairing laments.

SOME one there is that paſſeth over all the whole hours of the night at the foot off an Oak or a rock; and without folding once his weeping eyes ſwallowed and tranſported by his thoughts, the Sun finds him there in the morning.

AND ſome other there is, who without giving way or truce to his ſighs, doth amidſt the fervor of the moſt faſtidious heat of the Summer, ſtretch upon the burning ſand, breath his pittiful complaints to heaven, and of this, and of him, and of thoſe, and theſe, the beautiful *Marcela* doth indifferently and quietly triumph: all we that know her, do await to ſee wherein this her loftineſs will finiſh, or who ſhall be ſo happy as to gain dominion

dominion over ſo terrible a condition, and enjoy ſo Peerleſs a beauty. And becauſe all that I have recounted, is ſo notorious a truth, it makes me more eaſily believe that our companion hath told, that is ſaid of the occaſion of *Chryſoſtom*'s death: and therefore I do counſel you, Sir, that you do not omit to be preſent to morrow at his burial, which will be worthy the ſeeing, for *Chryſoſtom* hath many friends, and the place wherein he commanded himſelf to be buried, is not half a league from hence. I do mean to be there, ſaid Don *Quixote*, and do render thee many thanks for the delight thou haſt given me, by the relation of ſo pleaſant a Hiſtory. O, quoth the Goat-herd, I do not yet know the half of the adventures ſucceeded to *Marcela*'s lovers, but peradventure we may meet ſome Shepherd on the way to morrow that will tell them unto us. And for the preſent, you will do well to go take your reſt under ſome roof, for the air might hurt your wound, although the medicine be ſuch that I have applied to it, that any contrary accidents need not much to be feared. *Sancho Pança* being wholly out of patience with the Goat-herd's long diſcourſe, did ſollicite for his part his Maſter ſo effectually, as he brought him at laſt into *Peter*'s Cabin to take his reſt for that night; whereinto after he had entred, he beſtowed the remnant of the night in remembrances of his Lady *Dulcinea*, in imitation of *Marcela*'s lovers. *Sancho Pança* did lay himſelf down between *Rozinante* and his Aſs, and ſlept it out, not like a diſ-favoured lover, but like a man ſtamped and bruiſed with tramplings.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Wherein is finiſhed the Hiſtory of the Shepherdeſs Marcela, *with other accidents.*

BUT ſcarce had the day began to diſcover itſelf by the oriental windows, when five of the ſix Goatherds ariſing, went to awake Don *Quixote*, and demanded of him whether he yet intended to go to *Chryſoſtom*'s burial, and that they would accompany him. Don *Quixote* that deſired nothing more, got up, and commanded *Sancho* to ſaddle and empannel in a trice; which he did with great expedition, and with the like they all preſently began their Journey. And they had not yet gone a quarter of a league, when at the croſſing of a path-way they ſaw ſix Shepherds coming towards them, apparelled with black Skins, and crowned with Garlands of Cypreſs and bitter *Enula campana*. Every one of them carried in his hand a thick truncheon of Elm. There came likewiſe with them two Gentlemen a horſeback, very well furniſhed for the way, with other three Lackies that attended on them. And as ſoon as they encounter'd, they ſaluted one another courteouſly, and demanded whither they travelled; and knowing that they all went towards the place of the burial, they began their Journey together. One of the horſe-men ſpeaking to his companion ſaid, I think (M. *Vivaldo*) we ſhall account the time well employ'd that we ſhall ſtay to ſee this ſo famous an entertainment; for it cannot chuſe but be famous, according to the wonderful things theſe Shepherds have recounted to us, as well of the dead Shepherd, as alſo of the murthering Shepherdeſs. It ſeems ſo to me likewiſe, quoth *Vivaldo*. And I ſay, I would not only ſtay one day, but a whole Week, rather than miſs to behold it. Don *Quixote* demanded of them what they had

had heard of *Marcela* and *Chryſoſtom*? The traveller anſwered, that they had encountered that Morning with thoſe Shepherds, and that by reaſon they had ſeen them apparelled in that mournful attire, they demanded of them the occaſion thereof, and one of them rehearſed it, recounting the ſtrangeneſs and beauty of a certain Shepherdeſs called *Marcela*; and the amorous purſuits of her by many, with the death of that *Chryſoſtom*, to whoſe burial they rode. Finally, he told all that again to him, that *Peter* had told the night before.

THIS Diſcourſe thus ended, another began, and was, that he who was called *Vivaldo*, demanded of Don *Quixote* the occaſion that moved him to travel thus armed thorough ſo peaceable a country? To whom Don *Quixote* anſwered, The profeſſion of my Exerciſe doth not licence or permit me to do other: good days, cockering and eaſe were invented for ſoft Courtiers: but travel, unreſt and arms were only invented and made for thoſe which the world terms Knights-errant, of which number I myſelf (although unworthy) am one, and the leaſt of them all. Scarce had they heard him ſay this, when they all held him to be wood. And to find out the Truth better, *Vivaldo* did ask him again what meant the word *Knights-Errant*? "Have you not read then, quoth Don "*Quixote*, the Hiſtories and Annals of *England*, where- "in are treated the famous Acts of King *Arthur*, "whom we continually call in our *Caſtilian*, *Romance* "King *Artus*? of whom, it is an ancient and common "Tradition in the Kingdom of *Great-Britain*, that he "never died, but that he was turned by art of enchant- "ment into a Crow, and that in proceſs of time he ſhall "return again to reign, and recover his Sceptre and King- "dom. For which reaſon, it cannot be proved that ever "ſince that time until this, any *Engliſhman* hath killed "a Crow. In this good King's time was firſt inſtituted "the famous order of Knighthood of the Knights of "the *Round Table*, and the love that is there recounted, "did in every reſpect paſs, as it is laid down between Sir "*Lancelot du Lake*, and Queen *Guenever*, the honoura- "ble Lady *Quintaniona* being a dealer, and privy there-

"to,

" to. Whence ſprung that ſo famous a Ditty, and ſo " celebrated here in *Spain*, of, *Never was Knight of La-* " *dies ſo well ſerved, as* Lancelot, *when he in* Britain " *arrived*, &c. With that Progreſs ſo ſweet and delight- " ful of his amorous and valiant Acts: and from that time " forward the order of Knight went from hand to hand, " dilating and ſpreading itſelf thorough many and ſundry " parts of the world: and in it were renowned for their " feats of arms, the valiant *Amadis of Gaule*, with all " his progeny until the fifth Generation: and the valo- " rous *Felixmarte of Hircania*, and the never-duely-prai- " ſed *Tirante the White*, together with Sir *Bevis of Hamp-* " *ton*, Sir *Guy of Warwick*, Sir *Eglemore*, and divers " others of that Nation and Age. And almoſt in our " days, we ſaw, and communed, and heard of the in- " vincible and valiant Knight Don *Belianis of Greece*. " This then, good Sirs, is to be a Knight-Errant, and " that which I have ſaid, is the order of Chivalry: where- " in, as I have already ſaid, I (although a ſinner) have " made Profeſſion, and the ſame I do profeſs, that thoſe " Knights profeſſed, whom I have above-mentioned; " and therefore I travel thorough theſe ſolitudes and de- " ſarts, ſeeking adventures, with full reſolution to offer " mine own arm and perſon to the moſt dangerous that " fortune ſhall preſent, in the aid of weak and needy " perſons.

By theſe reaſons of Don *Quixote*, the traveller perfect- ly perceived that he was none of the wiſeſt, and knew the kind of folly wherewithal he was croſſed, whereat thoſe remained wonderfully admired, that by the relation of the others came to underſtand it: and *Vivaldo* who was very diſcreet, and likewiſe of a pleaſant diſpoſition, to the end they might paſs over the reſt of the way with- out heavineſs unto the rock of the burial, which the Shep- herds ſaid was near at hand, he reſolved to give him far- ther occaſion to paſs onward with his follies, and there- fore ſaid unto him. Methinks, Sir Knight-Errant, that you have profeſſed one of the moſt auſtere profeſſions in the world: and I do conſtantly hold, that even that of the *Charter-houſe Monks* is not near ſo ſtraight. " It

" may

" may be as ſtraight as our profeſſion, quoth Don *Quix-*
" *ote*, but that it ſhould be ſo neceſſary to the world, I
" am within the breadth of two fingers to call it in doubt.
" For if we would ſpeak a truth, the ſoldier that puts
" in execution his Captain's command, doth no leſs than
" the very Captain that commands him. Hence I infer,
" that religious men do with all peace and quietneſs ſeek
" of heaven the good of the earth: but ſoldiers, and we
" Knights do put in execution that which they demand,
" defending it with the valour of our arms, and files of
" our ſwords: not under any roofs, but under the wide
" heavens, made as it were in Summer a mark to the in-
" ſupportable Sun-beams, and in Winter to the rage of
" withering froſts. So that we are the Miniſters of God
" on Earth, and the arms wherewith he executeth here
" his Juſtice. And as the affairs of war and things there-
" to pertaining, cannot be put in execution, without
" ſweat, labour, and travel, it follows, that thoſe which
" profeſs warfare take queſtionleſs greater pain, than
" thoſe that in quiet peace and reſt do pray unto God,
" that he will favour and aſſiſt thoſe that need it. I mean
" not therefore to affirm, nor doth it once paſs through
" my thought, that the ſtate of a Knight-Errant is as
" perfect as that of a retired religious man, but only would
" infer through that which I myſelf ſuffer, that it is
" doubtleſsly more laborious, more battered, hungry,
" thirſty, miſerable, torn and louſy. For the Knights-
" Errant of times paſt did without doubt ſuffer much
" woe and miſery in the diſcourſe of their lives. And
" if ſome of them at laſt aſcended to Empires, won by
" the force of their arms, in faith it coſt them a great part
" of their ſweat and blood: and if thoſe which mounted
" to ſo high a degree, had wanted thoſe Enchanters and
" Wiſe-men that aſſiſted them, they would have re-
" mained much defrauded of their deſires, and greatly
" deceived of their hopes." I am of the ſame opinion,
replied the Traveller: but one thing among many others
hath ſeemed to me very ill in Knights-Errant, which is,
when they perceive themſelves in any occaſion to begin
any great and dangerous adventurer, in which appears
manifeſt

manifeſt peril of loſing their lives, they never in the inſtant of attempting it, remember to commend themſelves to God, as every Chriſtian is bound to do in like dangers, but rather do it to their Ladies, with ſo great deſire and devotion as if they were their God; a thing which in mine opinion ſmells of *Gentiliſm*.

" Sir, quoth Don *Quixote*, they can do no leſs in any " wiſe, and the Knight-Errant that did any other, would " digreſs much from his Duty. For now it is a received " uſe and cuſtom of Errant Chivalry, that the Knight " adventurous who attempting of any great feat of arms " ſhall have his Lady in place, do mildly and amorouſly " turn his eyes towards her, as it were by them deman- " ding that ſhe do favour and protect him in that ambi- " guous trance whith he undertakes; and moreover, if " none do hear him, he is bound to ſay certain words be- " tween his teeth, by which he ſhall with all his heart " commend himſelf to her: and of this we have innu- " merable examples in Hiſtories. Nor is it therefore " to be underſtood, that they do omit to commend them- " ſelves to God, for they have time and leiſure enough " to do it in the progreſs of the work.

FOR all that, replied the Traveller, there remains in me yet one ſcruple, which is, that oftentimes, I have read, ſome ſpeech begins between two Knights-Errant, and from one word to another their choler begins to be inflamed, and they to turn their horſes, and to take up a good piece of the field, and without any more ado to run as faſt as ever they can drive to encounter again; and in the midſt of their race, do commend themſelves to their Dames, and that which commonly enſues of this encountering is, that one of them falls down thrown over the crupper of his horſe, paſt through and through by his enemy's Lance, and it befals the other, that if he had not caught faſt of his horſe main, he had likewiſe fallen.

AND here I cannot perceive, how he that is ſlain, had any leiſure to commend himſelf unto God, in the diſcourſe of this ſo accelerate and haſty a work. Me thinks it were better that thoſe words which

he

he ſpent in his race on his Lady, were beſtowed as they ought, and as every Chriſtian is bound to beſtow them. And the rather, becauſe I conjecture, that all Knights-Errant have not Ladies to whom they may commend themſelves; for all of them are not amorous.

"THAT cannot be, anſwered Don *Quixote*, I "ſay it cannot be that there is any Knight-Errant "without a Lady; for it is as proper and eſſential "to ſuch to be enamoured, as to heaven to have ſtars: "and I dare warrant that no Hiſtory hath yet been "ſeen, wherein is found a Knight-Errant without "Love: for by the very reaſon that he were found "without them, he would be convinced to be no "legitimate Knight, but a baſtard, and that he entred "into the Fortreſs of Chivalry, not by the Gate, but "by leaping over the *Staccado*, like a robber and a "thief.

YET notwithſtanding, replied the other, I have read (if I do not forget my ſelf) that Don *Gataor*, brother to the valorous *Amadis de Gaule*, had never any certain Miſtreſs, to whom he might commend himſelf; and yet for all that, he was nothing leſs accounted off, and was a moſt valiant and famous Knight. To that objection, our Don *Quixote* anſwered, one Swallow makes not a Summer. How much more that I know, that the Knight whom you alledge, was ſecretly very much enamour'd: beſides that, that his inclination of loving all Ladies well, which he thought were fair, was a natural inclination, which he could not govern ſo well. But it is in concluſion ſufficiently verified, that yet he had one Lady whom he crowned Queen of his will, to whom he did alſo commend himſelf very often and ſecretly, for he did not a little glory to be ſo ſecret in his Loves.

THEN Sir, if it be the eſſence of all Knights-Errant to be in love, quoth the Traveller, then may it likewiſe be preſumed that you are alſo enamoured, ſeeing that is annext to the profeſſion? And if you do not prize your ſelf to be as ſecret as Don *Gataor*, I do intreat

treat you as earneſtly as I may, in all this Company's name and mine own, that it will pleaſe you to tell us the name, country, quality and beauty of your Lady; for I am ſure ſhe would account herſelf happy, to think that all the world doth know ſhe is beloved and ſerved by ſo worthy a Knight as your ſelf.

" HERE Don *Quixote*, breathing forth a deep ſigh, " ſaid, I cannot affirm whether my ſweet Enemy, de- " lights or no, that the world know how much ſhe " is beloved, or that I ſerve her. Only I dare avouch " (anſwering to that which you ſo courteouſly demanded) " that her name is *Dulcinea*, her country *Toboſo*, a " Village of *Mancha*; her calling muſt be at leaſt of a " Princeſs, ſeeing ſhe is my Queen and Lady; her beau- " ty ſoveraign; for in her are verified, and give glorious " luſtre to all thoſe impoſſible and chimerical attributes " of beauty, that Poets give to their Miſtreſſes: that " her hairs are gold, her forehead the *Elyſian* Fields, " her brows the arks of heaven, her eyes Suns, her " cheeks Roſes, her lips Coral, her teeth Pearls, her " neck Alabaſter, her boſom Marble, Ivory her hands, " and her whiteneſs Snow, and the parts which mo- " deſty conceals from human ſight, ſuch as I think " and underſtand, that the diſcreet conſideration may " prize, but never be able to equalize them." Her lineage, progeny, and pedegree we deſire to know likewiſe, quoth *Vivaldo*. " To which Don *Quixote* an- " ſwered, ſhe is not of the ancient Roman *Curcios*, " *Cayos*, or *Scipios*, nor of the modern *Colomnas* or *Ur-* " *ſinos*, nor of the *Moncadas* or *Requeſenes* of *Cataluna*, " and much leſs of the *Rebelias* and *Villanovas* of *Valencia*, " *Palafoxes*, *Nucas*, *Rocabertis*, *Corelias*, *Alagones*, *Urre-* " *as*, *Fozes* and *Gurreas* of *Aragon*, *Cerdas* *Manziquez* " *Mendocas*, and *Guzmanes* of *Caſtile*, *Lancaſters*, *Palias* " and *Meneſes* of *Portugal*; but ſhe is of thoſe of *Toboſo* " of the *Mancha*; a lineage, which though it be modern, " is ſuch as may give a generous beginning to the moſt " noble families of enſuing ages. And let none contradict " me in this, if it be not with thoſe conditions that *Cerbi-* " *no* put at the foot of *Orlando*'s armour, to wit;

Let

Let none from hence preſume theſe arms at all to move,
But he that with Orlando *dares his force to prove.*

Although my lineage be of the *Cachopines of Laredo*, replied the traveller, yet dare I not to compare it with that of *Toboſo* in the *Mancha*, although to ſpeak ſincerely, I never heard any mention of that lineage you ſay, until now. What, quoth *Don Quixote*, is it poſſible that you have never heard of it till now?

ALL the company travelled, giving marvellous attention to the reaſons of thoſe two; and even the very Goat-herds and Shepherds began to perceive the great want of judgment that was in *Don Quixote:* only *Sancho Pança* did verily believe, that all his Maſter's words were moſt true, as one that knew what he was, from the very time of his birth. But that wherein his belief ſtaggered ſomewhat, was of the beautiful *Dulcinea of Toboſo*; for he had never heard ſpeak in his life before of ſuch a name, or Princeſs, although he had dwelled ſo many years hard by *Toboſo*.

AND as they travelled in theſe diſcourſes, they beheld deſcending betwixt the clift of two lofty mountains, to the number of twenty Shepherds, all apparelled in skins of black wooll, and crowned with Garlands; which as they perceived afterward, were all of Yew and Cypreſs; ſix of them carried a Bier, covered with many ſorts of flowers and boughs. Which one of the Goat-herds eſpying, he ſaid, Thoſe that come there, are they which bring *Chryſoſtom*'s body, and the foot of that mountain is the place where he hath commanded them to bury him. Theſe words were occaſion to make them haſt to arrive in time; which they did juſt about the inſtant that the others had laid down the corps on the ground: and four of them with ſharp Pickaxes, did dig the grave at the ſide of a hard Rock. The one and the others ſaluted themſelves very courteouſly: and then Don *Quixote*, and ſuch as came with him, began to behold the Bier, wherein they ſaw laid a dead body all covered with flowers, and apparelled like a Shepherd,

of

of ſome thirty years old; and his dead countenance ſhewed that he was very beautiful, and an able-bodied man.

HE had placed round about him in the Bier certain books, and many Papers, ſome open, and ſome ſhut, and all together, as well thoſe as beheld this, as they which made the grave, and all the others that were preſent kept a marvellous ſilence, until one of them which had carried the dead man, ſaid to another.

SEE well, *Ambroſio*, whether this be the place that *Chryſoſtom* meant, ſeeing that thou would'ſt have all ſo punctually obſerved, which he commanded in his Teſtament? That is it, anſwered *Ambroſio*: for many times my unfortunate friend recounted to me in it the Hiſtory of his miſhaps: even there he told me that he had ſeen that cruel enemy of mankind firſt; and there it was, where he firſt broke his affections too, as honeſt as they were amorous: and there was the laſt time, wherein *Marcela* did end to reſolve, and began to diſdain him, in ſuch ſort as ſhe ſet end to the Tragedy of his miſerable life. And here in memory of ſo many miſfortunes, he commanded himſelf to be committed to the bowels of eternal oblivion: and turning himſelf to Don *Quixote*, and to the other travellers, he ſaid, This Body, Sirs, which you do now behold with pitiful eyes, was the treaſury of a ſoul, wherein heaven had horded up an infinite part of its treaſuries.

THIS is the body of *Chryſoſtom*, who was peerleſs in wit, without fellow for courteſy, rare for comelineſs, a Phœnix for friendſhip, magnificent without meaſure, grave without preſumption, pleaſant without offence; and finally, the firſt in all that which is good, and ſecond to none in all unfortunate miſchances. He loved well, and was hated, he adored, and was diſdained; he prayed to one no leſs ſavage than beaſt; he importuned a heart as hard as Marble; he purſued the wind, he cried to Deſarts, he ſerved ingratitude, and he obtained for reward the ſpoils of death in the midſt of the Career of his life: to which a Shepherdeſs hath given end, whom he laboured to eternize, to the end ſhe might ever

ever live in the memories of men: as thoſe papers which you ſee there might very well prove, had he not commanded me to ſacrifice them to the fire, as ſoon as his body was rendred to the earth.

IF you did ſo, quoth *Vivaldo*, you would uſe greater rigour and cruelty towards them than their very Lord; nor is it diſcreet or juſtly done, that his will be accompliſhed, who commands any thing repugnant to reaſon. Nor ſhould *Auguſtus Cæſar* himſelf have gained the reputation of wiſdom, if he had permitted that to be put in execution, which the divine *Mantuan* had by his will ordained. So that, Seignior *Ambroſio*, now that you commit your friend's body to the earth, do not therefore commit his labour to oblivion: for though he ordained it as one injured, yet are you not to accompliſh it, as one void of diſcretion: but rather cauſe, by giving life to theſe Papers, that the cruelty of *Marcela* may live eternally, that it may ſerve as a document to thoſe that will breath in inſuing ages, how they may avoid and ſhun the like downfals: for both my ſelf and all thoſe that come here in my company, do already know the Hiſtory of your enamoured and deſpairing friend, the occaſion of his death, and what he commanded e're he deceaſed. Out of which lamentable relation may be collected, how great hath been the cruelty of *Marcela*, the love of *Chryſoſtom*, the faith of your affection, and the concluſion which thoſe make, which do raſhly run thorow that way, which indiſcreet love doth preſent to their view.

WE underſtood yeſternight of *Chryſoſtom*'s death, and that he ſhould be interred in this place, and therefore we omitted our intended journies, both for curioſity and pity, and reſolved to come and behold with our eyes that, the relation whereof did ſo much grieve us in the hearing; and there we deſire thee (diſcreet *Ambroſio*) both in reward of this our compaſſion, and alſo of the deſire which ſprings in our breaſts, to remedy this diſaſter if it were poſſible; but chiefly I for my part requeſt thee, that omitting to burn theſe Papers, thou wilt licence me to take away ſome of them. And ſaying

ing ſo, without expecting the Shepherd's anſwer, he ſtretched out his hand, and took ſome of them that were next to him. Which *Ambroſio* perceiving, ſaid, I will conſent, Sir, for courteſies ſake, that you remain Lord of thoſe which you have ſeized upon, but to imagine that I would omit to burn theſe that reſt, were a very vain thought.

Vivaldo, who did long to ſee what the papers contained which he had gotten, did unfold preſently one of them, which had this title, *A Ditty of Deſpair*. *Ambroſio* overheard him, and ſaid, this is the laſt paper which this unfortunate Shepherd wrote, and becauſe, Sir, that you may ſee the terms to which his miſhaps conducted him, I pray you to read it, but in ſuch manner as you may be heard; for you ſhall have leiſure enough to do it whilſt the grave is a digging. I will do it with all my heart replied *Vivaldo:* and all thoſe that were preſent, having the like deſire to hear it, they gathered about him, and he reading it with a clear voice, pronounced it thus:

CHAP. VI.

Wherein are rehearſed the deſpairing Verſes of the dead Shepherd, with other unexpected accidents.

The Canzone of CHRYSOSTOM.

I.

SINCE cruel thou (I publiſh) doſt deſire,
From tongue to tongue, and th' one to th' other Pole,
The Efficacy of thy rigour ſharp,
I'll hell conſtrain t' aſſiſt my ſoul's deſire,
And in my breaſt infuſe a tune of dole.

Whereon

Whereon my Voice, as it is wont may harp,
And labour as I wiſh, at once to carp,
And tell my ſorrows, and thy murd'ring deeds:
The dreadful Voice and accent ſhall agree,
And with them meet for greater torture be,
Lumps of my wretched Bowels, which ſtill bleeds.
Then liſten, and lend once attentive ear,
Not well conſorted tunes, but howling t' hear,
That from my bitter boſom's depth takes flight,
And by conſtrained raving born away,
Iſſues forth for mine eaſe and thy deſpight.

II.

The Lion's roaring, and the dreadful howls
Of ravening Wolf; and hiſſing terrible
Of ſquamy Serpent: and the fearful bleat
Of ſome ſad Monſter: of foretelling fowls,
The Pye's crackling, and rumour horrible
Of the contending wind, as it doth beat
The Sea: and implacable bellowing, yet
Of vanquiſht Bull: and of the Turtle ſole
The feeling mourning, and the doleful ſong
Of th' envious Owl with the dire plaints among.
Of all th' infernal Squadron full of dole:
Sallic with my lamenting ſoul a round,
All mixed with ſo ſtrange unuſual ſound,
As all the ſenſes may confounded be.
For my fierce torments a new way exact,
Wherein I may account my miſery.

III.

The doleful Echoes of ſo great confuſion,
Shall not reſound o'er father Tagus *ſands,*

Nor touch the Olive wat'ring Betis *ears,*
Of my dire Pangs I'll only make effuſion
'Mongſt thoſe ſteep rocks, and hollow bottom Lands,
With mortified tongue, but living tears,
Sometimes in hidden dales where nought appears,
Or in unhaunted Plains free from acceſs:
Or where the Sun could ne'er intrude a beam,
Amidſt the venemous crew of beaſts unclean,
Whoſe wants with bounty the free Plains redreſs.
For though among thoſe vaſt and deſart Downs,
The hollow Echo indiſtinctly ſounds
Thy matchleſs rigour, and my cruel pain,
Yet by the priviledge of my niggard Fates,
I will their force throughout the world proclaim.

IV.

A diſdain kills, and Patience *runs a-ground,*
By a ſuſpicion either falſe or true:
But jealouſy with greater rigour ſlays,
A prolix abſence doth our life confound.
Againſt fear of oblivion to enſue,
Firm hope of beſt ſucceſs, gives little eaſe,
Inevitable death lurks in all theſe,
But I (O unſeen miracle) do ſtill live,
Jealous, abſent, diſdain'd, and certain too
Of the ſuſpicions that my life undo,
Drown'd in oblivion which my fire revives,
And amongſt all thoſe pains I never ſcope
Got, to behold the ſhadow once of hope:
Nor thus deſpaired, would I it allow.
But 'cauſe I may more aggravate my moans,
To live ever without it, here I vow.

Can

V.

Can hope and fear at once in one conſiſt?
Or is it reaſon that it ſhould be ſo?
Seeing the cauſe more certain is of fear.
If before me dire jealouſy exiſt,
Shall I deflect mine eyes? ſince it will ſhew
It ſelf by a thouſand wounds in my ſoul there.
Or who will not the gates unto deſpair
Wide open ſet, after that he hath ſpy'd
Murd'ring diſdain? and noted each ſuſpicion,
To ſeeming truths transform'd, O ſowr converſion!
Whilſt verity by falſhood is bely'd?
O Tyrant of Love's ſtate, fierce Jealouſy!
With cruel chains theſe hands together tye,
With ſtubborn cords couple them, rough diſdain.
But, woe is me, with bloody Victory,
Your memory is by my ſufferance ſlain.

VI.

I die in fine, and 'cauſe I'll not expect
In life or death for the leaſt good ſucceſs,
I obſtinate will reſt in Fantaſy,
And ſay he doth well, that does affect,
And eke the ſoul moſt Liberty poſſeſs,
That is moſt thrall to love's old Tyranny,
And will affirm mine ever enemy,
In her fair ſhrine, a fairer ſoul contains:
And her oblivion from my fault to ſpring,
And to excuſe her wrongs will witneſs bring,
That love by her in peace his ſtate maintains,
And with a hard Knot and this ſtrange opinion,
I will accelerate the wretched ſummon,
To which guided I am by her ſcorn's rife,

And offer to the air body and ſoul,
Without hope or reward of future life.

VII.

Thou that by multiplying wrongs doſt ſhow,
The reaſon forcing me t' uſe Violence
Unto this loathſom life, grown to me hateful,
Since now by Signs notorious thou may'ſt know
From my heart's deepeſt wound; how willingly ſenſe
Doth ſacrifice me to thy ſcorns ungrateful.
If my deſerts have ſeem'd to thee ſo bootful,
As thy fair eyes clear heaven ſhould be o'ercaſt,
And clouded at my death: yet do not ſo,
For I'll no recompenſe take for the Woe,
By which, of my ſoul's ſpoils poſſeſt thou waſt;
But rather laughing at my funerals ſad,
Shew how mine end begins to make thee glad.
But 'tis a folly to adviſe thee this:
For I know in my Death's acceleration
Conſiſts thy glory, and thy chiefeſt bliſs.

VIII.

Let Tantalus *from the profoundeſt deeps,*
Come, for it is high time now, with his thirſt:
And Siſiphus *with his oppreſſing ſtone.*
Let Ticius *bring his Raven that never ſleeps,*
And Ixion *make no ſtay with wheel accurſt,*
Nor the three Siſters ever labouring on.
And let them all at once their mortal moan,
Tranſlate into my breaſt, and lovely ſound,
(If it may be a debt due to deſpair)
And chaunt ſad obſequies with doleful ayr,

Over

Over a coarſe unworthy of the ground,
And the three-fac'd infernal Porter grim,
With thouſand monſters, and Chimæras *dim,*
Reliſh the dolorous deſcant out amain:
For greater pomp than this I think not fit,
That any dying lover ſhould obtain.

IX.

Deſpairing Canzone, *do not thou complain,*
When thou my ſad ſociety ſhalt refrain:
But rather ſince the cauſe whence thou didſt ſpring,
By my misfortune grows more fortunate,
Even in the grave, thou muſt ſhun ſorrowing.

Chryſoſtom's Canzone liked wonderfully all the hearers, although the reader thereof affirmed, that it was not conformable to the relation that he had received of *Marcela*'s vertue and care of herſelf. For in it *Chryſoſtom* did complain of jealouſies, ſuſpicions and abſence, being all of them things that did prejudice *Marcela*'s good fame. To this objection *Ambroſio* anſwered (as one that knew very well the moſt hidden ſecrets of his friend) You muſt underſtand, Sir, to the end you may better ſatisfy your own doubt, that when the unfortunate Shepherd wrote that Canzone, he was abſent from *Marcela*: from whoſe preſence he had wittingly withdrawn himſelf, to ſee if he could deface ſome part of his exceſſive paſſions, procured by abſence. And as every thing doth vex an abſent Lover, and every fear afflict him; ſo was *Chryſoſtom* likewiſe tormented by imagined jealouſies, and feared ſuſpicions, as much as if they were real and true. And with this remains the truth in her perfection and point of *Marcela*'s vertue, who excepting that ſhe is cruel, and ſomewhat arrogant, and very diſdainful, very envy itſelf neither ought nor can attaint her of the leaſt defect. You have reaſon (quoth *Vivaldo,*) and ſo deſiring to read another paper, he was interrupted by a marvellous viſion (for ſuch it ſeemed) that unexpectedly ofte-

red itſelf to their view: which was, that on the top of the rock wherein they made the grave, appeared the Shepherdeſs *Marcela*, ſo fair, that her beauty ſurpaſſed far the fame that was ſpread thereof; ſuch as had not beheld her before, did look on her then with admiration and ſilence; and thoſe which were wont to view her, remained no leſs ſuſpended than the others, which never had ſeen her. But ſcarce had *Ambroſio* eyed her, when with an ireful and diſdainful mind he ſpake theſe words; Com'ſt thou by chance, O fierce Baſilisk of theſe mountains! to ſee whether the wounds of this wretch will yet bleed at thy preſence? Or doſt thou come to inſult and vaunt in the tragical feats of thy ſtern nature? Or to behold from that height, like another mercileſs *Nero*, the fire of inflamed *Rome*? Or arrogantly to trample this unfortunate carcaſs, as the ungrateful daughter did her father *Tarquin*'s? Tell us quickly, why thou comeſt, or what thou doſt moſt deſire? for ſeeing I know that *Chryſoſtom*'s thoughts never diſobeyed thee in life, I will likewiſe cauſe that all thoſe his friends ſhall ſerve and reverence thee.

" I come not here, good *Ambroſio*, to any of thoſe " ends thou ſayeſt (quoth *Marcela*) but only to turn for " mine honour, and give the world to underſtand how " little reaſon have all thoſe which make me the author " either of their own pains, or of *Chryſoſtom*'s death; " and therefore I deſire all you that be here preſent, to " lend attention unto me; for I mean not to ſpend much " time or words, to perſwade to the diſcreet, ſo manifeſt " a truth. Heaven, as you ſay, hath made me beautiful, " and that ſo much, that my feature moves you to love, " almoſt whether you will or no. And for the affection " you ſhew unto me, you ſay, I and you affirm that I " ought to love you again. I know by the natural in- " ſtinct that *Jove* hath beſtowed on me, that each fair " thing is amiable: but I cannot conceive, why for the " reaſon of being beloved, the party that is ſo beloved " for her beauty, ſhould be bound to love her lover, al- " though he be foul. And ſeeing that foul things are " worthy of hate, it is a bad argument to ſay, I love

" thee

" thee becauſe fair; therefore thou muſt affect me, altho'
" uncomely. But ſet the caſe that the beauties occur
" equal on both ſides, it follows not therefore that their
" deſires ſhould run one way. For all beauties do not
" enamour, for ſome do only delight the ſight, and ſub-
" ject the will; for if all beauties did enamour and ſub-
" ject together, men's wills would ever run confuſed
" and ſtraying, without being able to make any election
" for the beautiful ſubjects being infinite, the deſires muſt
" alſo perforce be infinite: and as I have heard, true
" love brooks no diviſion, and muſt needs be voluntary,
" and not inforced. Which being ſo, as I preſume it is,
" why would you have me ſubject my will forcibly,
" without any other obligation than that, that you ſay
" you love me? If not, tell me, if heaven had made
" me foul, as it hath made me beautiful, could I juſtly
" complain of you becauſe you affected me not? How
" much more, ſeeing you ought to conſider, that I did
" not chuſe the beauty I have: for ſuch as it is, heaven
" beſtowed it *gratis*, without my demanding or electing
" it. And even as the Viper deſerves no blame for the
" poiſon ſhe carries, although therewithal ſhe kill, ſeeing
" it was beſtowed on her by nature, ſo do I as little me-
" rit to be reprehended becauſe beautiful; for beauty in an
" honeſt woman, is like fire afar off, or a ſharp-edged
" ſword; for neither that burns, nor this cuts any but
" ſuch as come near them. Honour and vertues are the
" ornaments of the ſoul, without which the faireſt bo-
" dy is not to be eſteemed ſuch. And if that honeſty
" be one of the vertues that adorneth and beautifies moſt
" the body and ſoul, why ſhould ſhe that is beloved be-
" cauſe fair, adventure the loſs thereof, to anſwer his In-
" tention, which only for his pleaſure's ſake, labours that
" ſhe may loſe it with all his force and induſtry? I was
" born free, and becauſe I might live freely, I made elec-
" tion of the ſolitude of the fields. The trees of theſe
" mountains are my companions, the clear water of theſe
" ſtreams my mirrours. With the trees and waters I
" communicate my thoughts and beauty: I am a par-
" ted fire, and a ſword laid aloof. Thoſe whom I have

" enamoured with my ſight, I have undeceived with my " words. And if deſires be ſuſtained by hopes, I never " having given any to *Chryſoſtom* or to any other, it " may well be ſaid that he was rather ſlain by his own " obſtinacy, than by my cruelty: and if I be charged " that his thoughts were honeſt, and that I was therefore " obliged to anſwer unto them, I ſay, that when in that " very place where you make his Sepulchre, he firſt broke " his mind unto me, I told him that mine intention was " to live in perpetual ſolitude, and that only the earth " ſhould gather the fruits of my ſolitarineſs, and the " ſpiols of my beauty; and if he would after this my " reſolution perſiſt obſtinately without all hope, and ſail " againſt the wind, no wonder is it that he ſhould be " drowned in the midſt of the gulph of his raſhneſs? " If I had entertained, than were I falſe: if I had plea- " ſed him, then ſhould I do againſt my better purpoſes " and projects. He ſtrived, being perſwaded to the con- " trary: he deſpaired er'e he was hated. See then if it " be reaſon that I bear the blame of his torment? Let " him complain who hath been deceived; let him de- " ſpair, to whom his promiſed hopes have failed; let him " confeſs it, whom I ſhall ever call; let him vaunt, " whom I ſhall admit. But let him not call me cruel " or an homicide, whom I never promiſed, decei- " ved, called, or admitted. Heaven hath not yet or- " dained me to love by deſtiny, and to think that I " would do it by election, may be excuſed. And let " this general Caveat ſerve every one of thoſe which ſo- " licit me for his particular benefit: and let it be known, " that if any ſhall die for my love, that he dies not jealous " or unfortunate: for whoſoever loves not any, breeds " not in reaſon jealouſy in any, nor ſhould any re- " ſolutions to any be accounted diſdainings. He that " calls me a ſavage and a Baſilisk, let him ſhun me as a " hurtful and prejudicial thing: he that calls me ungrate- " ful, let him not ſerve me: he that is ſtrange, let him " not know me: he that is cruel, let him not follow " me; for this Savage, this Baſilisk, this ingrate, this " cruel and ſtrange one, will neither ſeek, ſerve, know, or

" purſue

" purſue any of them. For if *Chryſoſtom*'s impatience " and head-long deſire ſlew him, why ſhould mine honeſt " proceeding and care be inculped therewithal? if I pre- " ſerve mine integrity in the ſociety of theſe trees, why " would any deſire me to loſe it, ſeeing every one covets " to have the like himſelf, to converſe the better among " men? I have, as you all know, riches enough of mine " own, and therefore do not covet other men's. I have " a free condition, and I do not pleaſe to ſubject me. " Neither do I love or hate any. I do not deceive this " man, nor ſolicit that other; nor do I jeſt with one, and " paſs the time with another. The honeſt converſation " of the *Paſtora*'s of theſe Villages, and the care of my " Goats do entertain me. My deſires are limited by theſe " mountains, and if they do iſſue from hence, it is to " contemplate the beauty of heaven, ſteps wherewithal " the ſoul travels towards her firſt dwelling.

And ending here, without deſiring to hear any anſwer, ſhe turned her back, and entred into the thickeſt part of the wood, that was there at hand, leaving all thoſe that were preſent, marvellouſly admired at her beauty and diſcretion.

Some of the Shepherds preſent, that were wounded by the powerful beams of her beautiful eyes, made proffer to purſue her, without reaping any profit out of her manifeſt reſolution made there in their hearing; which Don *Quixote* noting, and thinking that the uſe of this Chivalry did jump fitly on that occaſion, by ſuccouring diſtreſſed damſels; laying hold on the pummel of his ſword, he ſaid in loud and intelligible words: " Let no perſon of whatſoever ſtate or condition he " be, preſume to follow the fair *Marcela*, under pain " of falling into my furious indignation. She hath " ſhewn by clear and ſufficient reaſons, the little or no " fault ſhe had in *Chryſoſtom*'s death, and how far ſhe " lives from meaning to condeſcend to the deſires of " any of her lovers; for which reſpect it is juſt, that " inſtead of being purſued and perſecuted, ſhe be ho- " noured and eſteemed by all the good men of the " world; for ſhe ſhews in it, that it is only ſhe alone,

" that lives therein with honeſt intention." Now whether it was through Don *Quixote's* menaces, or whether becauſe *Ambroſio* requeſted them to conclude with the obligation they ought to their good friend; none of the Shepherds moved or departed from thence, until the grave being made, and *Chryſoſtom's* papers burned, they laid the body into it, with many tears of the beholders. They ſhut the Sepulchre with a great ſtone, until a monument was wrought, which *Ambroſio* ſaid he went to have made, with an Epitaph to this ſenſe.

HERE of a loving Swain
The frozen Carcaſs lies:
Who was a herd likewiſe,
And died through diſdain.
Stern rigour hath him ſlain,
Of a coy, fair, ingrate,
By whom love doth dilate
Her Tyranny amain.

THEY preſently ſtrowed on the grave many flowers and boughs, and every one condoling a while with his friend *Ambroſio* did afterward bid him farewel and departed. The like did *Vivaldo* and his companion: and Don *Quixote* bidding his hoſt and the travellers adieu, they requeſted him to come with them to *Sevil*, becauſe it was a place ſo fit for the finding of adventures, as in every ſtreet and corner of it, are offered more than in any other place whatſoever. Don *Quixote* rendered them thanks for their advice, and the good will they ſeemed to have to gratify him, and ſaid, he neither ought, nor would go to *Sevil*, until he had free'd all thoſe mountains of thieves and robbers, whereof as fame ran, they were full. The travellers perceiving his good intention, would not importune him more, but bidding him again farewel, they departed, and followed on their journey. In which they wanted not matter

of

of diſcourſe, as well of the Hiſtory of *Marcela* and *Chryſoſtom*, as of the follies of Don *Quixote*; who determined to go in the ſearch of the Shepherdeſs *Marcela*, and offer unto her all that he was able to do in her ſervice. But it befel him not as he thought, as ſhall be rehearſed in the diſcourſe of this true Hiſtory, giving end here to the ſecond part.

The End of the ſecond Part.



The Delightful

HISTORY

Of the moſt Witty KNIGHT

Don QUIXOTE

Of the MANCHA.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Wherein is rehearſed the unfortunate Adventure hapned to Don Quixote, *by encountring with certain* Yangueſian *Carriers.*

THE wiſe *Cid Hamete Venengeli* recounteth, that as ſoon as *Don Quixote* had taken leave of the Goat-herds his Hoſts the Night before, and of all thoſe that were preſent at the burial of the Shepherd *Chryſoſtom*, he and his Squire did preſently enter into the ſame wood, into which they had ſeen the beautiful Shepherdeſs *Marcela*

cela enter before. And having travelled in it about the ſpace of two hours, without finding of her, they arrived to a pleaſant meadow, inriched with abundance of flouriſhing graſs, near unto which runs a delightful and refreſhing ſtream, which did invite, yea conſtrain them thereby to paſs over the heat of the day, which did then begin to enter with great fervour and vehemency.

DON *Quixote* and *Sancho* alighted, and leaving the Aſs and *Rozinante* to the ſpaciouſneſs of theſe plains, to feed on the plenty of graſs that was there, they ranſackt their Wallet, where without any ceremony the Maſter and man did eat, with good accord and fellowſhip, what they found therein. *Sancho* had neglected to tie *Rozinante* ſure, that he knew him to be ſo ſober and little wanton, as all the Mares of the Paſture of *Cordova* could not make him to think the leaſt ſiniſter thought. But fortune did ordain, or rather the Devil, who ſleeps not at all hours, that a troop of *Galician* Mares belonging to certain *Yangueſian* Carriers, did feed up and down in the ſame valley, which Carriers are wont with their beaſts to paſs over the heats in places ſituated near unto graſs and water.

AND that wherein Don *Quixote* hapned to be, was very fit for their purpoſe. It therefore befel, that *Rozinante* took a certain deſire to ſolace himſelf with the Lady Mares, and therefore as he had ſmelt them, abandoning his natural pace and cuſtom, without taking leave of his Maſter, he began a little ſwift trot, and went to communicate his neceſſities to them. But they, who as it ſeemed, had more deſire to feed, than to ſolace them, entertaining him with their heels and teeth in ſuch ſort, as they broke all his girts, and left him in his naked hair, having overthrown the Saddle. But that which ſurely grieved him moſt was, that the Carriers perceiving the violence that was offered by him to their Mares, repaired preſently to their ſuccours, with clubs and truncheons, and did ſo be-labour him, as they fairly laid him along. Now in this ſeaſon Don *Quixote* and *Sancho* (which beheld the bombaſting of *Rozinante*)

Rozinante) approached breathleſs, and Don *Quixote* ſaid to *Sancho*, For as much as I can perceive, friend *Sancho*, theſe men are no Knights, but baſe raſcally people of vile quality: I ſay it, becauſe thou mayſt help me to take due revenge, for the outrage which they have done before our faces to *Rozinante*. What a Devil, quoth *Sancho*, what revenge ſhould we take, if theſe be more then twenty, and we but two, and peradventure but one and a half; I am worth a hundred, replied Don *Quixote*: and without making any longer diſcourſe, he ſet hand to his ſword, and flew upon the *Yangueſians*: and *Sancho Pança*, moved by his Lords example, did the like, when with the firſt blow Don *Quixote* piercing a buff coat that one of them wore, wounded him grievouſly in the ſhoulder. The *Yangueſians* ſeeing themſelves ſo rudely handled by two men only, they being ſo many, ran to the ſtakes and truncheons of their carriage, and hemming in their adverſaries in the midſt of them, they laid on them with admirable ſpeed and vehemency. True it is, that at the ſecond peal they ſtruck *Sancho* down to the ground, and the like hapned to Don *Quixote*, his dexterity and courage being nothing available in that trance: and his fate ſo ordaining, he fell juſt at his Courſer's feet, who had not yet gotten up: by which we may ponder the fury wherewithal truncheons batter, being placed in wrathful and ruſtical fiſts.

THE Carriers perceiving the evil they had committed, truſſing up their loading with all poſſible ſpeed, followed on their way, leaving both the adventurers in a bad faſhion, and a worſe talent. The firſt that came to himſelf, was *Sancho Pança*, who ſeeing his Lord near unto him, ſaid with a pitiful voice, Sir, Don *Quixote*! O Sir Don *Quixote*! What wouldſt thou have, brother *Sancho*, replied the Knight with the like effeminate and doleful tune? I would, quoth *Sancho*, have of your worſhip, a draught or two of the liquor of *Feoblas*, if you have any of it at hand, perhaps it is good for broken bones, as well as it helps wounds. What would we want, unhappy that I am, replied

replied *Don Quixote*, if I had it here? But I ſwear unto thee, *Sancho Pança*, by the faith of a Knight-Errant, that before two days paſs (if fortune diſpoſe not otherwiſe) I will have it in my power, or it ſhall hardly eſcape my hands. I pray you, quoth *Sancho*, within how many days, think you, ſhall we be able to ſtir our feet? I can ſay of my ſelf, quoth the cruſhed Knight, that I cannot ſet a certain term to the days of our recovery, but I am in the fault of all, for I ſhould not have drawn my ſword againſt men that are not Knights, as well as I am, and therefore I believe that the God of battels hath permitted, that this puniſhment ſhould be given unto me, in pain of tranſgreſſing the laws of Knighthood.

WHEREFORE, brother *Sancho*, it is requiſite that thou beeſt advertiſed of that which I ſhall ſay unto thee now, for it importeth both our goods very much, and is, that when thou beholdeſt, that the like raſcally Rabble do us any wrong, do not wait till I ſet hand to my ſword againſt them; for I will not do it in any ſort. But draw thou thine, and chaſtiſe them at thy pleaſure: and if any Knights ſhall come to their aſſiſtance and ſuccour, I ſhall know then how to defend thee, and offend them with all my force; for thou haſt by this perceived by a thouſaud ſigns and experiences, how far the valour of this mine invincible arm extendeth it ſelf, (ſo arrogant remained the poor Knight, through the victory he had gotten of the hardy *Biſcaine*.) But this advice of his Lord, ſeemed not ſo good to *Sancho Pança*, as that he would omit to anſwer unto him, ſaying, Sir, I am a peaceable, quiet, and ſober man, and can diſſemble any injury, for I have wife and children to maintain and bring up: wherefore let this likewiſe be an advice to you (ſeeing it cannot be a commandment) that I will not ſet hand to my ſword in any wiſe, be it againſt Clown or Knight: and that from this time forward I do pardon before God all the wrongs that they have done, or ſhall do unto me, whether they were, be, or ſhall be done by high or low perſon, rich or poor, Gentlemen or Churl, without excepting any ſtate or condi-

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tion. Which being heard by his Lord, he ſaid; I could wiſh to have breath enough, that I might anſwer thee with a little more eaſe, or that the grief which I feel in this rib, were aſſuaged ever ſo little, that I might, *Pança*, make thee underſtand the errour wherein thou art.

COME here, poor fool, if the gale of Fortune hitherto ſo contrary, do turn in our favour, ſwelling the ſails of our deſire, in ſuch ſort as we may ſecurely and without any hindrance, arrive at the Haven of any of thoſe Iſlands, which I have promiſed unto thee, what would become of thee, if I conquering it, did make thee Lord thereof, ſeeing thou wouldſt diſable thy ſelf in reſpect thou art not a Knight, nor deſireſt to be one, nor wouldſt have valour or will to revenge thine injuries, or to defend thy Lordſhips? For thou muſt underſtand, that in the Kingdoms and Provinces newly conquered, the minds of the inhabitants are never ſo thoroughly appeaſed or wedded to the affection of their new Lord, that it is not to be feared, that they will work ſome novelty to alter things again, and turn, as men ſay, afreſh to try fortune. And it is therefore requiſite that the new poſſeſſor have underſtanding to govern, and valour to offend and defend himſelf, in any adventure whatſoever. In this laſt that hath befall'n us, quoth *Sancho*, I would I had had that underſtanding and valour of which you ſpeak; but I vow unto you, by the faith of a poor man, that I am now fitter for plaiſters than diſcourſes. I pray you try whether you can ariſe, and we will help *Rozinante*, although he deſerves it not, for he was the principal cauſe of all theſe troubles; I would never have believed the like before of *Rozinante*, whom I ever held to be as chaſte and peaceable a perſon as my ſelf. In fine, they ſay well, that one muſt have a long time to come to the knowledge of bodies; and that there's nothing in this life ſecure. Who durſt affirm, that after thoſe mighty blows which you gave to that unfortunate Knight-Errant, would ſucceed ſo in poſt, and as it were in your purſuit this ſo furious a tempeſt of ſtaves, that hath diſcharged it ſelf on our ſhoulders? Thine, *Sancho*, replied

replied Don *Quixote*, are perhaps accuſtomed to bear the like ſhowers, but mine nurſed between * Cottons and Hollands, it is moſt evident that they muſt feel the grief of this diſgrace. And were it not that I imagine, (but why do I ſay I imagine?) I know certainly, that all theſe incommodities are annext to the exerciſe of arms, I would here dye for very wrath and diſpleaſure. To this the Squire anſwered, Sir, ſeeing theſe diſgraces are of the † eſſence of Knighthood, I pray you whether they ſucceed very often, or whether they have certain times limitted wherein they befal. For methinks that within two adventures more, we ſhall wholly remain diſ-inabled for the third, if the Gods in mercy do not ſuccour us.

KNOW, friend *Sancho*, replied Don *Quixote*, that the life of Knights-Errant, is ſubject to a thouſand dangers and misfortunes; and it is alſo as well in the next degree and power, to make them Kings and Emperours, as experience hath ſhown in ſundry Knights, of whoſe Hiſtories I have entire notice. And I could recount unto thee now, (did the pain I ſuffer permit me) of ſome of them which have mounted to thoſe high degrees which I have ſaid, only by the valour of their arm: And the very ſame men found them both before and after in divers miſeries and calamities. For the valorous *Amadis of Gaule* ſaw himſelf in the power of his mortal enemy *Arcalaus* the inchanter, of whom the opinion runs infallible, that he gave unto him being his priſoner, more than two hundred ſtripes with his horſe-bridle, after he had tied him to a pillar in his baſe-court. And there is moreover a ſecret Author of no little credit, who ſays, that the *Cavalier del Febo*, being taken in a Gin like unto a ſnatch that ſlipt under his feet, in a certain Caſtle, after the fall, found himſelf in a deep dungeon under the earth bound hands and feet; and there they gave unto him a glyſter of ſnow-water and ſand, which brought him almoſt to the end of his life;

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* Sinabafas. † Coſecha.

and

and were it not that he was ſuccoured in that great diſtreſs, by a wiſe man his very great friend, it had gone ill with the poor Knight. So that I may very well paſs among ſo many worthy perſons: for the dangers and diſgraces they ſuffered, were greater than thoſe which we do now indure. For, *Sancho*, I would have thee to underſtand, that theſe wounds which are given to one, with thoſe inſtruments that are in ones hand by chance, do not diſgrace a man; and it is written in the laws of ſingle combat in expreſs terms, that if the Shoe-maker ſtrike another with the Laſt which he hath in his hand, although it be certainly of wood, yet cannot it be ſaid, that he who was ſtricken, had the Baſtinado. I ſay this, to the end thou mayſt not think, although we remain bruiſed in this laſt conflict, that therefore we be diſgraced; for the arms which thoſe men bore, and wherewithal they belaboured us, were none other than their pack-ſtaves, and as far as I can remember, never a one of them had a tuck, ſword, or dagger. They gave me no leiſure, anſwered *Sancho*, to look to them ſo nearly, for ſcarce had I laid hand on my Truncheon, when they bleſt my ſhoulders with their Pines, in ſuch ſort as they wholly deprived me of my ſight, and the force of my feet together, ſtriking me down on the place where I yet lie ſtraight, and where the pain of the diſgrace received by our Cudgelling, doth not ſo much pinch me, as the grief of the blows, which ſhall remain as deeply imprinted in my memory, as they do in my back.

FOR all this thou ſhalt underſtand, brother *Pança*, replied *Don Quixote*, that there is no remembrance, which time will not end, nor grief, which death will not conſume. What greater misfortune, quoth *Sancho*, can there be, than that, which only expecteth time and death to end and conſume it? If this our diſgrace were of that kind, which might be cured by a pair or two of plaiſters, it would not be ſo evil; but I begin to perceive, that all the ſalves of an Hoſpital will not ſuffice to bring them to any good terms. Leave off, *Sancho*, and gather ſtrength out of weakneſs, ſaid *Don Quixote*, for ſo will

will I likewiſe do, and let us ſee how doth *Rozinante*; for methinks that the leaſt part of this miſhap hath not fall'n to his lot. You ought not to marvel at that, quoth *Sancho*, ſeeing he is likewiſe a Knight-Errant; that whereat I wonder, is that mine Aſs remains there without payment, where we are come away without ribs. Fortune leaves always one door open in diſaſters, quoth *Don Quixote*, whereby to remedy them. I ſay it, becauſe that little beaſt may ſupply *Rozinante*'s want, by carrying of me from hence unto ſome Caſtle, wherein I may be cured of my wounds. Nor do I hold this kind of riding diſhonourable, for I remember to have read, that the good old *Silenus* tutor of the merry god of laughter, when he entred into the City of the hundred gates, rode very fairly mounted on a goodly Aſs. It is like, quoth *Sancho*, that he rode as you ſay upon an Aſs; but there is great difference betwixt riding, and being caſt athwart upon one like a Sack of rubbiſh. To this *Don Quixote* anſwered, The wounds that are received in battel, do rather give honour, than deprive men of it. Wherefore friend *Pança*, do not reply any more unto me, but as I have ſaid, ariſe as well as thou canſt, and lay me as thou pleaſeſt upon thy beaſt; and let us depart from hence, before the night overtake us in theſe Deſarts. Yet I have heard you ſay, quoth *Pança*, that it was an ordinary cuſtom of Knights-Errant to ſleep in Downs and Deſarts, the moſt of the year, and that ſo to do, they hold for very good hap.

THAT is, ſaid *Don Quixote*, when they have none other ſhift, or when they are in love; and this is ſo true, as there hath been a Knight that hath dwelt on a rock expoſed to the Sun, and the ſhadow, and other annoyances of heaven for the ſpace of two years, without his Ladies knowledge, and *Amadis* was one of that kind, when calling himſelf *Beltinebros*, he dwelt in the *Poor Rock*; nor do I know punctually eight years or eight months, for I do not remember the Hiſtory well; let it ſuffice that there he dwelt doing of penance, for ſome diſguſt which I know not, that his Lady *Oriana* did him. But leaving that apart, *Sancho*, diſpatch and away, before

before ſome other diſgrace happen like that of *Rozinante*, to the Aſs.

EVEN there lurks the Devil, quoth *Sancho*: and ſo breathing thirty ſobs, and threeſcore ſighs, and a hundred and twenty diſcontents and execrations againſt him, that had brought him there, he aroſe, remaining bended in the midſt of the way, like unto a *Turkiſh* bow, without being able to addreſs himſelf: and notwithſtanding all this difficulty, he harneſſed his Aſs (who had been alſo ſomewhat diſtracted, by the overmuch liberty of that day) and after he hoiſted up *Rozinante*, who were he indued with a tongue to complain, would certainly have born his Lord and *Sancho* company. In the end, *Sancho* laid *Don Quixote* on the Aſs, and tied *Rozinante* unto him, and leading the Aſs by the halter, travelled that way, which he deemed might conduct him ſooneſt towards the highway. And fortune which guided his affairs from good to better, after he had travelled a little league, diſcover'd it unto him, near unto which he ſaw an Inn, which in deſpite of him, and for *Don Quixote*'s pleaſure muſt needs be a Caſtle. *Sancho* contended that it was an Inn, and his Lord that it was not; and their controverſy endured ſo long, as they had leiſure before they could decide it, to arrive at the lodging; into which *Sancho*, without farther verifying of the diſpute, entred with all his loading.

CHAP. II.

Of that which hapned unto the ingenious Knight, within the Inn, which he ſuppoſed to be a Caſtle.

THE Inn-keeper ſeeing *Don Quixote* laid overthwart upon the Aſs, demanded of *Sancho*, what diſeaſe he had? *Sancho* anſwered, that it was nothing but a fall down from a rock, and that his ribs were thereby ſomewhat bruiſed. This Inn-keeper had a wife,

a wife, not of the condition that thoſe of that Trade are wont to be, for ſhe was of a charitable nature, and would grieve at the calamities of her neighbours, and did therefore preſently occur to cure *Don Quixote*, cauſing her daughter, a very comely young Maiden, to aſſiſt her to cure her gueſt. There likewiſe ſerved in the Inn an *Aſturian* Wench, who was broad-faced, flat-pated, ſaddle-noſed, blind of one eye, and the other almoſt out; true it is, that the comelineſs of her body ſupplied all the other defects. She was not ſeven palms long from her feet unto her head, and her ſhoulders which did ſomewhat burden her, made her look oftner to the ground than ſhe would willingly. This beautiful piece did aſſiſt the young Maiden, and both of them made a very bad bed for *Don Quixote* in an old wide chamber, which gave manifeſt tokens of it ſelf, that it had ſometimes ſerved many years only to keep chopt ſtraw for horſes; in which was alſo lodged a Carrier, whoſe bed was made a little way off from *Don Quixote*'s, which, though it was made of Canvaſs, and coverings of his Mules, was much better than the Knights, that only contained four Boards roughly plained, placed on two unequal treſſes; *A flock bed, which for the thinneſs ſeemed rather a Quilt*; full of pellets, and had not they ſhown that they were wooll, thro' certain breaches made by antiquity on the Tick, a man would by the hardneſs rather take them to be ſtones: a pair of ſheets made of the skins of Targets, and a coverlet, whoſe threads, if a man would number, he ſhould not loſe one only of the account. In this ungracious bed did *Don Quixote* lie: and preſently the Hoſteſs and her daughter anoint him all over, and *Maritornes* (for ſo the *Aſturian* Wench was called) did hold the candle. The Hoſteſs at the plaiſtering of him, perceiving him to be ſo bruiſed in ſundry places, ſhe ſaid unto him, that thoſe ſigns rather ſeemed to proceed of blows than of a fall. They were not blows, replied *Sancho*, but the rock had many ſharp ends and knobs on it, whereof every one left behind it a token; and I deſire you, good Miſtreſs, quoth he, to leave ſome flax behind, and there ſhall not want one

one that needeth the uſe of it; for I aſſure you, my back doth likewiſe ake. If that be ſo, quoth the Hoſteſs, it is likely that thou didſt alſo fall. I did not fall, quoth *Sancho Pança*, but with the ſuddain affright that I took at my Maſter's fall, my body doth ſo grieve me, as methinks, I have been handſomely belaboured. It may well happen as thou ſayeſt, quoth the Hoſteſs's daughter: for it hath befall'n me ſundry times to dream, that I fell down from ſome high Tower, and could never come to the ground: and when I awaked, I did find my ſelf ſo troubled and broken, as if I had verily fall'n.

THERE is the point, Maſters, quoth *Sancho Pança*, that I without dreaming at all, but being more awake than I am at this hour, found myſelf to have very few leſs tokens and marks than my Lord Don *Quixote* hath. How is this Gentleman called, quoth *Maritornes* the *Aſturian*? Don *Quixote of the Mancha*, replied *Sancho Pança*, and he is a Knight-Errant, and one of the beſt and ſtrongeſt that have been ſeen in the world theſe many ages. What is that, a Knight-Errant, quoth the wench? Art thou ſo young in the world, that thou knoweſt it not, anſwered *Sancho Pança?* Know then, ſiſter mine, that a Knight-Errant is a thing, which in two words you ſee well cudgeled, and after becomes an Emperour. To day he is the moſt unfortunate creature of the world, and the moſt needy; and to-morrow he will have two or three Crowns of Kingdoms to beſtow upon his Squire. If it be ſo, quoth the hoſteſs, why then haſt not thou gotten at leaſt an Earldom, ſeeing thou art this good Knight's Squire? It is yet too ſoon, replied *Sancho* for it is but a month ſince we began firſt to ſeek adventures; and we have not yet encountered any worthy of the name. And ſometimes it befals, that ſearching for one thing, we encounter another. True it is, that if my Lord Don *Quixote* recover of this wound or fall, and that I be not changed by it, I would not make an exchange of my hopes for the beſt title of *Spain*.

DON

Don *Quixote* did very attentively liſten unto all theſe diſcourſes, and ſitting up in his bed as well as he could, taking his hoſteſs by the hand, he ſaid unto her, " Believe " me, beautiful Lady, that you may count yourſelf for- " tunate; for having harboured my perſon in this your " Caſtle, which is ſuch, that if I do not praiſe it, it is " becauſe men ſay, that proper praiſe ſtinks, but my " Squire will inform you what I am: only this I will " ſay my ſelf, that I will keep eternally written in my " memory the ſervice that you have done unto me, to " be grateful unto you for it whilſt I live. And I would " it might pleaſe the higheſt Heavens, that Love held " me not ſo inthralled and ſubject to his laws as he doth, " and to the eyes of that ingrateful fair, whoſe name I " ſecretly mutter, than ſhould thoſe of this beautiful " damſel preſently ſigniorize my liberty.

The Hoſteſs, her daughter, and the good *Maritornes* remained confounded, hearing the ſpeech of our Knight-Errant, which they underſtood as well as if he had ſpoken Greek unto them, but yet they conceived that they were words of complements and love, and as people unuſed to hear the like language, they beheld and admired him, and he ſeemed unto them a man of the other world, and ſo returning him thanks, with Tavernly phraſe for his large offers, they departed. And the *Aſturian Maritornes* cured *Sancho*, who needed her help no leſs than his Maſter.

The Carrier and ſhe had agreed to paſs the night together, and ſhe had given unto him her word, that when the gueſts were quiet, and her maſter ſleeping, ſhe would come unto him, and ſatisfy his deſire as much as he pleaſed. And it is ſaid of this good wench, that ſhe never paſſed the like promiſe, but that ſhe performed it, although it were given in the midſt of a wood, and without any witneſs; for ſhe preſumed to be of gentle blood, and yet ſhe held it to be no diſgrace to ſerve in an Inn; for ſhe was wont to affirm, that diſgraces and misfortunes brought her to that ſtate. The hard, narrow, niggard and counterfeit bed, whereon Don *Quixote* lay, was the firſt of the four, and next unto it was his Squire's, that

that only contained a mat and a coverlet, and rather ſeemed to be of ſhorn Canvaſs, than Wooll. After theſe two Beds, followed that of the Carrier, made, as we have ſaid, of the pannels and furniture of two of his beſt Mules, although they were twelve all in number, fair, fat, and goodly beaſts; for he was one of the richeſt Carriers of *Arevalo*, as the Author of this Hiſtory affirmed, who maketh particular mention of him, becauſe he knew him very well: * and beſides, ſome men ſay, that he was ſomewhat a-kin unto him. Omitting that *Cid Mahamat Benengeli* was a very exact Hiſtoriographer, and moſt curious in all things, as may be gathered very well, ſeeing that thoſe which are related, being ſo minute and trivial, he would not over-ſlip them in ſilence.

BY which thoſe grave Hiſtoriographers may take example, which recount unto us matters ſo ſhort and ſuccinctly, as they do ſcarce arrive to our knowledge, leaving the moſt ſubſtantial part of the works drowned in the Ink-horn, either through negligence, malice, or ignorance.

MANY good fortunes fall the Author of *Tablante de Ricamonte*, and him that wrote the book wherein are rehearſed the acts of the *Count Tomillas*. Lord, with what preciſeneſs do they deſcribe every circumſtance? To conclude, I ſay, that after the Carrier had viſited his Mules, and given unto them their ſecond refreſhing, he ſtretched himſelf in his coverlets, and expected the coming of the moſt exquiſite *Maritornes*. *Sancho* was alſo by this plaiſtered and laid down in his bed, and though he deſired to ſleep, yet would not the grief of his ribs permit him. And *Don Quixote* with the pain of his ſides, lay with both his eyes open like a Hare.

ALL the Inn was drowned in ſilence, and there was no other light in it, than that of a lamp, which hung lighting in the midſt of the entry. This marvellous

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* *Here the Author taxeth ſome one cunningly, to be deſcended of a* Mooriſh *race.*

quietneſs,

quietneſs, and the thoughts which always repreſented to our Knight the memory of the ſucceſſes, which at every pace are recounted in books of Knighthood (the principal-Authors of his miſhap) called to his imagination one of the ſtrangeſt follies that eaſily may be conjectured, which was, he imagined that he arrived to a famous Caſtle (for as we have ſaid, all the Inns wherein he lodged, ſeemed unto him to be ſuch) and that the Inn-keeper's daughter was the Lady's daughter of the Caſtle, who overcome by his comelineſs and valour, was enamoured of him, and had promiſed, that ſhe would come to ſolace with him for a good ſpace, after her Father and Mother had gone to bed. And holding all this Chimera and Fiction, which he himſelf had built in his brain, for moſt firm and certain, he began to be vexed in mind, and to think on the dangerous trance, wherein his honeſty was like to fall, and did firmly purpoſe in heart, not to commit any diſloyalty againſt his Lady *Dulcinea of Toboſo*, although very *Queen Guenever* with her Lady *Queintanonia*, ſhould come to ſolicit him. Whilſt thus he lay thinking of theſe * follies, the hour approached (that was unlucky for him) wherein the *Aſturian* Wench ſhould come, who entred into the Chamber in ſearch of her Carrier, in her ſmock, barefooted, and her hair truſt up in a coif of fuſtian, with ſcfc and wary ſteps. But ſhe was ſcarce come to the door, when *Don Quixote* felt her, and ariſing and ſitting up in his bed in deſpite of his † plaiſters, and with great grief of his ribs, he ſtretched forth his arms to receive his beautiful Damſel the *Aſturian*, who crouching, and ſilently went groping with her hands, to find out her ſweet-heart, and encountred with *Don Quixote*'s arms, who preſently ſeized very ſtrongly upon one of her wriſts, and drawing her towards him (ſhe daring not to ſpeak a word) he cauſed her to ſit upon his bed's ſide, and preſently groped her ſmock, and although it was of ‡ the ſtrongeſt Canvaſs, he thought it was moſt

* Deſperates. † Biſmas. ‡ Harpiller.

ſubtil and fine Holland. She wore on her wriſts certain bracelets of glaſs, which he eſteemed to be precious Oriental pearls. Her hair, which was almoſt as rough as a horſe-tail, he held to be wires of the gliſteringeſt gold of *Arabia*, whoſe brightneſs did obſcure that of the Sun. And her breath, which certainly ſmelled like to ſtale ſalt-fiſh, reſerved from over night, ſeemed unto him a moſt redolent, aromatical and ſweet ſmell: and finally he painted her in his phantaſy of the ſame very form and manner, as he had read in his books of Knighthood, of a certain Princeſs which came to viſit a Knight who was grievouſly wounded, being overcome by his love, embelliſhed with all the Ornaments that here we have recounted: and the blindneſs of this poor Gallant was ſuch, as neither the touching, ſavour, or other things that accompanied the good Damſel, could undeceive him, being ſuch as were able to make any other, ſave a Carrier, vomit up his bowels, but rather he made full account, that he held the Goddeſs of love between his arms, and holding her ſtill very faſt, he began to court her with a low and amorous voice in this manner:

'I COULD wiſh to find my ſelf in terms, moſt high 'and beautiful Lady, to be able to recompence ſo great 'a favour, as that which with the preſence of your 'matchleſs feature you have ſhewn unto me; but for-'tune (who is never weary of perſecuting the good) 'hath pleaſed to lay me in this bed, wherein I lie ſo bro-'ken and bruiſed, that although I were deſirous to ſatis-'fy your will, yet is it impoſſible; ſpecially ſeeing to 'my impoſſibility may be added a greater, to wit, the 'promiſed faith which I have given to the unmatchable '*Dulcinea of Toboſo*, the only Lady of my moſt hidden 'thoughts: for did not this let me, do not hold me to 'be ſo ſenſeleſs and mad a Knight, as to overſlip ſo for-'tunate an occaſion as this, which your bounty hath 'offered to me.

Maritornes remained ſweating, through anxiety to ſee her ſelf held ſo faſt by *Don Quixote*, and without either underſtanding, or giving attention to his words, ſhe labour'd

laboured all that ſhe could, to free her ſelf from him without ſpeaking a word. The Carrier, whoſe bad intention kept him ſtill waking, did fear his Lady from the time that ſhe firſt entred into the room, and did attentively give ear to all *Don Quixote*'s diſcourſes, and jealous that *Aſturian* ſhould break promiſe with him for any other, he drew nearer unto *Don Quixote*'s bed; and ſtood quiet, to ſee whereunto thoſe words which he could not underſtand, tended.

But viewing that the wench ſtrived to depart, and *Don Quixote* laboured to with-hold her, the jeſt ſeeming evil unto him, he up with his arm, and diſcharged ſo terrible a blow on the enamoured Knight's jaws, as he bathed all his mouth in blood, and not content herewithal, he mounted upon the Knight, and did tread on his ribs, and paſſed them all over with more than a trot. The bed which was ſomewhat * weak, and not very firm of foundation, being unable to ſuffer the addition of the Carrier, fell down to the ground, with ſo great a noiſe, as it waked the Inn-keeper; who preſently ſuſpecting, that it was one of *Maritornes*'s conflicts, becauſe ſhe anſwered him not, having called her loudly, he forthwith aroſe, and lighting of a lamp, he went towards the place where he heard the noiſe. The wench perceiving that her Maſter came, and that he was extreme cholerick, did all aſhamed and troubled run into *Sancho Pança*'s bed, who ſlept all this while very ſoundly, and there crouched, and made her ſelf as little as an Egg. Her Maſter entred crying, Whore, where art thou? I dare warrant that theſe are ſome of thy doings. By this *Sancho* awaked, and feeling that bulk lying almoſt wholly upon him, he thought it was the Night-mare, and began to lay with his fiſts here and there about him very ſwiftly, and among others wrought *Maritornes* (I know not how) many blows; who grieved for the pain ſhe indured there, caſting all honeſty aſide, gave *Sancho* the exchange of his blows ſo trimly,

* Endeble.

as ſhe made him to awake in deſpite of his ſluggiſhneſs. And finding himſelf to be ſo abuſed of an uncouth perſon, whom he could not behold, he aroſe and caught hold of *Maritornes* as well as he could, and they both began the beſt fight and pleaſanteſt skirmiſh of the world.

THE Carrier perceiving by the light which the Inn-keeper brought in with him, the lamentable ſtate of his Miſtreſs, abandoning *Don Quixote*, he inſtantly repaired to give her the ſuccour that was requiſite; which likewiſe the Inn-keeper did, but with an other meaning, for he approached with intention to puniſh the wench, believing that ſhe was infallibly the cauſe of that harmony. And ſo as men ſay, the Cat to the Rat, the Rat to the Cord, the Cord to the Poſt; ſo the Carrier ſtruck *Sancho*, *Sancho* the wench, ſhe returned him again his liberality with intereſt, and the Inn-keeper laid load upon his maid alſo. And all of them did mince it with ſuch expedition, as there was no leiſure at all allowed to any one of them for breathing. And the beſt of all was, that the Inn-keeper's lamp went out, and then finding themſelves in darkneſs, they belaboured one another ſo without compaſſion, and at once, as whereſoever the blow fell, it bruiſed the place pitifully.

THERE lodged by chance that night in the Inn one of the Squadron of thoſe, which are called of the old * holy Brotherhood of *Toledo*, he likewiſe hearing the wonderful noiſe of the fight, he laid his hand on his rod of office, and the tin-box of his titles, and entred into the chamber without light, ſaying, Stand ſtill to the officer of Juſtice, and to the holy Brotherhood. And ſaying ſo, the firſt whom he met, was the poor battered *Don Quixote*, who lay overthrown in his bed, ſtretched, with his face upward without any feeling, and taking hold of his beard, he cried out inceſſantly,

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* *The holy Brotherhood, or the* Sancta Hermandad, *are a certain number of men, whoſe chief office is to free the highway from Robbers.*

Help

Help the Juſtice. But ſeeing that he whom he held faſt, bowed neither hand or foot, he preſently thought that he was dead, and that thoſe battellants that fought ſo eagerly in the room, had ſlain him; wherefore he lifted up his voice and cryed out loudly, ſaying, Shut the Inn-door, and ſee that none eſcape, for here they have killed a man. This word aſtoniſhed all the combatants ſo much, as every one left the battle in the very terms wherein this voice had overtaken them. The Inn-keeper retired himſelf to his chamber, the Carrier to his Coverlets, the wench to her couch, and only the unfortunate *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*, were not able to move themſelves from the place wherein they lay. The officer of the holy brotherhood, in this ſpace letting ſlip poor Don *Quixote*'s beard, went out for light, to ſearch and apprehend the delinquents; but he could not find any, for the Inn-keeper had purpoſely quenched the lamp, as he retired to his bed: wherefore the officer was conſtrained to repair to the chimney, where, with great difficulty, after he had ſpent a long while doing of it, he at laſt lighted a candle.

CHAP. III.

Wherein are rehearſed the innumerable misfortunes which Don Quixote *and his good Squire* Sancho *ſuffered in the Inn, which he to his harm thought to be a Caſtle.*

BY this time Don *Quixote* was come to himſelf again out of his trance, and with the like lamentable note, as that wherewithal he had called his Squire the day before when he was overthrown in the vale of the pack-ſtaves, he called to him, ſaying, Friend *Sancho*, art thou aſleep? ſleepeſt thou, friend *Sancho*?

What, I aſleep? I renounce myſelf, quoth *Sancho*, full of grief and deſpite, if I think not all the devils in hell have been viſiting of me here this night.

THOU mayeſt certainly believe it, replied Don *Quixote*, for either I know very little, or elſe this Caſtle is enchanted. For I let thee to wit, but thou muſt firſt ſwear to keep ſecret that which I mean to tell thee now, until after my death. So I ſwear, quoth *Sancho*. I ſay it, quoth Don *Quixote*, becauſe I cannot abide to take away any body's honour. Why quoth *Sancho* again, I ſwear that I will conceal it until after your worſhip's days, and I pray God that I may diſcover it to morrow.

HAVE I wrought thee ſuch harm, *Sancho*, replied the Knight, as thou wouldeſt deſire to ſee me end ſo ſoon? It is not for that, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, but becauſe I cannot abide to keep things long, leſt they ſhould rot in my cuſtody. "Let it be for what thou pleaſeſt, ſaid Don "*Quixote*, for I do truſt greater matters than that to "thy love and courteſy. And that I may rehearſe it "briefly, know that a little while ſince, the Lord of "this Caſtle's Daughter came unto me, who is the moſt "fair and beautiful Damſel, that can be found in a great "part of the earth, what could I ſay unto thee of the "ornaments of her perſon? what of her excellent wit? "what of other ſecret things, which, that I may pre-"ſerve the faith due unto my Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*, "I paſs over in ſilence? I will only tell thee, that heaven, "envious of the ineſtimable good that fortune had put "in my hands; or perhaps (and that is moſt probable) "this Caſtle, as I have ſaid, is enchanted, juſt at the "time when we were in moſt ſweet and amorous "ſpeech, I being not able to ſee or know whence it "came, there arrived a hand joined to the arm of ſome "mighty Giant, and gave me ſuch a blow on the jaws, "as they remain all bathed in blood, and did after ſo "thump and bruiſe me, as I feel myſelf worſe now, "than yeſterday when the Carriers, through *Rozinante's* "madneſs, did uſe us as thou knoweſt. By which I "conjecture, that the treaſure of this Damſel's beau-

"ty,

" ty, is kept by ſome enchanted *Moor*, is not reſerved " for me.

Nor for me, quoth *Sancho*, for I have been bumbaſted by more than four hundred *Moors*, which have hammered me in ſuch ſort, as the bruiſing of the packſtaves, was gilded bread and ſpice cakes in compariſon of it: but Sir, I pray you tell me, how can you call this a good and rare adventure, ſeeing we remain ſo pitifully uſed after it? and yet your harms may be accounted leſs, in reſpect that you have held, as you ſaid, that incomparable beauty between your arms: but I, what have I had other than the greateſt blows that I ſhall ever have in my life? Unfortunate that I am, and the mother which bare me, that neither am a Errant-Knight, nor ever means to be any, and yet the greateſt part of our miſhaps ſtill falls to my lot. It ſeems that thou waſt likewiſe beaten, replied Don *Quixote*. Evil befal my lineage, quoth *Sancho*, have not I told you I was? Be not grieved friend, replied the Knight, for I will now compound the precious *Balſamum*, which will cure us in the twinkling of an eye.

The officer having by this time lighted his lamp, entered into the room to ſee him, whom he accounted to be dead: and as ſoon as *Sancho* ſaw him; ſeeing him to come in his ſhirt, his head lapped up in a handkerchief, the lamp in his hand, having withal a very evil-favoured countenance, he demanded of his Lord, Sir, is this by chance the enchanted *Moor*, that turns anew to torment us, for ſomewhat that is yet unpuniſhed? He cannot be the *Moor*, anſwered Don *Quixote*, for Necromancers ſuffer not themſelves to be ſeen by any.

If they ſuffer not themſelves to be ſeen, quoth *Sancho*, they ſuffer themſelves at leaſt to be felt: if not, let my ſhoulders bear witneſs. So might mine alſo, ſaid Don *Quixote*: but notwithſtanding this is no ſufficient argument to prove him whom we ſee to be the enchanted *Moor*. As thus they diſcourſed, the officer arrived, and finding them to commune in ſo peaceable and quiet manner, he reſted admired. Yet *Don Quixote* lay with his face upward as he had left him, and was not able to

ſtir himſelf, he was ſo beaten and be-plaiſtered. The officer approaching, demanded of him, well, how doſt thou, good fellow? I would ſpeak more mannerly, quoth Don *Quixote*, if I were but ſuch a one as thou art: is it the cuſtom of this country, you bottle-head, to talk after ſo rude a manner to Knights-Errant? The other impatient, to ſee one of ſo vile preſence, uſe him with that bad language, could not endure it, but lifting up the lamp, oyl and all, gave Don *Quixote* ſuch a blow on the pate with it, as he broke his head in one or two places, and leaving all in darkneſs behind him, departed preſently out of the chamber. Without doubt (quoth *Sancho* ſeeing this accident) Sir, that was the enchanted *Moor*, and I think he keepeth the treaſure for others, and reſerveth only for us fiſts and lamp-blows. It is as thou ſayeſt, quoth Don *Quixote*, and therefore we are not to make account of theſe enchantments, or be wroth and angry at them, for in reſpect that they are inviſible and fantaſtical, we ſhall not find him on whom we may take revenge, though we labour ever ſo much to do it. Ariſe therefore, *Sancho*, if thou beeſt able, and call to the Conſtable of this Fortreſs, and procure me ſome oyl, wine, ſalt, and vinegar, that I make the wholſome *Balſamum*, for verily I believe that I do need it very much at this time, the blood runneth ſo faſt out of the wound which the ſpirit gave me even now. *Sancho* then got up with grief enough of his bones, and went without light towards the Inn-keeper's, and encountered on the way the officer of the holy brotherhood, who ſtood harkning what did become of his enemy; to whom he ſaid, Sir, whoſoever thou beeſt, I deſire thee do us the favour and benefit to give me a little roſemary, oyl, wine and ſalt, to cure one of the beſt Knights-Errant that is in the earth, who lieth now in that bed ſorely wounded by the hands of an enchanted *Moor* that is in this Inn. When the officer heard him ſpeak in that manner, he held him to be out of his wits; and becauſe the dawning began, he opened the Inn-door, and told unto the hoſt, that which *Sancho* demanded. The Inn-keeper preſently provided all that he wanted, and *Sancho* carried it to his Maſter,

Maſter, who held his head between both his hands, and complained much of the grief that the blow of his head cauſed, which did him no other hurt than to raiſe up two bliſters ſomewhat great, and that which he ſuppoſed to blood, was only the humour, which the anxiety and labour of mind he paſſed in this laſt dark adventure, had made him to ſweat.

In reſolution Don *Quixote* took his ſimples, of which he made a compound, mixing them all together, and then boiling of them a good while, until they came (as he thought) to their perfection, he asked for a viol wherein he might lay this precious liquor: but the Inn being unable to afford him any ſuch, he reſolved at laſt to put it into * a tin oil-pot, which the Hoſt did freely give him; and forthwith he ſaid over the pot eighty *Paternoſters*, and as many *Aves*, *Salves*, and *Creedes*, and accompanied every word with a Croſs, in form of benediction, at all which ceremonies, *Sancho*, the Inn-keeper, and the officer of the holy brotherhood were preſent, for the Carrier went very ſoberly to dreſs and make ready his Mules.

The liquor being made, he himſelf would preſently make experience of the vertue of that precious *Balſamum*, as he did imagine it to be, and ſo did drink a good draught of the overplus that could not enter into his pot, being a quart or thereabouts; and ſcarce had he done it, when he began to vomit ſo extreamly, as he left nothing uncaſt up in his ſtomach, and through the pain and agitation cauſed by his vomits, he fell into a very abundant and great ſweat, and therefore commanded himſelf to be well covered, and left alone to take his eaſe. Which was done forthwith, and he ſlept three hours: and then awaking, found himſelf ſo wonderfully eaſed, and free from all bruiſing and pain, as he doubted not but that he was thoroughly whole: and therefore did verily perſwade himſelf that he had happened on the right manner of compounding the *Balſamum* of *Fierebras*: and

* *Hoſa de lata.*

that having that medicine, he might boldly from thenceforth undertake any ruins, battles, conflicts, or adventures, how dangerous ſoever. *Sancho Pança*, who likewiſe attributed the ſudden cure of his Maſter to miracle, requeſted, that it would pleaſe him to give him leave to ſip up the remainder of the *Balſamum*, which reſted in the kettle, and was no ſmall quantity; which Don *Quixote* granted: and he lifting it up between both hands, did with a good faith, and better talent, quaff it all off, being little leſs than his Maſter had drunk. The ſucceſs then of the Hiſtory is, that poor *Sancho*'s ſtomach was not ſo delicate as his Lord's, wherefore before he could caſt, he was tormented with ſo many cruel pangs, loathings, ſweats and diſmays, as he did verily perſwade himſelf, that his laſt hour was come: and perceiving himſelf to be ſo afflicted and troubled, he curſed the *Balſamum*, and the Thief which had given it to him. Don *Quixote* ſeeing of him in that pitiful taking, ſaid, I believe, *Sancho*, all this evil befalleth thee, becauſe thou art not dubb'd Knight: for I perſwade myſelf, that this liquor cannot help any one that is not. If your Worſhip knew that, quoth *Sancho*, (evil befal me and all my lineage) why did you therefore conſent that I ſhould taſte it?

In this time the drench had made his operation, and the poor Squire did ſo ſwift and vehemently diſcharge himſelf by both channels, as neither his Mat, or Canvaſs-covering could ſerve after to any uſe. He ſweat, and ſweat again, with ſuch exceſſive ſwoonings, as not only himſelf, but likewiſe all the beholders did verily deem, that his life was ending. This ſtorm and miſhap endured about ſome two hours, after which, he remained not cured as his Maſter, but ſo weary and indiſpoſed, as he was not able to ſtand.

But Don *Quixote*, who, as we have ſaid, felt himſelf eaſed and cured, would preſently depart to ſeek adventures, it ſeeming unto him, that all the time which he abode there, was no other than a depriving, both of the world and needful people, of his favour and aſſiſtance: and more through the ſecurity and confidence that he had in his *Balſamum*. And carried thus away by this deſire,

deſire, he himſelf ſaddled his horſe *Rozinante*, and did empannel his Squire's beaſt, whom he likewiſe holp to apparel himſelf, and to mount upon his Aſs. And preſently getting a horſe-back, he rode over to a corner of the Inn, and laid hand on a Javelin that was there, to make it ſerve him inſtead of a Lance. All the people that were in the Inn, ſtood beholding of him, which were above twenty in Number.

THE Inn-keeper's Daughter did alſo look upon him, and he never withdrew his eye from her, and would ever and anon breath forth ſo doleful a ſigh, as if he had plucked it out from the bottom of his heart, which all the beholders took to proceed from the grief of his ribs, but ſpecially ſuch as had ſeen him plaiſtered the night before. And being both mounted thus a horſe-back, he called the Inn-keeper, and ſaid unto him with a grave and and ſtay'd voice, 'Many and great are the favours, Sir 'Conſtable, which I have received in this your Caſtle, and 'do remain moſt obliged to gratify you for them, all 'the days of my life. And if I may pay or recompence 'them by revenging of you upon any proud miſcreant, 'that hath done you any wrong, know, that it is mine 'office to help the weak, to revenge the wronged, and 'to chaſtiſe Traitors. Call therefore to memory, and 'if you find any thing of this kind to commend to my 'correction, you need not but once to ſay it, for I do 'promiſe unto you, by the Order of Knighthood which 'I have received, to ſatisfy and appay you according unto 'your own deſire.

THE Inn-keeper anſwered him again with like gravity and ſtaidneſs, ſaying, Sir Knight, I ſhall not need your aſſiſtance when any wrong is done to me, for I know very well my ſelf, how to take the revenge that I ſhall think good when the injury is offered. That only which I require, is, that you defray the charges whereat you have been here in the Inn this night, as well for the ſtraw and barley given to your two horſes, as alſo for both your beds. This then is an Inn, quoth Don *Quixote:* That it is, and an honourable one too, replied the Inn-keeper. Then have I hitherto lived in an errour,

quoth Don *Quixote*, for in very good ſooth, I took it till now to be a Caſtle, and that no mean one neither. But ſince that it is no Caſtle but an Inn, that which you may do for the preſent time, is to forgive me thoſe expences, for I cannot do ought againſt the Cuſtoms of Knights-Errant: of all which I moſt certainly know (without ever having read until this preſent, any thing to the contrary) that they never paid for their lodging, or other thing, in any Inn whereſoever they lay. For by all law and right, any good entertainment that is given unto them, is their due, in recompence of the inſupportable travels they endure, ſeeking of adventures both day and night, in Summer and Winter, a-foot and a-horſeback, with thirſt and hunger, in heat and cold, being ſubject to all the diſtemperatures of Heaven, and all the diſcommodities of the Earth. All that concerns me nothing, replied the Inn-keeper: pay unto me my due, and leave theſe tales and Knighthoods apart, for I care for nothing elſe, but how I may come by mine own. Thou art a mad and a bad hoſt, quoth Don *Quixote*: and ſaying ſo, he ſpurred *Rozinante*, and flouriſhing with his Javelin, he iſſued out of the Inn, in deſpight of them all, and without looking behind him to ſee once whether his Squire followed, he rode a good way off from it.

THE Inn-keeper ſeeing he departed without ſatisfying him, came to *Sancho Pança*, to get his money of him: who anſwered, that ſince his Lord would not pay, he would likewiſe give nothing: for being, as he was Squire to a Knight-Errant, the very ſame rule and reaſon that exempted his Maſter from payments in Inns and Taverns, ought alſo to ſerve and be underſtood as well of him. The Inn-keeper grew wroth at theſe words, and threatned him, that if he did not pay him ſpeedily, he would recover it in manner that would grieve him. *Sancho* replied, ſwearing by the order of Knighthood which his Lord had received, that he would not pay one *denier*, though it coſt him his life; for the good and ancient cuſtoms of Knights-Errant, ſhould never through his default be infringed, nor ſhould their Squires which were yet to come into the world, ever complain on him, or upbraid him

him for tranſgreſſing or breaking ſo juſt a duty. But his bad fortune ordained, that there were at the very time in the ſame Inns four Clothiers of *Segovia*, and three point-makers of the Stews of *Cordova*, and two neighbours of the Market of *Sevil*, all pleaſant folk, well-minded, malicious, and playſome, all which pricked and in a manner moved all at one time, and by the very ſame ſpirit, came near to *Sancho*, and pulling him down off his Aſs, one of them ran in for the Inn-keeper's Coverlet, and caſting him into it, they looked up, and ſeeing the houſe was ſomewhat too low for their intended buſineſs, they determined to go into the baſe Court, which was over head only limited by heaven: and then *Sancho* being laid in the midſt of the Blanket, they began to toſs him aloft, and ſport themſelves with him, in the manner they were wont to uſe Dogs at *Shrove-tide*. The out-cries of the miſerably betoſſed Squire were ſo many and ſo loud, as they arrived at laſt to his Lord's hearing, who ſtanding a while to liſten attentively what it was, believed that ſome new adventure did approach, until he perceived at laſt, that he which cried was his Squire: wherefore turning the Reins, he made towards the Inn with a loathſome gallop, and finding it ſhut, he rode all about it, to ſee where he might enter into it.

But ſcarce was he arrived at the walls of the baſe Court, which were not very high, when he perceived the foul play that was uſed towards his Squire: for he ſaw him deſcend and aſcend into the air again with ſuch grace and agility, that did his choler permit, I certainly perſwade myſelf he would have burſt for laughter. He aſſayed to mount the wall from his horſe, but he was ſo bruiſed and broken, as he could not do as much as alight from his back. Wherefore from his back, he uſed ſuch reproachful and vile language to thoſe which toſſed *Sancho*, as it is impoſſible to lay them down in writing. And notwithſtanding all his ſcornful ſpeech, yet did not they ceaſe from their laughter and labour, nor the flying *Sancho*, from his complaints, now and then mingled with threats, now and then with intreaties; but availed very little, nor could prevail, until they were conſtrained by

by weariness to give him over. Then did they bring him his Ass again, and helping him up upon it, they lapped him in his * mantle. And the compassionate *Maritornes* beholding him so afflicted and o'erlaboured, thought it needful to help him to a draught of water, and so brought it him from the well, because the water thereof was coolest. *Sancho* took the pot, and laying it to his lips, he abstained from drinking by his Lord's perswasion, who cryed to him aloud, saying, Son *Sancho*, drink not water, drink it not, Son, for it will kill thee. Behold, I have here with me the most holy *Balsamum*, (and shewed him the oil-pot of the drenches he had compounded) for with only two drops that thou drinkest, thou shalt without all doubt remain whole and sound. At those words *Sancho* looking behind him, answered his Master with a louder voice, Have you forgotten perhaps so soon, how that I am no Knight? or do you desire, that I vomit the remnant of the poor bowels that remain in me since yesternight? Keep your liquor for yourself in the Devil's name, and permit me to live in peace; and the conclusion of this speech, and his beginning to drink, was done all in one instant: but finding at the first draught that it was water, he would not taste it any more, but requested *Maritornes* that she would give him some wine, which she did straight with a very good will, and likewise payed for it out of her own purse; for in effect it is written of her, that though she followed that trade, yet had she some shadows and lineaments in her of Christianity. As soon as *Sancho* had drunken, he visited his Ass's ribs with his heels twice or thrice; and the Inn being opened, he issued out of it, very glad that he had payed nothing, and gotten his desire, although it were to the cost of his ordinary sureties, to wit, his Shoulders. Yet did the Inn-keeper remain possessed of his wallets, as a payment for that he owed him; but *Sancho* was so distracted when he departed, as he never missed them. After he departed, the Inn-keeper thought to

* *Gavay.*

have

have ſhut up the Inn-door again, but the Gentlemen toſſers would not permit, being ſuch folk, that if Don *Quixote* were verily one of the Knights of the round Table, yet would not they eſteem him two chips.

CHAP. IV.

Wherein are rehearſed the diſcourſes paſſed between Sancho Pança, *and his Lord* Don Quixote, *with other adventures worthy the recital.*

SANCHO arrived to his Maſter all wan and diſmay'd, in ſo much as he was ſcarce able to ſpur on his beaſt. When *Don Quixote* beheld him in that caſe, he ſaid to him, Now do I wholly perſuade my ſelf, friend *Sancho*, that that Caſtle or Inn is doubtleſly inchanted. For thoſe which made paſtime with thee in ſo cruel manner, what elſe could they be but ſpirits, or people of another world? which I do the rather believe, becauſe I ſaw, that whilſt I ſtood at the barrier of the yard, beholding the acts of thy ſad Tragedy; I was not in any wiſe able either to mount or alight from *Rozinante:* for, as I ſay, I think they held me then inchanted. For I vow to thee by mine honour, that if I could have either mounted or alighted, I would have taken ſuch vengeance on thoſe lewd and treacherous Caitifs, as they ſhould remember the jeſt for ever, though I had therefore adventured to tranſgreſs the laws of Knighthood. Which, as I have oftimes ſaid unto thee, permitted not any Knight to lay hands on one that is not knighted, if it be not in defence of his proper life and perſon, and that in caſe of great and urgent neceſſity. So would I alſo have revenged my ſelf, quoth *Sancho*, if I might, were they Knights or no Knights, but I could not: and yet I do infallibly believe, that thoſe which took their pleaſure with

with me, were neither ghoſts, nor inchanted men as you ſay, but men of fleſh and bones as we are, and all of them as I have heard them call'd, whilſt they toſſed me, had proper names, for one was termed *Peter Martinez*, and another *Tenorio Herriander*, and I heard alſo the Inn-keeper called *John Palameque the deaf:* ſo that for your inability of not leaping over the barriers of the yard, or alighting off your horſe, was only inchantments in you. Whereby I do clearly collect this much, that theſe adventures which we go in ſearch of, will bring us at laſt to ſo many diſventures, as we ſhall not be able to know which is our right foot. And that which we might do beſt according to my little underſtanding, were to return us again to our Village, now that it is reaping time, and look to our goods, omitting to leap thus, as they ſay, out of the Frying-pan into the fire.

How little doſt thou know, *Sancho*, replied *Don Quixote*, what appertaineth to *Chivalry?* Peace, and have patience, for a day will come, wherein thou ſhalt ſee with thine own eyes, how honourable it is to follow this exerciſe. If not, tell me, what greater content may there be in this world, or what pleaſure can equal that of winning a battel, and of triumphing over ones enemy? None without doubt. I think it be ſo, quoth *Sancho*, although I do not know it; only this I know, that ſince we became Knights-Errant, or that you are one (for there is no reaſon why I ſhould count my ſelf in ſo honourable a number) we never overcame any battel, if it was not that of the *Biſcaine*, and you came even out of the very ſame with half your ear and beaverleſs. And ever after that time, we have had nothing but cudgels, and more cudgels, blows, and more blows: I carrying with me beſides of overplus, the toſſing in the blanket, and that, by reaſon it was done to me by inchanted perſons, I cannot be revenged, and by conſequence ſhall not know that true guſt and delight, that is taken by vanquiſhing mine enemies, whereof you ſpeak even now. That is it which grieves me, as it ſhould thee alſo, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote:* but I will procure hereafter to get a ſword, made with ſuch art, that whoſoever

whoſoever ſhall wear it, no kind of inchantment ſhall hurt him. And perhaps fortune will preſent me the very ſame which belonged to *Amadis*, when he called himſelf *The Knight of the burning ſword*, which was one of the beſt, that ever Knight had in this world: for beſides the vertue that I told, it did alſo cut like a Razor, and no armour, were it ever ſo ſtrong or inchanted, could ſtand before it. I am ſo fortunate, quoth *Sancho*, that when this befel, and that you found ſuch a ſword, it would only ſerve and be beneficial, and ſtand in ſtead ſuch as are dubb'd Knights, as doth your *Balſamum*, whilſt the poor Squires are cram'd full with ſorrows. Fear not that, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for fortune will deal with thee more liberally than ſo.

In theſe diſcourſes *Don Quixote* and his Squire rode, when *Don Quixote* perceiving a great and thick duſt to ariſe in the way, wherein he travelled, turning to *Sancho*, ſaid, This is (*Sancho*) the day, wherein ſhall be manifeſt the good which *Fortune* hath reſerved for me. This is the day, wherein the force of mine arm muſt be ſhewn as much as in any other whatſoever, and in it will I do ſuch feats, as ſhall for ever remain recorded in the books of fame; doſt thou ſee, *Sancho*, the duſt which ariſeth there? Know that it is cauſed by a mighty army, and ſundry and innumerable Nations, which come marching there. If that be ſo, quoth *Sancho*, then muſt there be two armies, for on this other ſide is raiſed as great a duſt. *Don Quixote* turned back to behold it, and ſeeing it was ſo indeed, he was marvellous glad, thinking that they were doubtleſly two armies, which came to fight one with another, in the midſt of that ſpacious Plain. For he had his fantaſy ever repleniſhed with theſe battels, inchantments, ſucceſſes, ravings, loves, and challenges, which are rehearſed in books of Knighthood: and all that ever he ſpoke, thought, or did, was addreſs'd and applied to the like things: and the duſt which he had ſeen was raiſed by two great flocks of Sheep, that came thorough the ſame field by two different ways, and could not be diſcerned by reaſon of the duſt, until they were very near; *Don Quixote* did affirm

affirm that they were two armies, with ſo very good earneſt as *Sancho* believed it, and demanded of him, Sir, what then ſhall we two do? what ſhould we do (quoth *Don Quixote*) but aſſiſt the needful and weaker ſide? For thou ſhalt know *Sancho*, that he who comes towards us, is the great Emperour *Alifamfaron*, Lord of the great Iſland of *Trapobana*. The other who marcheth at our back, is his enemy the King of the *Garamantes*, *Pentapolin of the naked arm*, ſo called, becauſe he ſtill entereth into battle, with his right arm naked. I pray you good Sir, quoth *Sancho*, to tell me why theſe two Princes hate one another ſo much? They are enemies replied Don *Quixote*, becauſe that this *Alifamfaron* is a furious Pagan, and is enamoured of *Pentapolin*'s Daughter, who is a very beautiful and gracious Princeſs, and moreover a Chriſtian. And her Father refuſeth to give her to the Pagan King, until firſt he abandon *Mahomet*'s falſe ſect, and become one of his religion. By my beard, quoth *Sancho*, *Pentapolin* hath reaſon, and I will help him all that I may. By doing ſo, quoth Don *Quixote*, thou performeſt thy duty; for it is not requiſite that one be a Knight, to the end he may enter into ſuch Battles. I do apprehend that myſelf, quoth *Sancho*, very well: but where ſhall we leave this Aſs in the mean time, that we may be ſure to find him again after the conflict, for I think it is not the cuſtom to enter into battle, mounted on ſuch a beaſt,

'It is true, quoth *Don Quixote*, that which thou 'mayſt do, is, to leave him to his adventures, and care 'not whether he be loſt or found, for we ſhall have ſo 'many horſes, after coming out of this battle victors, 'that very *Rozinante* himſelf, is in danger of to be chan-'ged for another. But be attentive, for I mean to de-'ſcribe unto thee the principal Knights of both the Ar-'mies. And to the end thou mayſt the better ſee and 'note all things, let us retire ourſelves there to that little 'hillock, from whence both the Armies may eaſily be 'deſcryed.

THEY did ſo, and ſtanding on the top of a hill, from whence they might have ſeen both the flocks, (which Don

Don *Quixote* called an army) very well, if the clouds of duſt had not hindred it and blinded their ſight, yet notwithſtanding our Knight ſeeing in conceit that which really he did not ſee at all, began to ſay with a loud voice.

'THAT Knight which thou ſeeſt there with the yellow 'armour, who bears in his ſhield a Lion crown'd, crou-'ching at a damſel's feet, is the valorous *Laurcalio*, 'Lord of the *Silver-bridge*: the other, whoſe arms are 'powdered with flowers of gold, and bears in an Azure 'field, three Crowns of ſilver, is the dreaded *Micoco-'lembo*, great Duke of *Quirocia*: the other limbed like 'a Giant, that ſtandeth at his right hand, is the undaunt-'ed *Brandabarbaray of Boliche*, Lord of the three *Ara-'bia*'s, and comes armed with a Serpent's skin, bear-'ing for his ſhield (as is reported) one of the gates of the 'Temple, which *Sampſon* at his death overthrew, to be 'revenged of his enemies. But turn thine eyes to this 'other ſide, and thou ſhalt ſee firſt of all, and in the front 'of this other army, the ever victor and never vanquiſh-'ed *Timonel of Carcaiona*, Prince of new *Biſcay*, who 'comes armed, with arms parted into blue, green, 'white, and yellow quarters, and bears in his ſhield in 'a field of Tawney, a * Cat of gold, with a letter that 'ſays *Miau*, which is the beginning of his Lady's name, 'which is, as the report runs, the peerleſs *Miaulina*, 'Daughter to Duke *Alfeniquen of Algarve*. The 'other that burdens and oppreſſeth the back of that mighty '† Courſer, whoſe armour is as white as ſnow, and 'alſo his ſhield without any device, is a Knight novel of '*France*, called *Pierres Papin*, Lord of the Barony of '*Utrique*. The other that beats his horſe ſides with his 'armed heels, and bears the arms of pure Azure, is 'the mighty Duke of *Nerbia Eſpartafilardo of the wood*: 'Who bears for his device, a § Harrow, with a Motto 'that ſays, *So trails my Fortune*." And thus he proceed-ed forward, naming many Knights of the one and the

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* *Catto.* † *Alfana.* § *Eſparraguera.*

other

other ſquadron, even as he had imagined them, and attributed to each one, his arms, his colours, impreſs, and Motto's, ſuddenly born away by the imagination of his wonderful diſtraction: And without ſtammering he proceeded, ſaying, 'This firſt ſquadron containeth folk 'of many Nations, in it are thoſe which taſte the ſweet 'waters of famous *Xante*. The mountainous men that 'tread the *Maſilical fields*. Thoſe that do ſift the moſt 'pure and rare gold of *Arabia Felix*. Thoſe that poſ-'ſeſs the famous and delightful banks of clear *Termo-'donte*. Thoſe that let blood many and ſundry ways the 'golden *Pactolus*. The *Numides* unſtedfaſt in their 'promiſe. The *Perſians* famous for Archers. The '*Parthes* and *Medes* that fight flying. The *Arabs* in-'conſtant in their dwellings. The *Scithes* as cruel as 'white. The *Æthiops* of boared lips, and other infinite 'nations, whoſe faces I know and behold, although I 'have forgotten their denominations. In that other 'army come thoſe that taſte the chryſtalline ſtreams of 'the *Olive-bearing Betis*. Thoſe that dip and poliſh their 'faces with the liquor of the ever-rich and golden *Tagus*. 'Thoſe that poſſeſs the profitable fluent of divine *Genile*. 'Thoſe that trample the *Tarteſian fields*, ſo abundant in 'paſture. Thoſe that recreate themſelves in the *Eliſian 'fields of Xerez*. The rich *Manchegans* crowned with 'ruddy ears of corn. Thoſe apparelled with iron, the 'ancient relicks of the *Gothiſh* blood. Thoſe that bathe 'themſelves in *Piſuerga*, renowned for the ſmoothneſs of 'his current. Thoſe that feed their flocks in the vaſt 'fields of the wreathing *Guadiana*, ſo celebrated for his 'hidden courſe. Thoſe that tremble through the cold 'of the buſhy *Pirens*, and the *lofty *Apenines*. Finally, 'all thoſe that *Europe* in it ſelf containeth.

GOOD God, how many Provinces repeated he at that time, and how many Nations did he name, giving to every one of them, with marvellous celerity and briefneſs, their proper attributes, being ſwallowed up

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* *Or white creſted.*

and

and ingulphed in thoſe things which he read in his lying books! *Sancho Pança* ſtood ſuſpended at his ſpeech, and ſpoke not a word, but only would now and then turn his head to ſee, whether he could mark thoſe Knights and Giants, which his Lord had named; and by reaſon he could not diſcover any, he ſaid, Sir, I give to the Devil any Man, Giant, or Knight, of all thoſe you ſaid that appeareth, at leaſt I cannot diſcern them. Perhaps all is but enchantment, like that of the ghoſts of yeſternight. How? ſaieſt thou ſo, quoth Don *Quixote*, Doſt not thou hear the horſes neigh, the trumpets ſound, and the noiſe of the drums? I hear nothing elſe, ſaid *Sancho*, but the great bleating of many Sheep.

And ſo it was indeed, for by this time, the two flocks did approach them very near. The fear that thou conceiveſt, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, maketh thee that thou canſt neither hear nor ſee aright; for one of the effects of fear is to trouble the ſenſes, and make things appear otherwiſe than they are; and ſeeing thou feareſt ſo much, retire thy ſelf out of the way, for I alone am ſufficient to give the victory to that part which I ſhall aſſiſt: And having ended his ſpeech, he ſet ſpurs to *Rozinante*, and ſetting his Lance in the Reſt, he flung down from the hillock like a thunderbolt.

Sancho cried to him as loud as he could, ſaying, Return, good Sir Don *Quixote*, for I vow unto God, that all thoſe which you go to charge, are but Sheep and Muttons.

Return, I ſay, alas that ever I was born, what madneſs is this? Look, for there is neither Giant, nor Knight, nor Cats, nor Arms, nor Shields, parted, nor whole, nor pure Azures, nor deviliſh. What is it you do, wretch that I am? For all this Don *Quixote* did not return, but rather rode faſter, ſaying with a loud voice, On, on, Knights, all you that ſerve and march under the banners of the valorous Emperour *Pentapolin of the naked Arm*, follow me, all of you, and you ſhall ſee how eaſily I will revenge him on his enemy *Alifamfaron of Trapobana*. And ſaying ſo, he entred into

into the midſt of the flock of Sheep, and began to Lance them with ſuch courage and fury, as if he did in good earneſt encounter his mortal enemies.

THE Shepherds that came with the flock, cried to him to leave off, but ſeeing their words took no effect, they unlooſed their ſlings, and began to ſalute his pate with ſtones as great as ones fiſt. But Don *Quixote* made no account of their ſtones, and did fling up and down among the Sheep, ſaying, Where art thou, proud *Alifanfaron*, where art thou? come to me, for I am but one Knight alone, who deſires to prove my forces with thee man to man, and deprive thee of thy life, in pain of the wrong thou doſt to the valiant *Pentapolin* the *Garamiante*. At that inſtant a ſtone gave him ſuch a blow on one of his Sides, as did bury two of his ribs in his body. He beholding himſelf ſo ill dight, did preſently believe that he was either ſlain or ſorely wounded; and remembring himſelf of his liquor, he took out his oil-pot, and ſet it to his mouth to drink: but 'ere he could take as much as he thought was requiſite to cure his hurts, there cometh another Almond, which ſtruck him ſo full upon the hand and oil-pot, as broke it into pieces, and carried away with it beſides three or four of his cheek-teeth, and did moreover bruiſe very ſorely two of his fingers. Such was the firſt and the ſecond blow, as the poor Knight was conſtrained to fall down off his horſe. And the Shepherds arriving did verily believe they had ſlain him; and therefore gathering their flock together with all ſpeed, and carrying away their dead Muttons, which were more than ſeven, they went away without verifying the matter any further.

Sancho remained all this while on the height, beholding his Maſter's follies, pulling the hairs off his beard for very deſpite, and curſed the hour and moment wherein he firſt knew him; but ſeeing him overthrown to the earth, and the Shepherds fled away, he came down to him, and found him in very bad taking, yet had he not quite loſt the uſe of his Senſes,

ſes, to whom he ſaid; Did not I bid you, Sir Knight, return, and told you that you went not to invade an army of men, but a flock of Sheep?

THAT thief the wiſeman, who is mine adverſary, quoth Don *Quixote*, can counterfeit, and make men to ſeem ſuch, or vaniſh away as he pleaſeth: for *Sancho*, thou oughteſt to know, that it is a very eaſy thing for thoſe kind of men, to make us ſeem what they pleaſe: and this *Maligne* that perſecuteth me, envying the glory which he ſaw I was like to acquire in this battle, hath converted the enemies ſquadrons into Sheep; and if thou wilt not believe me, *Sancho*, yet do one thing for my ſake, that thou may'ſt remove thine errour, and perceive the truth which I affirm: get upon thy aſs, and follow them fair and ſoftly aloof, and thou ſhalt ſee, that as ſoon as thou art parted any diſtance from hence they will turn to their firſt form, and leaving to be ſheep, will become men, as right and ſtraight as I painted them to thee at the firſt: but go not now, for I have need of thy help and aſſiſtance; draw nearer to me and ſee, how many cheek teeth and others I want, for methinks there is not one left in my mouth. With that *Sancho* approached ſo near, that he almoſt laid his eyes in his Maſter's mouth; and it was juſt at the time that the *Balſamum* had wrought its effect in Don *Quixote*'s ſtomach: and at the very ſeaſon that *Sancho* went to look into his mouth, he diſgorged all that he had in his ſtomach, with as great violence as if it had been ſhot out of a musket, juſt in his compaſſive Squire's beard.

O holy Mother *Mary*, quoth *Sancho*, what is this that hath befallen me? the poor man is mortally wounded, without doubt, for he vomiteth up blood at his mouth. But looking a little nearer to it, he perceived by the colour and ſmell, that it was not blood, but the *Balſamum* of his Maſter's oil-bottle, whereat he inſtantly took ſuch a loathing, that his ſtomach likewiſe turned, and he vomited out his very bowels almoſt, all in his Maſter's face. And ſo they both remained like Pearls.

SOON

SOON after, *Sancho* ran to his Aſs to take ſomewhat to clear himſelf, and to cure his Lord, out of his wallet, which when he found * wanting, he was ready to run out of his wits: there he began anew to cure himſelf, and made a firm reſolution in mind, that he would leave his Maſter, and turn to his Country again, although he were ſure both to loſe his wages, and the hope of the government of the promiſed Iſland.

BY this *Don Quixote* aroſe, and ſetting his left-hand to his mouth, that the reſt of his teeth might not fall out, he caught hold on the Reins of *Rozinante*'s bridle with the other, who had never ſtirr'd from his Maſter: (ſuch was his loyalty and good nature) he went towards his Squire, that leaned upon his Aſs, with his hand under his cheek, like one penſative and male-content. And *Don Quixote* ſeeing him in that guize, with ſuch ſigns of ſadneſs, ſaid unto him, Know, *Sancho*, that one man is not more than another, if he do not more than another. All thoſe ſtorms that fall on us, are arguments that the time will wax calm very ſoon, and that things will have better ſucceſs hereafter, for it is not poſſible that either good or ill be durable. And hence we may collect, that our misfortunes having laſted ſo long, our fortune and wealth muſt be likewiſe near. And therefore thou oughteſt not thus to afflict thy ſelf for the diſgraces that befal me, ſeeing no part of them fall to thy lot.

How? Not, quoth *Sancho*? was he whom they toſſed yeſterday in the coverlet by fortune, any other man's ſon than my Father's? and the wallet that I want to day, with all my proviſion, was it any others than my own? What, doſt thou want thy wallet, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*? I, that I do, quoth he. In that manner replied *Don Quixote*, we have nothing left us to eat to day. That would be ſo, quoth *Sancho*, if we could not find among theſe fields the herbs which I

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* *Having left it behind him in the Inn, when he ran away and paid nothing for his lodging.*

have

have heard you ſay, you know, wherewithal ſuch unlucky Knights-Errant as you, are wont to ſupply like needs.

For all that, quoth *Don Quixote*, I would rather have now a quarter of a loaf, or a cake and two Pilchers heads, than all the herbs that *Dioſcorides* deſcribeth, although they came glozed by Dr. *Laguna* himſelf. But yet for all that, get upon the beaſt, *Sancho* the good, and follow me, for God, who is the provider for all creatures, will not fail us: And principally ſeeing we do a work ſo greatly to his ſervice as we do, ſeeing he doth not abandon the little flies of the air, nor the wormlings of the earth, nor the ſpawnlings of the water. And he is ſo merciful, that he maketh his Sun ſhine on the good and the evil, and rains on ſinners and juſt Men. You were much fitter, quoth *Sancho*, to be a Preacher, than for a Knight-Errant. Knights-Errant know, and ought to know ſomewhat of all things, quoth *Don Quixote*. For there hath been a Knight-Errant in times paſt, who would make a Sermon or diſcourſe in the midſt of a camp Royal, with as good grace, as if he were graduated in the Univerſity of *Paris*: by which we may gather that the Lance never dulled the Pen, nor the Pen the Lance.

Well then, quoth *Sancho*, let it be as you have ſaid, and let us depart hence, and procure to find a lodging for this night, where, I pray God, may be no coverlets, and toſſers, nor ſpirits, nor inchanted *Moors*; for if there be, I'll beſtow the flock and the hook on the Devil.

Demand that of God, ſon *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, and lead me where thou pleaſeſt, for I will leave the election of our lodging to thy choice for this time: yet I pray thee give me thy hand, and feel how many cheek-teeth or others I want in this right ſide of the upper jaw, for there I feel moſt pain. *Sancho* put in his fingers, and whilſt he felt him, demanded, How many cheek-teeth were you accuſtomed to have on this ſide? Four, quoth he, beſides the hindermoſt; all of them very whole and ſound. See well what you ſay,

Sir, quoth *Sancho*. I ſay, four, quoth *Don Quixote*, if they were not five, for I never in my life drew or loſt any tooth, nor hath any fall'n or been worm-eaten, or mar'd by any rheum. Well then, quoth *Sancho*, you have in this nether part but two cheek-teeth and a half, and in the upper, neither a half, nor any, for all there is as plain as the palm of my hand. Unfortunate I (quoth *Don Quixote*, hearing the ſorrowful news that his Squire told unto him) for I had rather loſe one of mine arms, ſo it were not that of my ſword. For *Sancho*, thou muſt wit, *That a mouth without cheek-teeth, is like a mill without a mill-ſtone*; and a tooth is much more to be eſteemed than a Diamond.

BUT we which profeſs the rigorous Laws of Arms, are ſubject to all theſe diſaſters: wherefore mount, gentle friend, and give the way, for I will follow thee what pace thou pleaſeſt. *Sancho* obeyed, and rode the way where he thought he might find lodging, without leaving the high way, which was there very much beaten. And going thus by little and little (for *Don Quixote* his pain of his jaws did not ſuffer him reſt, or make overmuch haſte). *Sancho*, to entertain him and divert his thought, by ſaying ſome things, began to abord him in the form we mean to rehearſe in the Chapter enſuing.

CHAP. V.

Of the diſcreet diſcourſes paſſed between Sancho *and his Lord; with the adventure ſucceeding of a dead body, and other notable occurrences.*

METhinks, good Sir, that all the miſhaps that befel us theſe days paſt, are without any doubt in puniſhment of the ſin you committed againſt the order of Knighthood, by not performing the oath you ſwore, not to eat bread on table-cloths, nor to ſport with

with the Queen, with all the reſt which enſueth, and you vowed to accompliſh, until you had won the Helmet of *Malandrino*, or I know not how the *Moor* is called, for I have forgotten his name. Thou ſay'ſt right, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*: but to tell the truth indeed, I did wholly forget it: and thou may'ſt likewiſe think certainly, that becauſe thou didſt not remember it to me in time, that of the coverlet was inflicted as a puniſhment on thee. But I will make amends, for we have alſo manners of reconciliation for all things in the order of Knighthood. Why, did I by chance ſwear any thing, quoth *Sancho?* It little imports, quoth *Don Quixote*, that thou haſt not ſworn: let it ſuffice that I know thou art not very clear from the fault of an acceſſary. And therefore at all adventures it will not be ill, to provide a remedy. If it be ſo, quoth *Sancho*, beware you do not forget this again, as you did that of the Oath, for if you ſhould, perhaps thoſe ſpirits will take again a fancy to ſolace themſelves with me, and peradventure with you your ſelf, if they ſee you obſtinate.

BEING in theſe and other ſuch diſcourſes, the night overtook them in the way, before they could diſcover any lodging, and that which was worſt of all, they were almoſt famiſht with hunger; for by the loſs of their wallets, they loſt at once both their proviſion and warder-houſe. And to accompliſh wholly this diſgrace, there ſucceeded a certain adventure, which certainly hapned as we lay it down, without any addition in the world, and was this; The night did ſhut up with ſome darkneſs, yet notwithſtanding they travelled on ſtill, *Sancho* believing that ſince that was the highway, there muſt be within a league or two in all reaſon ſome Inn. Travelling therefore as I have ſaid, in a dark night, the Squire being hungry, and the Maſter having a good ſtomach, they ſaw coming towards them in the very way they travelled, a great multitude of lights, reſembling nothing ſo well as wandring ſtars. *Sancho* beholding them, was ſtruck into a wonderful amazement, and his Lord was not much better. The one drew his Aſs-hal-

ter, the other held his horſe, and both of them ſtood ſtill, beholding attentively what that might be, and they perceived that the lights drew ſtill nearer unto them, and the more they approached, they appeared the greater; at the ſight *Sancho* did tremble like one infected by the ſavour of Quick-ſilver: and *Don Quixote*'s hair did ſtand up like briſtles, who animating himſelf a little, ſaid, *Sancho*, this muſt be queſtionleſs a great and moſt dangerous adventure, wherein it is requiſite that I ſhew all my valour and ſtrength.

UNFORTUNATE I, quoth *Sancho*, if by chance this adventure were of ghoſts, as it ſeemeth to me that it is, where will there be ribs to ſuffer it? Be they never ſo great ghoſts, ſaid *Don Quixote*, I will not conſent that they touch one hair of thy garment: For if they jeſted with thee the other time, it was becauſe I could not leap over the walls of the yard: but now we are in plain field, where I may brandiſh my ſword as I pleaſe.

AND if they inchant and benum you as they did the other time, quoth *Sancho*, what will it then avail us to be in open field or no? For all that, replied *Don Quixote*, I pray thee, *Sancho*, be of good courage, for experience ſhall ſhew thee how great my valour is. I will and pleaſe God, quoth *Sancho:* and ſo departing ſomewhat out of the way, they began again to view earneſtly what that of the travelling lights might be; and after a very little ſpace, they eſpied many white things, whoſe dreadful viſions did in that very inſtant abate *Sancho Pança*'s courage, who now began to chatter with his teeth, like one that had the cold of a *Quartane:* and when they did diſtinctly perceive what it was, than did his beating and chattering of teeth increaſe, for they diſcovered about ſome twenty all covered with white a horſe-back, with Tapers lighted in their hands, after which followed a Litter covered over with black, and then enſued other ſix a horſe-back, attired in mourning, and likewiſe their Mules, even to the very ground; for they perceived they were not horſes, by the quietneſs of their pace. The white folk rode murmuring ſomewhat

what among themſelves with a low and compaſſive voice.

Which ſtrange viſion, at ſuch an hour, and in places not inhabited, was very ſufficient to ſtrike fear into *Sancho*'s heart, and even into his Maſter's, if it had been any other than Don *Quixote*: but *Sancho* tumbled here and there, being quite overthrown with terrour. The contrary happened to his Lord, to whom in that ſame hour his imagination repreſented unto him moſt lively, the adventure wherein he was, to be ſuch a one as he oft-times had read in his books of Chivalry. For it figured unto him that the Litter was a Bier, wherein was carried ſome grievouſly wounded or dead Knight, whoſe revenge was only reſerved for him. And without making any other diſcourſe, he ſet his Lance in the reſt, ſeated himſelf ſurely in his ſaddle, and put himſelf in the midſt of the way, by which the white folk muſt forcibly paſs, with great ſpirit and courage. And when he ſaw them draw near, he ſaid with a loud voice, Stand, Sir Knight, whoſoever you be, and render me an account what you are? from whence you come? where you go? and what that is which you carry in that Bier? for according as you ſhew, either you have done to others, or others to you ſome injury. And it is convenient and needful that I know it, either to chaſtiſe you for the ill you have committed, or elſe to revenge you of the wrong which you have ſuffered. We are in haſte, quoth one of the white men, and the Inn is far off, and therefore cannot expect to give ſo full relation as you requeſt: and with that, ſpurring his Mule, paſſed forward.

Don *Quixote*, highly diſdaining at that anſwer, took by the Bridle, and held him, ſaying, Stay proud Knight, and be better mannered another time, and give me account of that which I demanded: if not, I defie you all to mortal battle.

The Mule whereon the white man rode, was ſomewhat fearful and ſkittiſh, and being taken thus rudely by the Bridle, ſhe took ſuch a fright, that riſing up on her hinder legs, ſhe unhorſed her Rider. One of the Lackeys that came with them, ſeeing him fallen, began to

revile Don *Quixote*, who being by this thoroughly enraged, without any more ado, putting his Lance in the Reſt, run upon one of the Mourners, and threw him to the ground very ſore wounded: and turning upon the reſt, it was a thing worthy the noting, with what dexterity he did aſſault, break upon them, and put them all to flight, for it ſeemed none other but that *Rozinante* had gotten then wings, he beſtirred himſelf ſo nimbly and courageouſly.

ALL thoſe white men were fearful people, and unarmed, and therefore fled away from the skirmiſh in a trice, and began to traverſe that field with their Tapers burning, that they ſeemed to be maskers that uſe to run up and down in nights of *Jove* and recreation. The Mourners likewiſe were ſo lapped up and muffled by their mourning weeds, as they could ſcarce ſtir them: ſo that *Don Quixcte* did without any danger of his perſon, give them all the Baſtinado, and cauſed them to forſake their rooms whether they would or no: for all of them did verily think that he was no man, but a devil of hell, that met them to take away the dead body which they carried in the Litter. All this did *Sancho* behold, marvellouſly admired at his Maſter's boldneſs, which made him ſay to himſelf, My Maſter is infallibly as ſtrong and valiant as he ſaid.

THERE lay on the ground by him whom his mule had firſt overthrown, a wax Taper ſtill burning, by whoſe light *Don Quixote* perceived him, and coming over to him, he laid the point of his Lance upon his face, ſaying, that he ſhould render himſelf, or elſe he would ſlay him. To which the other anſwered, I am already rendered more than enough, ſeeing I cannot ſtir me out of the place, for one of my legs is broken. And if you be a Chriſtian, I deſire you not to kill me, for therein you would commit a great ſacrilege, I being a Licenciate, and have received the firſt Orders.

WELL then, quoth Don *Quixote*, what Devil brought thee hither being a Church-man? Who, Sir, replied the overthrown, but my misfortune? Yet doth a greater threaten thee, ſaid Don *Quixote*, if thou doſt not ſatiſ-

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ſy me in all that which I firſt demanded of thee. You ſhall eaſily be ſatisfied, quoth the Licenciate: and therefore you ſhall wit, that although firſt of all I ſaid I was a Licenciate, I am none, but a Batchelor, and am called *Alonſo Lopez*, born at *Alcovendas*, and I came from the City of *Baeca*, with eleven other Prieſts, which are thoſe that fled away with the Tapers; we travel towards *Segovia*, accompanying the dead body that lies in that Litter, of a certain Gentleman who died in *Baeca*, and was there depoſited for a while, and now, as I ſay, we carry his bones to his place of burial, which is in *Segovia*, the place of his birth.

And who killed him, quoth Don *Quixote?* God, quoth the Batchelor, with certain peſtilential Fevers that he took. In that manner, quoth Don *Quixote*, our Lord hath delivered me from the pains I would have taken to revenge his death, if any other had ſlain him. But having killed him, he that did it, there is no other remedy but ſilence, and to lift up the ſhoulders: for the ſame I muſt myſelf have done, if he were likewiſe pleaſed to ſlay me. And I would have your Reverence to underſtand, that I am a Knight of the *Mancha*, called Don *Quixote*, and mine office and exerciſe is to go throughout the world, righting of wrongs, and undoing of injuries.

I cannot underſtand how that can be of righting wrongs, quoth the Batchelor, ſeeing you have made me who was right before, now very crooked, by breaking of my leg, which can never be righted again, as long as I live, and the injury which you have undone in me, is none other but to leave me ſo injured, as I ſhall remain injured for ever. And it was a very great diſventure to have encountered with you, that go about to ſeek adventures. All things, quoth Don *Quixote*, ſucceed not of one faſhion: the hurt was, Maſter Batchelor *Alonſo Lopez*, that you travelled thus by night covered with thoſe Surplices, with burning Tapers, and covered with weeds of dole, ſo that you appeared moſt properly ſome bad thing, and of the other world, and ſo I could not omit to fulfil my duty, by aſſaulting you, which I would have done,

done, although I verily knew you to be the Satans themſelves of hell: For, ſuch I judged and accounted you ever till now.

THEN ſince my bad fortune hath ſo diſpoſed it, quoth the Batchelor, I deſire you good Sir Knight-Errant, (who hath given me ſo evil an errant) that you will help me to get up from under this Mule, who holds ſtill my leg betwixt the Stirrop and Saddle. I would have ſtay'd talking until to-morrow morning, quoth Don *Quixote*, and why did you expect ſo long to declare your grief to me? He preſently called to *Sancho Pança* to come over: but he had little mind to do ſo, for he was otherwiſe employed, ranſacking of a Sumpter-Mule, which thoſe good folk brought with them, well furniſhed with belly ware. *Sancho* made a bag of his Caſſock, and catching all that he might or could contain, he laid it on his beaſt, and then preſently after repaired to his Maſter, and helpt to deliver the good Batchelor from the oppreſſion of his Mule. And mounting him again on it, he gave him his Taper, and Don *Quixote* bad him to follow his fellows, of whom he ſhould deſire pardon in his name, for the wrong he had done them, for it lay not in his hands to have done the contrary. *Sancho* ſaid to him alſo, if thoſe Gentlemen would by chance know, who the valorous Knight is that hath uſed them thus, you may ſay unto them, that he is the famous Don *Quixote of Mancha*, otherwiſe called, *The Knight of the ill-favoured face.*

WITH this the Batchelor departed, and Don *Quixote* demanded of *Sancho*, what had moved him to call him *The Knight of the ill-favoured face*, more at that time, than at any other? I will tell you that, quoth *Sancho*, I ſtoop beholding of you a pretty while by the Taper-light, which that unlucky man carrieth, and truly you have one of the evil-favouredſt countenances of late, that ever I ſaw: which either proceedeth of your being tired after this battle, or elſe through the loſs of your teeth. Thls is not the reaſon, ſaid Don *Quixote*. But rather, it hath ſeemed fit to the wiſe-man, to whoſe charge is left the writing of my Hiſtory, that I take ſome appellative name, as all the other Knights of yore have

have done: for one called himſelf, *The Knight of the burning ſword.* Another, That *of the Unicorn*, this, Him *of the Phenix.* The other, That *of the Damſels.* Another, *The Knight of the Griffin.* And ſome other, *The Knight of Death.* And by theſe names and devices, they were known throughout the compaſs of the earth. And ſo I ſay that the wiſe-man whom I mentioned, ſet in thy mind and tongue the thought to call me *The Knight of the ill-favoured face*, as I mean to call myſelf from henceforth: and that the name may become me better, I will upon the firſt occaſion cauſe to be painted in my ſhield, a moſt ill-favoured countenance.

You need not, quoth *Sancho*, ſpend ſo much time and money in having the like countenance painted; but that which you may more eaſily do, is, to diſcover your own, and look directly on thoſe that behold you, and I will warrant you, that without any more ado, or new painting in your ſhield, they will call you, Him *of the ill-favoured face.* And let this be ſaid in jeſt, that hunger and the want of your teeth, have given you as I have ſaid, ſo *evil-favoured a face*, as you may well excuſe all other heavy portraitures. *Don Quixote* laugh'd at his Squire's conceit, and yet nevertheleſs he purpoſed to call himſelf by that Name, as ſoon as ever he could have commodity to paint his ſhield or buckler. And after he had pauſed a while, he ſaid to *Sancho*, I believe *Sancho*, that I am excommunicated, for having laid violent hands upon a conſecrated thing, * *Juxta illud, Si quis ſuadente diabolo, &c.* Although I am certain I laid not my hands upon him, but only this Javelin: and beſides, I did not any way ſuſpect that I offended Prieſts or Church-men, which I do reſpect and honour as a catholick and faithful Chriſtian: but rather that they were ſhadows and ſpirits of the other world.

And if the worſt happened, I remember well that which befel the *Cid Ruy Diaz*, when he broke that other King's Ambaſſador's chair before the Pope's holi-

* *Canon.* 72. *Diſtinct.* 134.

neſs, for which he excommunicated him; and yet for all that, the good *Roderick Vivar* behaved himſelf that day like an honourable and valiant Knight.

ABOUT this time the Batchelor departed, as is ſaid, without ſpeaking a word, and *Don Quixote* would fain have ſeen whether the Corps that came in the Litter, was bones, or no; but *Sancho* would not permit him, ſaying, Sir, you have finiſhed this perilous adventure, moſt with your ſafety, of any one of thoſe I have ſeen. This people, although overcome and ſcattered, might perhaps fall in the conſideration, that he who hath overcome them, is but one perſon alone, and growing aſhamed thereof, would perhaps join and unite themſelves, and turn upon us, and give us enough buſineſs to do. The Aſs is in good plight, according to my deſire, and the mountain at hand, and hunger oppreſſeth us; therefore we have nothing elſe to do at this time, but retire ourſelves with a good pace, and as it is ſaid, *To the Grave with the dead, and let them that live, to the Bread.* And pricking on his Aſs, he requeſted his Maſter to follow him, who ſeeing that *Sancho* ſpoke not without reaſon, he ſpurred after him without replying. And having travelled a little way, between two ſmall mountains, they found a large and hidden valley, where they alighted, and *Sancho* lightning his beaſt; and lying both along upon the green graſs, holpen by the ſauce of hunger, they broke their faſts, dined, eat their bever, and ſupper, all at one time; ſatisfying their appetites with more than one diſh of cold meat, which the dead Gentleman's Chaplains (which knew how to make much of themſelves) had brought for their proviſion. But here ſucceeded another diſcommodity which *Sancho* accounted not as the leaſt, which was, that they had no wine to drink; no, nor as much as a drop of water to rinſe their Mouths, and being ſcorched with drought, *Sancho* perceiving the field where they were full of thick and green graſs, ſaid that which ſhall enſue in the Chapter following.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Of a wonderful adventure, atchieved with leſs hazard, than ever any other Knight did any, by the valorous Don Quixote of the Mancha.

IT is not poſſible, my Lord, but that theſe green herbs do argue, that near unto this place muſt be ſome fountain or ſtream that watereth them; and therefore I pray you let us go a little farther, and we ſhall meet that which may mitigate the terrible thirſt that afflicts us, which ſets us queſtionleſs in more pain than did our hunger. This counſel was allowed by *Don Quixote*: and therefore leading *Rozinante* by the bridle, and *Sancho* his Aſs by the halter, after laying up the reverſion of their ſupper, they ſet on through the plain, only guided by their gueſs; for the night was ſo dark, as they could not ſee a jot. And ſcarce had they travelled two hundred paces, when they heard a great noiſe of water, as if it fell head-long from ſome great and ſteep Rock. The noiſe did chear them very much; and ſtanding to hear from whence it ſounded, they heard unawares another noiſe, which watered all the Continent: they conceived before, ſpecially in *Sancho*, who, as I have noted, was naturally very fearful and of little ſpirit: they heard (I ſay) certain blows ſtrucken with proportion, with a kind of ratling of irons and chains, which accompanied by the furious ſound of the water, might ſtrike terrour into any other heart but *Don Quixote*'s.

THE night, as we ſaid, was dark, and they happened to enter in among certain tall and lofty trees, whoſe leaves moved by a ſoft gale of wind, made a fearful and ſtill noiſe. So that the ſolitude, ſituation, darkneſs, and the noiſe of the water, and trembling of the leaves, con-

curring, did breed horrour and affright. But ſpecially, ſeeing that the blows never ceaſed, the wind ſlept not, nor the morning approached; whereunto may be added, that they knew not the place where they were. But *Don Quixote* accompanied with his valiant heart, leaped on *Rozinante*, and embracing his Buckler, brandiſhed his Lance, and ſaid:

'FRIEND *Sancho*, I would have thee know, that I 'was born by the diſpoſition of Heaven, in this our age 'of iron, to reſuſcitate in it that of Gold, or the gol-'den World, as it is called. I am he, for whom are 'reſerved all dangerous, great, and valorous feats. I 'ſay again, that I am, he which ſhall ſet up again thoſe 'of the *Round Table, the twelve Peers of* France, and the '*Nine Worthies*. I am he, who ſhall cauſe the acts to 'be forgotten of thoſe *Platires*, *Tablantes*, *Olivantes*, 'and *Tirantes*. The *Phebuſſes*, *Belianiſes*, with all the 'crue of the famous Knights-Errant of times paſt, do-'ing in this wherein I live, ſuch great and wonderful 'feats of Arms, as ſhall obſcure the braveſt that ever 'they atchieved. Thou noteſt well, faithful and loyal 'Squire, the darkneſs of this Night, the ſtrange ſilence, 'the deaf and confuſed trembling of theſe Trees, the 'dreadful noiſe of that Water, in whoſe ſearch we 'come, which ſeems to throw it ſelf head-long down 'from the ſteep mountains of the Moon, the inceaſſa-'ble blows which do ſtill wound our ears; all which 'together, and every one apart, are able to ſtrike ter-'rour, fear, and amazement into the very mind of '*Mars*, how much more in his that is not accuſtomed 'to the like chances and adventures? Yet all this which 'I have depainted to thee, are inciters and rowzers of 'my mind, which now cauſeth my heart almoſt to 'burſt in my breaſt, with the deſire it hath to try this 'adventure, how difficult ſoever it ſhews it ſelf. Where-'fore tie my horſe-girts a little ſtraighter, and farewel: 'here in this place thou may'ſt expect me three days 'and no more. And if I ſhall not return in that ſpace, 'thou may'ſt go back to our village, and from thence '(for my ſake) to *Toboſo*. where thou ſhalt ſay to my 'incom-

'incomparable Lady *Dulcinea*, that her captive Knight 'died, by attempting things that might make him wor-'thy to be called hers.

WHEN *Sancho* heard his Lord ſpeak theſe Words, he began to weep with the greateſt compaſſion of the world, and ſay unto him, Sir, I ſee no reaſon why you ſhould undertake this fearful adventure: it is now night, and no body can perceive us, we may very well croſs the way, and apart our ſelves from danger, although we ſhould therefore want drink theſe three days. And ſeeing none behold us, there will be much leſs any one to take notice of our cowardize; the rather becauſe I heard oft-times the Curate of our Village whom you know very well, preach, *That he which ſeeks the danger, periſheth therein*; ſo that, it is not good to tempt God, undertaking ſuch a huge affair, out of which you cannot eſcape, but by miracle: and let thoſe which heaven hath already wrought for you, ſuffice, in delivering you from being toſt in a Coverlet, as I was, and bringing you away victor, free, and ſafe, from among ſo many enemies, as accompanied the dead man.

AND when all this ſhall not move or ſoften your hard heart, let this move it, to think and certainly believe, that ſcarce ſhall you depart from this place, when through very fear I ſhall give up my ſoul to him that pleaſeth to take it. I left my country, wife, and children to come and ſerve you, hoping thereby to be worth more and not leſs: but as *covetouſneſs breaks the ſack*, ſo hath it alſo torn my hopes, ſeeing when they were moſt pregnant and lively, to obtain that unlucky and accurſed Iſland, which you promiſed me ſo often: I ſee that in exchange and pay thereof, you mean to forſake me here in a Deſart, out of all frequentation. For God's ſake do not me ſuch a wrong, my Lord; and if you will not wholly deſiſt from your purpoſe, yet defer it at leaſt till the morning; for as my little skill that I learned when I was a ſhepherd, telleth me, the dawning is not three hours off, * for the mouth of

* *Porque la boca de la bozina eſta lucina de la cabeça*, p. 168.

the

the fiſh is over the head, and maketh midnight in the line of the left arm.

How canſt thou, *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, ſee where is the line, or that mouth, or that tail, of which thou ſpeakeſt, ſeeing the night is ſo dark, that one ſtar alone appeareth not? That is true, quoth *Sancho*, but fear hath eyes, which can ſee things under the ground, and much more in the skies. And beſides, we may gather by good diſcourſe, that the day is not far off. Let it be as little off as it liſts, quoth Don *Quixote*, it ſhall never be recorded of me, that either tears or prayers could ever diſſwade me from performing the duty of a Knight: and therefore, good *Sancho*, hold thy peace, for God who hath inſpired me to attempt this unſeen and fearful adventure, will have an eye to my Weal, and alſo to comfort thy ſorrow. And that thou haſt therefore to do, is to make ſtraight my girts, and remain here, for I will return ſhortly either alive or dead.

Sancho perceiving his Lord's laſt reſolution, and how little his tears, counſels, or prayers, could avail, reſolved to profit himſelf a little of his wit, and make him if he could to expect untill day, and ſo when he did faſten the girts, he ſoftly without being felt, tied his Aſs's halter to both *Rozinante*'s legs, ſo faſt, that when Don *Quixote* thought to depart, he could not, for that his horſe could not go a ſtep, but leaping.

Sancho ſeeing the good ſucceſs of his guile, ſaid, Behold, Sir, how heaven moved by my tears and prayers, hath ordained that *Rozinante* ſhould not go a ſtep: and if you will be ſtill contending, and ſpurring, and ſtriking him, you will do nothing but inrage fortune, and as the proverb ſays, *But ſpurn againſt the prick.* Don *Quixote* grew wood at this, and yet the more he ſpurred him, he was the leſs able to go: wherefore without perceiving the cauſe of his horſe's ſtay, he reſolved at laſt to be quiet, and expect either till the morning, or elſe till *Rozinante* would pleaſe to depart, believing verily, that the impediment came of ſome other cauſe, and not from *Sancho*, and therefore ſaid unto him,

ſince

ſince it is ſo, *Sancho*, that *Rozinante* cannot ſtir him, I am content to tarry till the dawning, although her tardineſs coſt me ſome tears. You ſhall have no cauſe to weep, replied *Sancho*, for I will entertain you, telling of Hiſtories until it be day, if you will not alight and take a nap upon theſe green herbs, as Knights-Errant are wont; that you may be the freſher and better able to morrow to attempt that monſtrous adventure which you expect.

WHAT doſt thou call alighting, or ſleeping, quoth *Don Quixote?* am I peradventure one of thoſe Knights that repoſe in time of danger? ſleep thou, who waſt born to ſleep, or do what thou pleaſe, for I will do that which I ſhall ſee fitteſt for my pretence. Good Sir, be not angry, quoth *Sancho*, for I did not ſpeak with that intention: and ſo drawing near unto him, he ſet one of his hands on the pummel of the Saddle, and the other hinder in ſuch ſort, that he reſted embracing his Lord's left thigh, not daring to depart from thence the breadth of a finger; ſuch was the fear he had of thoſe blows, which all the while did ſound without ceaſing.

THEN *Don Quixote* commanded him to tell ſome tale to paſs away the time, as he had promiſed, and *Sancho* ſaid he would, if the fear of that which he heard would ſuffer him. Yet, quoth he, for all this I will encourage my ſelf to tell you one, whereon if I can hit aright, and that I be not interrupted, is the beſt Hiſtory that ever you heard, and be you attentive, for now I begin. *It was that it was, the good that ſhall befal be for us all, and the harm for him that ſearches it.* And you muſt be advertiſed, good Sir, that the beginning that ancient men gave to their tales, was not of ordinary things, and it was a ſentence of *Cato* the *Roman Conrozin*: Which ſays, *And the harm be for him that ſearches it*: which is as fit for this place, as a Ring for a Finger, to the end that you may be quiet, and not to go ſeek your own harm to any place, but that we turn us another way, for no body compelleth us to follow this, where ſo many fears do ſurprize us.

PRO-

PROSECUTE this tale, *Sancho*, (ſaid *Don Quixote*) and leave the charge of the way we muſt go, to me.

I SAY then, quoth *Sancho*, that in a village of *Eſtremadura*, there was a Shepherd, I would ſay a Goat-herd: And as I ſay of my tale, this Goat-herd was called *Lope Ruyz*; and this *Lope Ruyz* was enamoured of a Shepherdeſs, who was called *Torralva*; the which Shepherdeſs, called *Torralva*, was Daughter to a rich Herd-man; and this rich Herdman -- -- --

IF thou telleſt thy tale, *Sancho*, after that manner (quoth *Don Quixote*) repeating every twice that thou ſayeſt, thou wilt not end it theſe two days. Tell it ſuccinctly, and like one of judgment, or elſe ſay nothing.

OF the very ſame faſhion that I tell, are all tales told in my Country, and I know not how to tell it any other, nor is it reaſon that you ſhould ask of me to make new cuſtoms.

TELL it as thou pleaſeſt, quoth *Don Quixote*, for ſince fortune will not otherwiſe, but that I muſt hear thee, go forward.

SO that, my dear Sir of my ſoul, quoth *Sancho*, that as I have ſaid already, this Shepherd was in love with *Torralva* the Shepherdeſs, who was a round wench, ſcornful, and drew ſomewhat near to a man, for ſhe had mochachoes; for methinks I ſee her now before my face. Belike then, quoth *Don Quixote*, thou knoweſt her? I did not know her, quoth *Sancho*: but he that told me the tale, ſaid it was ſo certain and true, that I might, when I told it to any other, very well ſwear and affirm that I had ſeen it all my ſelf. So that days paſſing and days coming, the Devil, who ſleeps not, and † who troubles all, wrought in ſuch ſort, as the love that the Shepherd bore to the Shepherdeſs, turned into man-ſlaughter and ill-will, and the cauſe was according to bad tongues, a certain

† *Y que todo le annaſca*, p. 171.

quantity

quantity of little jealouſies that ſhe gave him, ſuch as they paſs'd the line, and came to the forbidden *. And the Shepherd did hate her ſo much afterward, that he was content to leave all that Country, becauſe he would not ſee her, and go where his Eyes ſhould never look upon her. *Torralva*, that ſaw her ſelf diſdained by *Lope*, did preſently love him, better than ever ſhe did before. That is a natural condition of women, quoth Don *Quixote*, to diſdain thoſe that love them, and to affect thoſe which hate them. Paſs forward, *Sancho*.

It hapned, quoth *Sancho*, that the Shepherd ſet his purpoſe in Execution, and gathering up his Goats, he travelled through the Fields of *Eſtremadura*, to paſs into the Kingdom of *Portugal*. *Torralva*, which knew it well, follow'd him a foot, and bare legg'd, a far off, with a Pilgrim's Staff in her Hand, and a Wallet hanging at her Neck, where (they ſay) that ſhe carried a piece of a Looking-glaſs, and another of a Comb, and I know not what little Bottle of Changes for her Face. But let her carry what ſhe carries, for I will not put my ſelf now to verify that: Only I will ſay that they ſay, that the Shepherd arrived with his Goats to paſs over the River *Guadiana*, which in that Seaſon was ſwollen very much, and over-flowed the Banks, and at that Side where he came, there was neither Boat nor Bark, nor any to paſs himſelf, or his Goats over the River, for which he was very much grieved, becauſe he ſaw that *Torralva* came very near, and ſhe would trouble him very much with her Prayers and Tears. But he went ſo long looking up and down, that he eſpied a Fiſherman, who had ſo little a Boat, as it could only hold one Man and a Goat at once, and for all that, he ſpoke and agreed with him, to paſs himſelf, and three hundred Goats that he had over the River. The Fiſherman entred into the Boat, and carried over one Goat, he returned, and paſt over another, and turned back again, and paſt over another. Keep you, Sir, good account of the Goats, that the Fiſherman ferries over; for if

* *A* Spaniſh *Proverb touching their jealouſy.*

one

one only be forgotten, the tale will end, and it will not be poſſible to tell one Word more of it. I follow on then, and I ſay, that the other Side was very Dirty and Slippery, which made the Fiſherman ſpend much Time, coming to and fro. Yet for all that, he turned for another Goat, and another, and another.

MAKE account, quoth Don *Quixote*, that thou haſt paſt them all over, for otherwiſe thou wilt not make an end of paſſing them in a whole Years ſpace. How many, ſaid *Sancho*, are already paſt over?

WHAT a Devil know I, ſaid Don *Quixote*? See there, that which I ſaid, quoth *Sancho*, that you ſhould keep good account: By *Jove* the tale is ended therefore, for there is no paſſing forward.

HOW can that be, ſaid Don *Quixote*? is it ſo greatly of the eſſence of this Hiſtory, to know the Goats that are paſt ſo exactly and diſtinctly, that if one of the Number be miſſed, thou canſt not follow on with thy tale? No, Sir, in no ſort, ſaid *Sancho*, for as ſoon as I demanded of you, to tell me how many Goats paſt over, and that you anſwered me, you knew not, in that very Inſtant went from me out of my Memory all that was to be told, and yfaith it was of great Virtue and Content.

So then, quoth Don *Quixote*, the tale is ended? it is as certainly as is my Mother, quoth *Sancho*. Surely, replied Don *Quixote*, thou haſt recounted one of the rareſt Tales or Hiſtories that any one of the World could think upon, and that ſuch a manner of telling or finiſhing a Tale, was never yet ſeen, or ſhall be ſeen again, although I never expected any other Thing from thy good Diſcourſe. But I do not greatly marvel; for perhaps thoſe ſenſeleſs Strokes have troubled thine Underſtanding. All that may be, ſaid *Sancho*, but I know, in the diſcourſe of my Tale there is no more to be ſaid, but that there it ends, where the Errour of counting the Goats that were wafted over the River begins. Let it end in a good Hour where it liſts, anſwered Don *Quixote*, and let us try whether *Rozinante* can yet ſtir himſelf. Then did he turn again to give him the Spurs, and

and he to leap as he did at the firſt, and reſt anew, being unable to do either, he was ſo well ſhackled.

It hapned about this Time, that either through the Cold of the Morning, or that *Sancho* had eaten at Supper ſome lenitive Meat, or that it was a Thing natural (and that is moſt credible) he had a Deſire to do that which others could not do for him; but ſuch was the Fear that entred into his Heart, as he dared not depart from his Lord the breadth of a Straw: And to think to leave that which he deſired undone, was alſo impoſſible: Therefore his Reſolution in that perplexed Exigent (be it ſpoken with Pardon) was this, He looſed his Right Hand, wherewithal he held faſt the hinder part of the Saddle, and therewithal very ſoftly, and without any Noiſe, he untied the Codpiece-point, wherewithal his Breeches were only ſupported, which (that being let ſlip) did preſently fall down about his Legs like a pair of Bolts: After this, lifting up his Shirt the beſt he could, he expoſed his Buttocks to the Air, which were not the leaſt. This being done, which as he thought was the chiefeſt Thing requiſite to iſſue out that terrible Anguiſh and Plunge, he was ſuddenly troubled with a greater; to wit, that he knew not how to disburden himſelf, without making a Noiſe: Which to avoid, firſt he ſhut his Teeth cloſe, lifted up his Shoulders, and gathered up his Breath as much as he might: Yet notwithſtanding all theſe Diligences, he was ſo unfortunate, that he made a little Noiſe at the end, much different from that which made him ſo fearful. Don *Quixote* heard it, and ſaid, what Noiſe is that *Sancho?* I know not, Sir, quoth he. I think it be ſome new Thing: For Adventures, or rather Diſventures never begin with a little. Then turned he once again to try his hap: And it ſucceeded ſo well, that without any Rumour or Noiſe, but that which he did at the firſt, he found himſelf free of this loading that troubled him ſo much.

But Don *Quixote* having the Senſe of ſmelling as perfect as that of his hearing; and *Sancho* ſtood ſo near, or rather joined to him, as the Vapours did aſcend upward,

ward, almoſt by a direct line, he could not excuſe himſelf, but that ſome of them muſt needs touch his Noſe. And ſcarce had they arrived, but that he occur'd to the uſual remedy, and ſtopt it very well between his Fingers, and then ſaid with a ſnaffling voice; methinks, *Sancho*, that thou art much afraid. I am indeed, replied *Sancho*, but wherein, I pray you, do you perceive it now more than ever? In that thou ſmell'ſt now more than ever, quoth Don *Quixote*, and that not of *Amber*.

It may be ſo, quoth *Sancho*, yet the fault is not mine, but yours, which brings me at ſuch unſeaſonable hours, thorow ſo deſolate and fearful places. I pray thee, friend, retire thy ſelf two or three ſteps back, quoth Don *Quixote*, holding his Fingers ſtill upon his Noſe, and from henceforth have more care of thy perſon, and of the reſpect thou oweſt to mine; for I ſee, the overmuch familiarity that I uſe with thee, hath ingendred this contempt. I dare wager, quoth *Sancho*, that you think I have done ſomewhat with my perſon that I ought not. Friend *Sancho*, quoth Don *Quixote*, it is the worſe to ſtir it thus. And thus in theſe and ſuch like converſations, the Maſter and the Man paſſed over the night. And *Sancho* ſeeing that the morning approached, he looſed *Rozinante* very warily, and tied up his hoſe. *Rozinante* feeling himſelf (although he was not naturally very couragious) he ſeem'd to rejoice, and began to beat the ground with his hoofs; for by his leave he could never yet curvet. Don *Quixote*, ſeeing that *Rozinante* could now ſtir, accounted it to be a good ſign, and an encouragement of him to attempt that timorous adventure.

By this, *Aurora* did diſplay her purple mantle over the face of Heaven, and every thing appeared diſtinctly, which made Don *Quixote* perceive that he was among a number of tall Cheſnut-trees, which commonly make a great ſhadow. He heard likewiſe thoſe inceſſable ſtrokes, but could not eſpy the cauſe of them; wherefore, giving *Rozinante* preſently the ſpur, and turning back again to *Sancho* to bid him farewel, he commanded him to ſtay for him there three days at the longeſt,

and

and that if he returned not after the ſpace, he ſhould make full account, that *Jove* was pleaſed he ſhould end his days in that dangerous adventure. He repeated to him again the embaſſage and errant he ſhould carry in this behalf to his Lady *Dulcinea*, and that touching the reward of his ſervices, he ſhould not fear any thing, for he had left his Teſtament made before he departed from his Village, where he ſhould find himſelf gratified, touching all that which pertained to his hire, according to the rate of the time he had ſerved. But if God would bring him off from that adventure, ſafe and ſound, and without danger, he might fully account to receive the promiſed Iſland.

HERE *Sancho* began anew to weep, hearing again the pitiful diſcourſes of his good Lord, and determined not to abandon him, until the laſt trance and end of that affair, and out of theſe tears and honourable reſolution of *Sancho*, the Author of this Hiſtory collects, that it is like he was well born, or at the very leaſt, an old *Chriſtian*, whoſe grief did move his maſter a little, but not ſo much as he ſhould ſhew the leaſt argument of weakneſs, but rather diſſembling it the beſt that he could, he followed on his way towards the way of the water, and that where the ſtrokes were heard. *Sancho* followed him a-foot, leading as he was wont, his Aſs by the Halter, who was the inſeparable fellow of his proſperous or adverſe fortunes.

AND having travelled a good ſpace among thoſe Cheſnut and ſhady trees, they came out into a little Plain that ſtood at the foot of certain ſteep rocks, from whoſe tops did precipitate it ſelf a great fall of water. There were at the foot of thoſe rocks certain houſes, ſo ill made, as they rather ſeemed ruins of buildings than houſes; from whence as they perceived, did iſſue the fearful rumour and noiſe of the ſtrokes, which yet continued.

Rozinante at this dreadful noiſe did ſtart, and being made quiet by his Lord Don *Quixote*, did by little and little draw near to the houſes, recommending himſelf

on

on the way moſt devoutly to his Lady *Dulcinea*, and alſo to *Jove*, deſiring him that he would not forget him.

Sancho never departed from his Lord's ſide, and ſtretched out his neck and eyes as far as he might through *Rozinante*'s legs, to ſee if he could perceive that which held him ſo fearful and ſuſpended. And after they had travelled about a hundred paces more, at the doubling of a point of a mountain they ſaw the very cauſe, patent and open (for there could be none other) of that ſo hideous and fearful a noiſe that had kept them all the night ſo doubtful and affrighted, and was (O Reader, if thou wilt not take it in bad part) ſix iron Maces that fulled cloth, which, with their interchangeable blows, did form that marvellous noiſe.

WHEN Don *Quixote* ſaw what it was, he waxed mute and all aſhamed. *Sancho* beheld him, and ſaw that he hanged his head on his breaſt, with tokens that he was ſomewhat aſhamed. Don *Quixote* looked alſo on his Squire, and ſaw that his cheeks were ſwoln with laughter, giving withal evident ſigns that he was in danger to burſt, if he did not permit that violent paſſion to make a ſally, whereat, all Don *Quixote*'s melancholy little prevailing, he could not (beholding *Sancho*) but laugh alſo himſelf. And when *Sancho* ſaw that his maſter had begun the play, he let ſlip the priſoner, in ſuch violent manner, to preſs his ſides hardly with both his hands to ſave himſelf from burſting. Four times he ended, and other four he renewed his laughter with as great impulſe and force as at the firſt: whereat *Don Quixote* was wonderfully enraged, but chiefly hearing him ſay in gibing manner, I would have thee know, friend *Sancho*, that I was born by the diſpoſition of heaven in this our age of iron, to renew in it that of gold, or the golden world. I am he for whom are reſerved all dangerous, great, and valorous Feats. And in this ſort he went, repeating all or the greateſt part of the words Don *Quixote* had ſaid, the firſt time that they heard the timorous blows. Don *Quixote* perceiving that *Sancho* mocked him, grew ſo aſhamed and angry withal, that lifting up the end of his Lance, he gave him two ſuch blows on the back, as if he had received

received them on his pate, would have freed his Maſter from paying him any wages, if it were not to his heirs.

Sancho ſeeing that he gained ſo ill earneſt by his jeſts, fearing that his Maſter ſhould go onward with it, he ſaid unto him with very great ſubmiſſion: Pacify yourſelf good Sir, for by *Jove* I did but jeſt. But why doſt thou jeſt? I tell thee, I do not jeſt, quoth Don *Quixote*. Come here, Maſter Merry-man, thinkeſt thou that as thoſe are iron Maces to full cloth, they were ſome other dangerous adventure, that I have not ſhewn reſolution enough to undertake and finiſh it? Am I by chance obliged, being as I am a Knight to know and diſtinguiſh noiſes, and perceive which are of a fulling Mill or no? And more it might (as it is true) that I never ſaw any before as thou haſt done, baſe Villain that thou art, born and brought up among the like: if not, make thou theſe ſix Maces be converted into ſix Giants, and caſt them in my beard one by one, or all together: and when I do not turn all their heels up, then mock me as much as thou pleaſeſt.

No more, good Sir, quoth *Sancho:* for I confeſs I have been ſomewhat too laughſome. But tell me, I pray you, now that we are in peace, as God ſhall deliver you out of all adventures that may befal you, as whole and ſound, as he hath done out of this; hath not the great fear we were in, been a good ſubject of laughter, and a thing worthy the telling? At leaſt I, for of you I am certain that you do not yet know what fear or terrour is. I do not deny, quoth *Don Quixote*, but that which befel us, is worthy of laughter: yet ought it not to be recounted, for as much as all perſons are not ſo diſcreet, as to know how to diſcern one thing from another, and ſet every thing in his right point. You know at leaſtwiſe, quoth *Sancho*, how to ſet your Javelin in his point, when pointing at my pate, you hit me on the ſhoulders, thanks be to God, and to the diligence I put in going aſide. But farewel it, for all will away in the bucking: and I have heard old folk ſay, That Man loves thee well, who makes thee to weep: and beſides, great Lords

Lords are wont after a bad word which they ſay to one of their ſerving-men, to beſtow on him preſently a pair of hoſe. But I know not yet what they are wont to give them after blows, if it be not that Knights-Errant give after the baſtinado, Iſlands, or Kingdoms on the continent.

THE Die might run ſo favourably, quoth *Don Quixote*, as all thou haſt ſaid, might come to paſs: and therefore pardon what is done, ſince thou art diſcreet, and knoweſt that a man's firſt motions are not in his hand. And be advertiſed of one thing from hence-forward (to the end to abſtain, and carry thy ſelf more reſpectively in thy overmuch liberty of ſpeech with me) that in as many books of Chivalry as I have read, which are infinite, I never found that any Squire ſpoke ſo much with his Lord, as thou doſt with thine; which in good ſooth I do attribute to thy great indiſcretion and mine; thine, in reſpecting me ſo little; mine, in not making my ſelf to be more regarded. Was not *Gandalin Amadis de Gaule's* Squire, Earl of the *firm Iſland?* and yet it is read of him that he ſpoke to his Lord with his cap in his hand, his head bowed, and his body bended (*more Turceſco.*) What then ſhall we ſay of *Gaſabel Don Gataor's* Squire, who was ſo ſilent, as to declare us the excellency thereof, his name is but once repeated in all that ſo great and authentical a Hiſtory? Of all which my words, *Sancho*, thou muſt infer, that thou muſt make difference between the Maſter and the man, the Lord and his ſerving-man, the Knight and his Squire. So that from this day forward we muſt proceed with more reſpect, not letting the clue run ſo much, for after what way ſoever I grow angry with thee, it will be bad for the Pitcher. The rewards and benefits that I have promiſed thee, will come in their time, and if they do not, thy wages cannot be loſt (as I have already ſaid to thee.)

YOU ſay very well, quoth *Sancho*: but fain would I learn in caſe that the time of rewards came not, and that I muſt of neceſſity truſt to my wages,) how much a Knight-Errant's Squire did gain in times paſt?

Or

Or if they did agree for months, or by days, as Maſon's men.

I DO not think, quoth *Don Quixote*, that they went by the hire, but only truſted to their Lords curteſy. And if I have aſſigned wages to thee in my ſealled Teſtament, which I left at home, it was to prevent the worſt, becauſe I know not yet what ſucceſs *Chivalry* may have in theſe our ſo miſerable times, and I would not have my ſoul ſuffer in the other world for ſuch a minuity as is thy wages. For thou muſt underſtand, that in this world there is no ſtate ſo dangerous as that of Knights-Errant. That is moſt true, replied *Sancho*, ſeeing the only ſound of the Maces of a fulling Mill, could trouble and diſquiet the heart of ſo valiant a Knight as you are. But you may be ſure, that I will not hereafter once unfold my lips to jeſt at your doings, but only to honour you as my Maſter and natural Lord. By doing ſo, replied *Don Quixote*, thou ſhalt live on the face of the earth; for next to our parents, we are bound to reſpect our Maſter, as if they were our fathers.

CHAP. VII.

Of the high adventure and rich winning of the Helmet of Mambrino, *and other ſucceſſes befall'n the invincible Knight.*

IT began about this time to rain, and *Sancho* would fain have entred into the fulling Mills, but *Don Quixote* had conceived ſuch a hate againſt them for the jeſt recounted, as he would in no wiſe come near them, but turning his way on the right-hand, he fell into a highway, as much beaten as that wherein they rode the day before; within a while after, *Don Quixote* eſpied one a horſeback, that bore on his head, ſomewhat that gliſtered like gold; and ſcarce had he ſeen him, when

he turned to *Sancho*, and ſaid, Methinks, *Sancho*, that there's no proverb that is not true, for they are all ſentences taken out of experience it ſelf, which is the univerſal mother of Sciences; and ſpecially that proverb that ſays, *Where one door is ſhut, another is opened.* I ſay this, becauſe if fortune did ſhut yeſternight the door that we ſearched, deceiving us in the adventure of the iron Maces, it lays us now wide open the door that may addreſs us to a better and more certain adventure, whereon if I cannot make a good entry, the fall ſhall be mine, without being able to attribute it to the little knowledge of the fulling Maces, or the darkneſs of the night: which I affirm, becauſe if I be not, deceived, there comes one towards us, that wears on his head the Helmet of *Mambrino*, for which I made the oath.

SEE well what you ſay, Sir, and better what you do, quoth *Sancho*: for I would not wiſh that this were new Maces to batter us and our underſtanding.

THE Devil take the for a man, replied *Don Quixote*: what difference is there betwixt a Helmet and fulling Maces? I know not, quoth *Sancho*, but if I could ſpeak as much now as I was wont, perhaps I would give you ſuch reaſons, as you your ſelf ſhould ſee how much you are deceived in that you ſpeak.

HOW may I be deceived in that I ſay, ſcrupulous traytor, quoth *Don Quixote*? Tell me, ſeeſt thou not that Knight which comes riding towards us on a dapple grey horſe, with a helmet of gold on his head? That which I ſee and find out to be ſo, anſwered *Sancho*, is none other than a man on a grey Aſs like mine own, and brings on his head ſomewhat that ſhines. Why, that is *Mambrino's* helmet, quoth *Don Quixote*: ſtand aſide, and leave me alone with him, thou ſhalt ſee how without ſpeech to cut of delays, I will conclude this adventure, and remain with the Helmet as mine own, which I have deſired ſo much. I will have care to ſtand off, but I turn again to ſay, that I pray God, that it be a purchaſe of gold, and not fulling Mills. I have already ſaid to thee, that thou do not make any more

more mention, no not in thought of thoſe Maces; for if thou doſt, ſaid *Don Quixote*, I vow, I ſay no more, that I will batter thy ſoul. Hereat *Sancho* fearing leſt his Maſter would accompliſh the vow which he had thrown out as round as a bowl, held his peace.

THIS therefore is the truth of the Hiſtory of the Helmet, Horſe and Knight which *Don Quixote* ſaw: There was in that Commark two villages, the one ſo little, as it had neither Shop nor Barber, but the greater that was near unto it, was furniſhed of one, and he therefore did ſerve the little village when they had any occaſion, as now it befel, that therein lay one ſick, and muſt be let blood, and another that deſired to trim his beard; for which purpoſe the Barber came, bringing with him a brazen Baſon: and as he travelled, it by chance began to rain, and therefore he clapt his Baſon on his head, to ſave his Hat from ſtaining, becauſe it belike was a new one. And the Baſon being clean ſcoured, gliſtred half a league off. He rode on a grey Aſs, as *Sancho* ſaid; and that was the reaſon why *Don Quixote* took him to be a dapple grey Steed, a Knight and a Helmet of gold; for he did with all facility apply every thing which he ſaw, to his raving Chivalry and ill-errant thoughts. And when he ſaw that the poor Knight drew near, without ſettling himſelf to commune with him, he inreſted his * javelin low on the thigh, and ran with all the force *Rozinante* might, thinking to ſtrike him thorow and thorow. And drawing near unto him, without ſtopping his horſe, he cryed, Defend thy ſelf, Caitiff, or elſe render unto me willingly, that which is my due by all reaſon.

THE Barber, who ſo without fearing or ſurmiſing any ſuch thing, ſaw that fantaſive and ſpirit come upon him, had no other remedy to avoid the blow of the Lance, but to fall off of his Aſs to the ground: and ſcarce had he touched the earth, when riſing up again as light as a Deer, he run away ſo ſwiftly thorow the

* Sancon.

plain, as the wind could ſcarce overtake him; leaving behind him on the ground his Baſon, wherewithal *Don Quixote* reſted content, and ſaid, that *Pagan* which loſt it was diſcreet, and did imitate the *Caſtor*, who ſeeing himſelf hotly purſued by the hunters, which tears and cuts away that with his teeth, for which he knows by natural inſtinct he is follow'd.

THEN he commanded *Sancho* to take up the Helmet, who lifted it, ſaid, The Baſon is a good one, and is as well worth a Rial of eight as a Marvedy; and giving it to his Lord, he preſently ſet it on his head, turning it about every way, to ſee whether he could get the Beaver: and ſeeing he could not find it, he ſaid, The *Pagan* for whom this famous Helmet was firſt forged, had doubtleſly a very great head; and that which grieves me principally, is, that this Helmet wants the one half.

WHEN *Sancho* heard him call the Baſon a Helmet, he could not contain his laughter, but preſently remembring on his Maſter's choler, he checkt it in the midſt. Why doſt thou laugh, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*? I laugh, ſaid he, to think on the great head the *Pagan* owner of this Helmet had. For it is for all the world like a Barber's Baſon.

KNOW *Sancho*, that I imagine, quoth Don *Quixote*, that this famous piece of this enchanted Helmet, did fall by ſome ſtrange accident into ſome ones hands that knew not the worth thereof, and ſeeing it was of pure gold, without knowing what he did, I think he hath molten the half to profit himſelf therewithal, and made of the other half, this which ſeems a Barbers Baſon, as thou ſayeſt. But be what it liſt, to me who knows well what it is, his tranſmutation makes no matter, for I will dreſs it ſo in the firſt town, where I ſhall find a Smith, as that which the god of forges made for the god of war, ſhall not ſurpaſs, no nor come near it; and in the mean while I will wear it as I may, for ſomething is better than nothing; and more, ſeeing it may very well defend me from the blow of a ſtone.

THAT'S

THAT's true, quoth *Sancho*, if it be not thrown out of a ſling, ſuch as that of the battle of the two armies, when they bleſſed your worſhip's cheek-teeth, and broke the bottle wherein you carried the moſt bleſſed drench which made me vomit up my guts.

I DO not much care for the loſs of it, *Sancho* quoth *Don Quixote*, for, as thou knoweſt, I have the receipt in memory. So have I likewiſe, quoth *Sancho:* but if ever I make it or taſte it again in my life, I pray God that here may be mine end. How much more, I never mean to thruſt myſelf into any occaſion wherein I ſhould have need of it; for I mean with all my five ſenſes to keep myſelf from hurting any, or being hurt. Of being once again toſt in a Coverlet I ſay nothing, for ſuch diſgraces can hardly be prevented: and if they befal, there is no other remedy but patience, and to lift up the ſhoulders, keep in the breath, ſhut the eyes, and ſuffer our ſelves to be born where Fortune and the Coverlet pleaſeth.

THOU art a bad Chriſtian, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, hearing him ſay ſo; for thou never forgetteſt the injuries that are once done to thee: know that it is the duty of noble and generous minds, not to make any account of toys. What leg haſt thou brought away lame, what leg broken, or what head hurt, that thou canſt not yet forget that jeſt? for the thing being well examined, it was none other than a jeſt or paſtime; for if I did not take it to be ſuch, I had returned by this to that place, and done more harm in thy revenge, than that which the *Greeks* did for the rape of *Helen:* who if ſhe were in theſe times, or my *Dulcinea* in her's, ſhe might be ſure ſhe ſhould never have gained ſo much fame for beauty as ſhe did, and ſaying ſo, he pierced the ſky with a ſigh. Then ſaid *Sancho*, Let it paſs for a jeſt, ſince the revenge cannot paſs in earneſt. But I know well the quality both of the jeſts and earneſt, and alſo that they ſhall never fall out of my memory, as they will never out of my ſhoulders. But leaving this apart, what ſhall we do with this dapple grey Steed, that looks ſo like a grey Aſs, which that *Martin* left behind, whom you overthrew, who according as he laid feet on the duſt and

made haſte, he minds not to come back for him again, and by my beard the grey beaſt is a good one.

I AM not accuſtomed, quoth Don *Quixote*, to ranſack and ſpoil thoſe whom I overcome, nor is it the practice of Chivalry to take their horſes, and let them go a-foot, unleſs it befal the victor to loſe in the conflict his own; for in ſuch a caſe it is lawful to take that of the vanquiſhed, as won in fair war. So that, *Sancho*, leave that Horſe, or Aſs, or what elſe thou pleaſeſt to call it, for when his owner ſeeth us departed, he will return again for it. God knows, quoth *Sancho*, whether it will be good or no, for me to take him, or at leaſt change for mine own, which methinks is not ſo good. Truly the laws of Knighthood are ſtraight, ſince they extend not themſelves to licence the exchange of one Aſs for another: and I would know whether they permit at leaſt to change the one harneſs for another. In that I am not very ſure, quoth Don *Quixote*, and as a caſe of doubt (until I be better informed) I ſay that thou exchange them, if by chance thy need be extream. So extream, quoth *Sancho*, that if they were for mine own very perſon, I could not need them more. And preſently enabled by the licence, he made *mutatio Caparum*, and ſet forth his beaſt like a hundred holy-days.

THIS being done, they broke their faſt with the relicks of the ſpoils they had made in the Camp of Sumpter-horſe, and drunk of the Mill's ſtreams, without once turning to look on them (ſo much they abhorred them for the marvellous terrour they had ſtrucken them in) and having by their repaſt cut away all cholerick and melancholick humours, they followed on the way which *Rozinante* pleaſed to lead them (who was the depoſitory of his Maſter's will, and alſo of the Aſs's, who followed him always whereſoever he went in good amity and company). For all this they returned to the high way, wherein they travelled at random, without any certain deliberation which way to go. And as they thus travelled, *Sancho* ſaid to his Lord, Sir, will you give me leave to commune a little with you; for ſince you have impoſed that ſharp commandment of ſilence, more than four

four things have rotted in my ſtomach, and one thing that I have now upon the tip of my tongue, I would not wiſh for any thing that it ſhould miſcarry? Say it, quoth *Don Quixote*, and be brief in thy reaſons, *For none is delightful if it be prolix.*

I SAY then, quoth *Sancho*, that I have been theſe latter days, conſidering how little is gained by following theſe adventures that you do, through theſe deſerts and croſs-ways, where though you overcome and finiſh the moſt dangerous, yet no man ſees or knows them, and ſo they ſhall remain in perpetual ſilence, both to your prejudice, and that of the fame which they deſerve. And therefore, methinks it were better (ſtill excepting your better judgment herein) that we went to ſerve ſome Emperour, or other great Prince that maketh war, in whoſe ſervice you might ſhew the valour of your perſon, your marvellous force, and wonderful judgment: which being perceived by the Lord whom we ſhall ſerve, he muſt perforce reward us, every one according to his deſerts: and in ſuch a place will not want one to record your noble acts for a perpetual memory: of mine I ſay nothing, ſeeing they muſt not tranſgreſs the Squire-like limits: although I dare avouch, that if any notice be taken in Chivalry of the feats of Squires, mine ſhall not fall away betwixt the lines.

'*Sancho*, thou ſayeſt not ill, quoth *Don Quixote*: 'but before ſuch a thing come to paſs, it is requiſite to 'ſpend ſome time up and down the world, as in pro- 'bation, ſeeking of adventures, to the end that by at- 'chieving ſome, a man may acquire ſuch fame and re- 'nown, as when he goes to the Court of any great 'Monarch, he be there already known by his works, and 'that he ſhall ſcarcely be perceived to enter at the gates 'by the boys of that City, when they all will follow 'and environ him, crying out aloud; This is the Knight 'of the Sun, or the Serpent, or of ſome other device 'under which he hath atchieved ſtrange adventures. 'This is he (will they ſay) who overcame in ſingle 'fight, the huge Giant *Brocabruno* of the invincible 'ſtrength. He that diſenchanted the great *Sophy* of

' *Perſia*, of the large enchantment wherein he had lain
' almoſt nine hundred years. So that they will thus go
' proclaiming his acts from hand to hand; and preſently
' the King of that Kingdom, moved by the great bruit
' of the boys and other people, will ſtand at the win-
' dows of his Palace to ſee what it is; and as ſoon as he
' ſhall eye the Knight, knowing him by his arms, or by
' the *Impreſſa* of his ſhield, he muſt neceſſarily ſay, Up,
' go all of you my Knights, as many of you as are in my
' Court forth, to receive the flower of Chivalry, which
' comes there: at whoſe commandment they all will
' ſally, and he himſelf will come down to the midſt of
' the ſtairs, and will embrace him moſt ſtraightly, and
' will give him the peace, kiſſing him on the cheek:
' and preſently will carry him by the hand to the Queen's
' chamber, where the Knight ſhall find her accompanied
' by the Princeſs her daughter, which muſt be one of
' the faireſt and debonair damſels that can be found
' throughout the vaſt compaſs of the earth; after this
' will preſently and in a trice ſucceed, that ſhe will caſt her
' eye on the Knight, and he on her, and each of them
' ſhall ſeem to the other no humane creature, but an An-
' gel, and then without knowing how, or how not,
' they ſhall remain captive and entangled in the inextri-
' cable amorous net, and with great care in their minds,
' becauſe they know not how they ſhall ſpeak to diſcover
' their anguiſh and feeling. From thence the King
' will carry him (without doubt) to ſome quarter of his
' palace richly hanged; where having taken off his arms,
' they will bring him a rich mantle of ſcarlet, furred
' with ermines to wear: and if he ſeemed well before
' being armed, he ſhall now look as well or better out
' of them. The night being come, he ſhall ſup with
' the King, Queen and Princeſs, where he ſhall never
' take his eye off her, beholding unawares of thoſe that
' ſtand preſent: and ſhe will do the like with as much
' diſcretion; for as I have ſaid, ſhe is a very diſcreet
' damſel. The Tables ſhall be taken up, there ſhall en-
' ter unexpectedly into the hall an ill-favoured little
' dwarf, with a fair Lady that comes behind the dwarf

' between

'between two Giants, with a certain adventure wrought
'by a moſt ancient wiſe-man, and that he who ſhall end
'it, ſhall be held for the beſt Knight of the world.
'Preſently the King will command all thoſe that are
'preſent to prove it, which they do, but none of them
'can finiſh it, but only the new-come Knight, to the
'great proof of his fame. Whereat the Princeſs will
'remain very glad, and will be very joyful and well ap-
'paid, becauſe ſhe hath ſettled her thoughts in ſo high a
'place. And the beſt of it is, that this King, or Prince,
'or what elſe he is, hath a very great war, with another
'as mighty as he; and the Knight his gueſt doth ask him
'(after he hath been in the Court a few days) licence to
'ſerve him in that war. The King will give it with a
'very good will, and the Knight will kiſs his hands
'courteouſly for the favour he doth him therein: and
'that night he will take leave of his Lady the Princeſs
'by ſome window of a Garden that looks into her bed-
'chamber; by which he hath ſpoken to her oft-times
'before, being a great means and help thereto, a certain
'damſel which the Princeſs truſts very much. He
'ſighs, and ſhe will fall in a ſwoon, and the damſel will
'bring water, to bring her to herſelf again. She will be
'alſo full of care becauſe the morning draws near, and
'ſhe would not have them be diſcovered by any for her
'Lady's honour. Finally, the Princeſs will return to her
'ſelf, and will give out her beautiful hands at the window
'to the Knight, who will kiſs them a thouſand and a
'thouſand times, and will bathe them all in tears. There
'it will remain agreed between them two, the means
'that they will uſe to acquaint one another with their
'good or bad ſucceſſes; and the Princeſs will pray him
'to ſtay away as little time as he may, which he ſhall
'promiſe unto her with many oaths and proteſtations.
'Then will he turn again to kiſs her hands, and take his
'leave of her with ſuch feeling, that there will want
'but little to end his life in the place: he goes from thence
'to his chamber, and caſts himſelf upon his bed, but he
'ſhall not be able to ſleep a nap for ſorrow of his depar-
'ture: he will after get up very early, and will go to

'take leave of the King, the Queen and Princeſs. 'They tell him (having taken leave of the firſt two) that 'the Princeſs is ill at eaſe, and that ſhe cannot be viſited: 'the Knight thinks that it is for grief of his departure, 'and the which tidings lanceth him anew to the bot-'tom of his heart, whereby he will be almoſt con-'ſtrained to give manifeſt tokens of his grief: the damſel 'that is privy to their loves will be preſent, and muſt 'note all that paſſeth, and go after to tell it to her Miſ-'treſs, who receives her with tears, and ſays unto her, 'that one of the greateſt afflictions ſhe hath, is, that ſhe 'doth not know who is her Knight, or whether he be 'of blood royal or no: Her damſel will aſſure her again, 'that ſo great bounty, beauty and valour as is in her 'Knight, could not find place but in a great and royal 'ſubject. The careful Princeſs will comfort herſelf 'with this hope, and labour to be chearful, leſt ſhe 'ſhould give occaſion to her parents to ſuſpect any ſi-'niſter thing of her: and within two days again ſhe 'will come out in publick. By this the Knight is de-'parted, he fights in the war, and overcomes the King's 'enemy, he wins many Cities, and triumphs for many 'battles, he returns to the Court, he viſits his Lady, 'and ſpeaks to her at the accuſtomed place, he agreeth 'with her to demand her of the King for his wife, in 'reward of his ſervices, whereunto the King will not 'conſent, becauſe he knows not what he is: but for all 'this, either by carrying her away, or by ſome other 'manner, the Princeſs becomes his wife, and he ac-'counts himſelf therefore very fortunate, becauſe it 'was after known that the ſame Knight is ſon to a very 'valorous King of I know not what Country; for I 'believe it is not in all the Map. The Father dies, 'and the Princeſs doth inherit the Kingdom, and thus in 'two words our Knight is become a King. Here in 'this place enters preſently the commodity to reward 'his Squire, and all thoſe that holp him to aſcend to ſo 'high an eſtate. He marries his Squire to one of the 'Princeſs's damſels, which ſhall doubtleſly be the very

'ſame

'ſame that was acquainted with his love, who is ſome 'principal Duke's daughter.

THAT's it I ſeek for, quoth *Sancho*, and all will go right; therefore I will lean to that, for every whit of it which you ſaid will happen to your ſelf, without miſſing a jot, calling your ſelf *The Knight of the ill-favoured face*. Never doubt it, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, for even in the very ſame manner, and by the ſame ſteps that I have recounted here, Knights-Errant do aſcend and have aſcended to be Kings and Emperours. This only is expedient, that we enquire what King among the Chriſtians or Heathens makes war and hath a fair Daughter: but we ſhall have time enough to bethink that, ſince as I have ſaid, we muſt firſt acquire fame in other places, before we go to the Court. Alſo I want another thing, that put caſe that we find a Chriſtian or Pagan King, that hath war and a fair daughter, and that I have gained incredible fame throughout the wide world, yet cannot I tell how I might find that I am deſcended from Kings, or at the leaſt, Couſin German removed of an Emperour? For the King will not give me his Daughter, until this be firſt very well proved, though my works deſerve it never ſo much; ſo that I fear to loſe through this defect, that which mine own hath merited ſo well. True it is, that I am a Gentleman of a known houſe of propriety and poſſeſſion; and perhaps the wiſe-man that ſhall write my Hiſtory, will ſo beautify my kindred and deſcent, that he will find me to be the fifth or ſixth deſcent from a King; for thou muſt underſtand, *Sancho*, that there are two manners of lineages in this world. Some that derive their pedegree from Princes and Monarchs, whom time hath by little and little diminiſhed and conſumed, and ended in a point like a *Pyramid*. Others that took their beginning from baſe people, and aſcend from degree unto degree, until they become at laſt great Lords. So that all the difference is, that ſome were that which they are not now, and others are that which they were not. And it might be that I am of thoſe, and after good examination, my begin-

ning might be found to have been famous and glorious; wherewithal the King my father-in-law ought to be content, whoſoever he were: and when he were not, yet ſhall the Princeſs love me in ſuch ſort, that ſhe ſhall in deſpite of her father's teeth, admit me for her Lord and Spouſe, although ſhe knew me to be the ſon of a Water-bearer. And if not, here in this place may quader well, the carrying of her away perforce, and carrying of her where beſt I liked: for either time or death muſt needs end her father's diſpleaſure.

HERE comes well to paſs, quoth *Sancho*, which ſome damned fellows are wont to ſay, *Seek not to get that with a good will, which thou mayſt take perforce*; although it were better ſaid, *The leap of a ſhrub is more worth then good mens intreatics*. I ſay it to this purpoſe, that if the King your father-in-law will not condeſcend to give unto you the Princeſs my Miſtreſs then there's no more to be done, but as you ſay, to ſteal her away and carry her to another place: but all the harm is, that in the mean while that compoſition is unmade, and you poſſeſs not quietly your Kingdom, the poor Squire may whiſtle for any benefit or pleaſure you are able to do him, if it be not that the Damſel of whom you ſpoke even now, run away with her Lady, and that he paſs away his misfortunes now and then with her, until heaven ordain ſome other thing: for I do think that his Lord may give her unto him preſently, if ſhe pleaſe to be his lawful Spouſe. There's none that can deprive thee of that, quoth *Don Quixote*. Why, ſo that this may befal, quoth *Sancho*, there's no more but to commend our ſelves to God, and let fortune run where it may beſt addreſs us. God bring it ſo to paſs, quoth *Don Quixote*, as I deſire, and thou haſt need of, *Sancho*; and let him be a wretch that accounts himſelf one. Let him be ſo, quoth *Sancho*, for I am an old Chriſtian; and to be an Earl, there is no more requiſite.

I, AND 'tis more than enough, quoth *Don Quixote*, for that purpoſe: and though thou wereſt not, it made not much matter; for I being a King, I may give thee

thee nobility, without either buying it, or ſerving me with nothing. For in creating thee an Earl, lo, thereby thou art a Gentleman: and let men ſay what they pleaſe, they muſt in good faith call thee *Right honourable*, although it grieve them never ſo much. And think you, quoth *Sancho*, that I would not authorize my *Litado*? Thou muſt ſay *Dictado* or dignity, quoth *Don Quixote*, and not *Litado*, for that's a barbarous word. Let it be ſo, quoth *Sancho Pança*, I ſay that I would accomodate very well, for I was once, by my life, the warner of a *Confratriety*, and the warner's gown became me ſo well, that every one ſaid I had a preſence fit for the Provoſt of the ſame. Then how much more, when I ſhall ſet on my ſhoulders the Royal Robe of a Duke, or be apparelled with gold and pearls after the cuſtom of ſtrange Earls? I do verily believe that men will come a hundred leagues to ſee me.

THOU wilt ſeem very well, quoth *Don Quixote*, but thou muſt ſhave that beard very often: for as thou haſt it now ſo buſhy, knit, and unhandſome, if thou ſhaveſt it not with a razor at the leaſt every other day, men will know that thou art as far from Gentility as a Musket can carry. What more is there to be done, quoth *Sancho*, than to take a Barber, and keep him hired in my houſe? yea, and if it be neceſſary, he ſhall ride after me, as if he were a Maſter of horſe to ſome Nobleman. How knoweſt thou, quoth *Don Quixote*, that Noblemen have their Maſters of horſes riding after them? Some few years ago I was a month in the Court, and there I ſaw that a young little Lord rode by for his pleaſure, they ſaid, he was a great *Grandee*: there followed him ſtill a horſeback, a certain man turning every way that he went, ſo as he verily ſeemed to be his horſe tail: I then demanded the cauſe why that man did not ride by the others ſide, but ſtill did follow him ſo? They anſwered me, that he was Maſter of his horſes, and that the *Grandees* were accuſtomed to carry ſuch men after them. Thou ſayeſt true, quoth *Don Quixote*, and thou mayeſt carry thy Barber in that manner after thee; for *cuſtoms*

came

came not all together, nor were not invented at once. And thou may'ſt be the firſt Earl that carried his Barber after him. And I do aſſure thee that it is an office of more truſt to trim a mans beard than to ſaddle a horſe. Let that of the Barber reſt to my charge, quoth *Sancho,* and that of procuring to be a King, and of creating me an Earl to yours. It ſhall be ſo, quoth *Don Quixote*; and thus lifting up his eyes, he ſaw that which ſhall be recounted in the chapter following.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the liberty Don Quixote *gave to many wretches, who were a carrying to a place where they deſired not.*

CID *Hamete Benengeli,* an *Arabical* and *Manchegan* Author, recounts in this moſt grave, lofty, divine, ſweet, conceited Hiſtory, that after theſe diſcourſes paſt between *Don Quixote,* and his Squire *Sancho Pança,* which we have laid down in the laſt chapter, *Don Quixote* lifting up his eyes, ſaw that there came in the very ſame way wherein they rode, about ſome twelve men in a company on foot, inſerted like beadſtones in a great chain of iron that was tied about their necks, and every one of them had Manacles beſides on their hands. There came to conduct them two on horſeback, and two others a-foot; the horſe-men had fire-lock pieces, thoſe that came a-foot, darts and ſwords.

AND as ſoon as *Sancho* ſaw them, he ſaid, This is a chain of Gally-ſlaves, people forced by the King to go to the Gallies. How? people forced, demanded *Don Quixote?* is it poſſible that the King will force any body? I ſay not ſo, anſwered *Sancho,* but that it is people which

which are condemned for their offences to ſerve the King in the Gallies perforce. In reſolution, replied *Don Quixote*, (howſoever it be) this folk, although they be conducted, go perforce, and not willingly. That's ſo, quoth *Sancho*. Then if that be ſo, here falls in juſtly the execution of my function, to wit, the diſſolving of violences and outrages, and the ſuccouring of the afflicted and needful. I pray you, Sir, quoth *Sancho*, to conſider that the Juſtice, who repreſents the King himſelf, doth wrong or violence to no body, but only doth chaſtiſe them for their committed crimes.

By this the chain of ſlaves arrived, and *Don Quixote*, with very courteous terms requeſted thoſe that went in their guard, that they would pleaſe to inform him of the cauſe wherefore they carried that people away in that manner? One of the guardians a horſe-back anſwered, That they were ſlaves condemned by his Majeſty to the Gallies, and there was no more to be ſaid, neither ought he to deſire any farther Knowledge. For all that, replied *Don Quixote*, I would fain learn of every one of them in particular the cauſe of his diſgrace: and to this did add other ſuch and ſo courteous words, to move them to tell him what he deſired, as the other guardian a horſe-back ſaid,

Although we carry here the regiſter and teſtimony of the condemnations of every one of theſe wretches, yet this is no time to hold them here long, or take out the proceſſes to read: draw you nearer and demand it of themſelves, for they may tell it and they pleaſe, and I know they will: for they are men that take delight both in acting and relating knaveries.

With this licence, which *Don Quixote* himſelf would have taken, although they had not given it him, he came to the chain, and demanded of the firſt, for what offence he went in ſo ill a guiſe? He anſwered, That his offence was no other than for being in love; for which cauſe only he went in that manner. For that and no more replied *Don Quixote?* Well, if enamoured folk be caſt into the Gallies, I might have been rowing there a good many days ago. My love was not ſuch as you

you conjecture, quoth the ſlave, for mine was that I loved ſo much a basket well heaped with fine linen, as I did embrace it ſo ſtraightly, that if the juſtice had not taken it away from me by force, I would not have forſaken it to this hour by my good will. All this was done in *Flagrante*, there was no leiſure to give me torment, the cauſe was concluded, my ſhoulders accommodated with an hundred, and for a ſupplement three prizes of *Garrupes*, and the work was ended. What are *Garrupes*, quoth *Don Quixote? Garrupes* are Gallies, replied the ſlave, who was a young man of ſome four and twenty years old, and ſaid he was born in *Piedrahita*.

Don Quixote demanded of the ſecond, his cauſe of offence, who would anſwer nothing, he went ſo ſad and melancholy. But the firſt anſwered for him, and ſaid, Sir, this man goes for a *Canary-bird*, I mean, for a Muſician and Singer. Is it poſſible, quoth *Don Quixote*, that Muſicians and Singers are likewiſe ſent to the Gallies? Yes, Sir, quoth the ſlave, for there's nothing worſe than to ſing in anguiſh. Rather, quoth *Don Quixote*, I have heard ſay, that he *which ſings, doth affright and chaſe away his harms*. Here it is quite contrary, quoth the ſlave, for *He that ſings once, weeps all his life after*. I do not underſtand it, ſaid *Don Quixote*; but one of the guardians ſaid unto him, Sir Knight, to *ſing in anguiſh*, is ſaid among this people *non Sancta*, to confeſs upon the rack. They gave this poor wretch the torture, and he confeſſed his delight, that he was a *Quartrezo*, that is, a ſtealer of beaſts. And becauſe he hath confeſſed, he is likewiſe condemned to the Gallies for ſix years, with an *Amen* of two hundred blows, which he bears already with him on his ſhoulders; and he goes always thus ſad and penſative, becauſe the other thieves that remain behind, and alſo thoſe which go here, do abuſe, deſpiſe, and ſcorn him for confeſſing, and not having a courage to ſay *Non*. For they ſay a *No*, hath as many letters as an *Yea*, and that a delinquent is very fortunate, when his life or his death only depends of his own tongue, and not of witneſſes or proofs: and in mine opinion they have

have very great reaſon. I likewiſe think the ſame, quoth *Don Quixote*.

And paſſing to the third, he demanded that which he had done of the reſt, who anſwered him out of hand, and that pleaſantly, I go to the Lady *Garrupes* for five years, becauſe I wanted ten Ducats. I will give twenty with all my heart to free thee from that misfortune, quoth *Don Quixote*. That, quoth the ſlave, would be like to one that hath money in the midſt of the Gulph, and yet dies for hunger, becauſe he can get no meat to buy for it. I ſay this, becauſe if I had had thoſe twenty Ducats which your Worſhip's liberality offers me in due ſeaſon, I would have ſo anointed with them the Notary's pen, and whetted my Lawyer's wit ſo well, that I might to day ſee myſelf in the midſt of the market of *Cocodover* of *Toledo*, and not in this way trailed thus like a grey-hound: but God is great. Patience; and this is enough.

Don Quixote went after to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable preſence, with a long white beard which reached to his boſom. Who hearing himſelf demanded the cauſe why he came there, began to weep, and anſwered not a word. But the fifth ſlave lent him a tongue, and ſaid, This honeſt man goes to the Gallies for four years, after he had walked the Ordinary apparelled in pomp, and a horſe-back.

That is, quoth *Sancho Pança*, as I take it, after he was carried about to the ſhame and publick view of the people. You are in the right, quoth the ſlave, and the crime for which he is condemned to this pain, was, for being a broker of the ear, I and of all the body too; for in effect I mean, that this Gentleman goeth for a Bawd, and likewiſe for having a little ſmack and entrance in Witch-craft.

If that ſmack and inſight in Witch-craft were not added, quoth *Don Quixote*, he merited not to go and row in the Gallies, for being a pure Bawd, but rather deſerved to govern and be their General. For the office of a Bawd is not like every other ordinary office, but rather of great diſcretion and moſt neceſſary in any Common-

wealth

wealth well governed, and ſhould not be practis'd but by people well born; and ought beſides to have a * *Veedor*, and examinator of them, as are of all other trades, and a certain appointed number of men known, as are of the other Brokers of the Exchange.

AND in this manner many harms that are done, might be excuſed, becauſe this Trade and Office is practiſed by indiſcreet people of little underſtanding; ſuch as are women of little more or leſs, young Pages and Jeſters, of few years ſtanding, and of leſs experience, which in the moſt urgent occaſions, and when they ſhould contrive any thing artificially, the crumbs freeze in their mouths and fiſts, and they know not which is their right-hand.

FAIN would I paſs forward, and give reaſons why it is convenient to make choice of thoſe which ought in the Common-wealth to practiſe this ſo neceſſary an office: but the place and ſeaſon is not fit for it. One day I will ſay it to thoſe which may provide and remedy it: only I ſay now, That the aſſumpt or addition of a Witch, hath deprived me of the compaſſion I ſhould otherwiſe have, to ſee thoſe gray hairs and venerable face in ſuch diſtreſs for being a Bawd: Although I know very well, that no ſorcery in the world can move or force the will, as ſome ignorant perſons think (for our will is a free power, and there's no herb nor charm can conſtrain it). That which certain ſimple women, or cozening companions make, are ſome mixtures and poiſons, wherewithal they cauſe men run mad, and in the mean while perſuade us that they have force to make one love well, being (as I have ſaid) a thing moſt impoſſible to conſtrain the *Will*. That is true, quoth the old man, and I proteſt, Sir, that I am wholly innocent of the imputation of Witchcraft: as for being a Bawd, I could not deny it: but yet I never thought

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* Veedor, *is an office in* Spain *of great truſt, ſet by the King to examine and ſearch the dealing of other under-officers, an Overſeer or Comptroler.*

that

that I did ill therein; for all mine intention was, that all the world ſhould diſport them, and live together in concord and quietneſs without griefs or quarrels: but this my good deſire availed me but little to hinder my going there; from whence I have no hope ever to return, my years do ſo burden me, and alſo the ſtone, which lets me not reſt an inſtant. And ſaying this, he turned again to his lamentations as at the firſt, and *Sancho* took ſuch compaſſion on him, as ſetting his hand into his boſom, he drew out a couple of ſhillings, and gave it him as an alms.

FROM him *Don Quixote* paſt to another, and demanded his fault; who anſwered with no leſs, but with much more pleaſantneſs than the former: I go here, becauſe I have jeſted ſomewhat too much with two couſin Germans of mine own, and with two other ſiſters, which were none of mine. Finally, I jeſted ſo much with them all, that thence reſulted the increaſe of my kindred ſo intricately, as there is no Caſuiſt that can well reſolve it. All was proved againſt me, I wanted favour, I had no money, and was in danger to loſe my head. Finally, I was condemned for ſix years to the Gallies. I conſented, it is a puniſhment of my fault; I am young, and let my life but hold out a while longer, and all will go well. And if you, Sir Knight carry any thing to ſuccour us poor folk, God will reward you it in heaven, and we will have care here on earth to deſire God in our daily prayers for your life and health, that it be as long and as good as your good countenance deſerves. He that ſaid this, went in the habit of a Student, and one of the Guard told him that he was a great talker, and a very good Latiniſt.

AFTER all theſe came a man of ſome thirty years old, of very comely perſonage, ſave only that when he looked, he ſeemed to thruſt the one eye into the other. He was differently tied from the reſt; for he carried about his leg ſo long a chain, that it tired all the reſt of his body: and he had beſides, two iron rings about his neck, the one of the chain, and the other of that kind which are called *A keep friend*, or, the foot a friend.

friend. From whence deſcended two Irons unto his middle, out of which did ſtick two manacles, wherein his hands were lockt up with a great hanging lock; ſo as he could neither ſet his hand to his mouth, nor bend down his head towards his hands.

DON *Quixote* demanded why he was ſo loaded with iron more than the reſt; The Guard anſwered, Becauſe he alone had committed more faults than all together, and was a more deſperate knave, and that although they carried him tied in that ſort, yet went they not ſure of him, but feared he would make an eſcape. What faults can he have ſo grievous, quoth *Don Quixote*, ſince he hath only deſerved to be ſent to the Gallies? He goeth, replied the Guard, to them for ten years, which is equivalent to a civil death: never ſtrive to know more, but that this man is the notorious *Gines of Paſſamonte*, who is otherwiſe called *Gineſilio of Parapilla*. Maſter Commiſſary, quoth the ſlave, hearing him ſay ſo, go fair and ſoftly, and run not thus dilating of names and ſurnames, I am called *Gines* and not *Gineſilio*, and *Paſſamonte* is my ſurname, and not *Parapilla*, as you ſay, and let every one turn about him, and he ſhall not do little. Speak with leſs ſwelling, quoth the Commiſſary, Sir thief of more than the *Mark, if you will not have me to make you hold your peace, maugre your teeth. It ſeems well (quoth the ſlave) that a man is carried as pleaſeth God; but one day ſome body ſhall know whether I be called *Gineſilio of Parapilla*. Why, do not they call thee ſo, cozener, quoth the Guard? They do, ſaid *Gines*, but I will make that they ſhall not call me ſo, or I will fleece them there where I mutter under my teeth. Sir Knight, if you have any thing to beſtow on us, give it us now, and be gone in the name of God; for you do tire us with your too curious ſearch of knowing other mens

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* Mark, *a certain length appointed in* Spain *for ſwords, which if any tranſgreſs, he is puniſhed, and the ſword forfeited.*

lives;

lives: and if you would know mine, you ſhall underſtand that I am *Gines of Paſſamonte*, whoſe life is written (ſhewing his hand) by theſe two fingers.

He ſays true, quoth the Commiſſary, for he himſelf hath penned his own Hiſtory ſo well, as there is nothing more to be deſired: and leaves the book pawned in the priſon for two hundred Rials: and likewiſe means to redeem it, quoth *Gines*, though it were in for as many Ducats. Is it ſo good a work, ſaid *Don Quixote*? It is ſo good, replied *Gines*, that it quite puts down *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and as many others as are written or ſhall write of that kind: for that which I dare affirm to you, is, that it treats of true accidents, and thoſe ſo delightful, that no like invention can be compared to them. And how is the book intitled, quoth *Don Quixote*? It is called, ſaid he, *The life of Gines of Paſſamonte*. And is it yet ended, ſaid the Knight? How can it be finiſhed, replied he, my life being not yet ended? ſince all that is written is from the hour of my birth, until that inſtant that I was ſent this laſt time to the Gallies. Why then, belike you were there once before (quoth *Don Quixote?*) To ſerve God and the King, I have been in there another time four years, and I know already how the Biſket and Provant agree with my ſtomach (quoth *Gines*) nor doth it grieve me very much to return unto them; for there I ſhall have leiſure to finiſh my book, and I have many things yet to ſay: and in the Gallies of *Spain*, there is more reſting time then is requiſite for that buſineſs, although I ſhall not need much time to pen what is yet unwritten; for I can, if need were, ſay it all by rote.

Thou ſeem'ſt to be ingenious, quoth *Don Quixote*. And unfortunate withal, quoth *Gines*, for miſhaps do ſtill perſecute the beſt wits. They perſecute knaves, quoth the Commiſſary. I have already ſpoken to Maſter Commiſſary, quoth *Paſſamonte*, to go fair and ſoftly; for the Lords did not give you that rod, to the end you ſhould abuſe us wretches that go here, but rather to guide and carry us where his Majeſty hath commanded: if not, by the life of, 'tis enough that perhaps one

one day may come to light, the ſports that were made in the Inn. And let all the world peace and live well, and ſpeak better, for this is now too great a digreſſion. The Commiſſary held up his rod * to ſtrike *Paſſamonte* in anſwer of his threats: but *Don Quixote* put himſelf between them, and intreated him not to uſe him hardly, ſeeing it was not much that one who carried his hands ſo tied, ſhould have his tongue ſomewhat free: and then turning himſelf towards the ſlaves, he ſaid:

I HAVE gathered out of all that which you have ſaid, dear brethren, that although they puniſh you for your faults, yet that the pains you go to ſuffer, do not very well pleaſe you, and that you march towards them with a very ill will, and wholly conſtrained, and that perhaps the little courage this fellow had on the rack, the want of money that the other had, the ſmall favour that a third enjoyed; and finally, the wreſted ſentence of the Judge, and the not executing that juſtice that was on your ſides, have been cauſe of your miſery. All which doth preſent it ſelf to my memory in ſuch ſort, as it perſuadeth, yea, and forceth me to effect that for you, for which heaven ſent me into the world, and made me profeſs that order of Knighthood which I follow, and that vow which I made therein to favour and aſſiſt the needful, and thoſe that are oppreſſed by others more potent. But for as much as I know that it is one of the parts of prudence, not to do that by foul means, which may be accompliſhed by fair; I will intreat thoſe Gentlemen your Guardians and Commiſſary, they will pleaſe to loſe and let you depart peaceably; for there will not want others to ſerve the King in better occaſions; for it ſeems to me a rigorous manner of proceeding, to make ſlaves of them whom God and nature created free. How much more, good Sirs of the Guard (added *Don Quixote*) ſeeing theſe poor men have never committed any offence againſt you? let them anſwer for their ſins in the other world: there

* *Redondo. p.* 202.

is a God in heaven, who is not negligent in puniſhing the evil, nor regarding the good: and it is no wiſe decent, that honourable men ſhould be the executioners of other men, ſeeing they cannot gain or loſe much thereby. I demand this of you in this peaceable and quiet manner, to the end that if you accompliſh my requeſt: I may have occaſion to yield you thanks; and if you will not do it willingly, then ſhall this Lance and this Sword, guided by the invincible valour of mine arm, force you to it.

THIS is a pleaſant doting, anſwered the Commiſſary, and an excellent jeſt, wherewithal you have finiſhed your large reaſoning. Would you have us leave unto you thoſe the King forceth, as if we had authority to let them go, or you to command us to do it? Go on your way in a good hour, gentle Sir, and ſettle the Baſon you bear on your head ſomewhat righter, and ſearch not thus whether the Cat hath three feet. Thou art a Cat, and a Rat, and a Knave, quoth *Don Quixote*, and ſo with word and deed at once he aſſaulted him ſo ſuddenly, as without giving him leiſure to defend himſelf, he ſtruck him down to the earth very ſore wounded with a blow of his Lance, and as fortune would, this was he that had the fire-lock Piece; the reſt of the guard remained aſtoniſhed at the unexpected accident; but at laſt returning again to themſelves, the horſemen ſet hand to their ſwords, and the footmen to their Darts, and all of them ſet upon *Don Quixote*, who did expect them very quietly: and doubtleſly he would have been in danger, if the ſlaves perceiving the occaſion offered to be ſo fit to recover liberty, had not procured it by breaking the chain wherein they were linked. The hurly-burly was ſuch, as the guards now began to run to hinder the ſlaves from untying themſelves, now to offend *Don Quixote*, who aſſaulted them; ſo that they could do nothing available to keep their priſoners. *Sancho*, for his part hope to loſe *Gines of Paſſamonte*, who was the firſt that leaped free into the field without clog, and ſetting upon the overthrown Commiſſary, he diſarmed him of his ſword and piece: and

and now aiming at the one, and then at the other with it, without diſcharging, made all the guards to abandon the field, as well for fear of *Paſſamonte*'s piece, as alſo to ſhun the marvellous ſhower of ſtones that the ſlaves now delivered, poured on them. *Sancho* grew marvellous ſad at this ſucceſs; for he ſuſpected that thoſe which fled away, would go and give notice of the violence committed to the *Holy Brotherhood:* which would preſently iſſue in troops, to ſearch the delinquents: and ſaid as much to his Lord, requeſting him to depart preſently from thence and imbosk himſelf in the mountain, which was very near. All is well, quoth *Don Quixote*, I know now what is fit to be done, and ſo calling together all the ſlaves that were in a tumult, and had ſtript the Commiſſary naked, they came all about him to hear what he commanded, to whom he ſaid:

IT is the part of people well born, to gratify and acknowledge the benefits they receive, ingratitude being one of the ſins that moſt offendeth the Higheſt. I ſay it, Sirs, to this end, becauſe you have by manifeſt trial ſeen, that which you have received at my hand, in reward whereof I deſire, and it is my will, that all of you loaden with that chain from which I even now freed your necks, go preſently to the City of *Toboſo*, and there preſent yourſelves before the Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*, and recount unto her that her Knight *of the ill-favoured face* ſends you there to remember his ſervice to her: and the manner of your freedom, all you that have had ſuch noble fortune, and this being done, you may after go where you pleaſe.

Gines de Paſſamonte anſwered for all the reſt, ſaying; That which you demand, good Sir (our releaſer) is moſt impoſſible to be performed, by reaſon that we cannot go all together through theſe ways, but alone and divided, procuring each of us to hide himſelf in the bowels of the earth, to the end we may not be found by the *holy brotherhood*, which will doubtleſly ſet out to ſearch for us: that therefore which you may and ought to do in this exigency, is, to change this ſervice and homage of the Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo* into a certain number of *Ave Maries*

Maries and *Creeds*, which we will ſay for your intention, and this is a thing that may be accompliſhed by night or by day, running or reſting, in peace or in war; but to think that we will return again to take up our chains, or ſet ourſelves in the way of *Toboſo*, is as hard as to make us believe, that it is now night, it being yet ſcarce ten of the clock in the morning, and to demand ſuch a thing of us, is as likely as to ſeek for Pears of the Elm-tree. I ſwear by ſuch a one (quoth *Don Quixote* thorowly enraged) Sir ſon of a whore, *Don Geneſilio* of *Paropillio*, or howſoever you are called, that thou ſhalt go thyſelf alone with thy tail between thy legs, and bear all the chain in thy neck. *Paſſamonte*, who was by nature very cholerick, knowing aſſuredly that *Don Quixote* was not very wiſe (ſeeing he had attempted ſuch a deſperate act, as to ſeek to give them liberty) ſeeing himſelf thus abuſed, winked on his companions, and going a little aſide, they ſent ſuch a ſhower of ſtones on *Don Quixote*, as he had no leiſure to cover himſelf with his buckler, and poor *Rozinante* made no more account of the ſpur, than if his ſides were made of braſs. *Sancho* ran behind his Aſs, and by his means ſheltered himſelf from the cloud and ſhower of ſtones, that rained upon both.

And *Don Quixote* could not cover himſelf ſo well, but that a number of ſtones ſtruck him in the body with ſo great force, as they overthrew him at laſt to the ground: and ſcarce was he fallen, when the Student leapt upon him, and took the Baſon off his head, and gave him three or four blows with it on the ſhoulders, and after ſtruck it ſo oft about the ground, as he almoſt broke it to pieces. They took from him likewiſe a Caſſock which he wore upon his armour, and thought alſo to take away his Stockins, but that they were hindered by his Greaves. From *Sancho* they took away his Caſſock, and left him in his hair: and dividing all the ſpoils of the battle among themſelves, they departed every one by the way he pleaſed, troubled with greater care how to eſcape from the *holy brotherhood* which they feared, than to lade themſelves with the iron chain, and go and

preſent themſelves before the Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*. The Aſs and *Rozinante*, *Sancho* and *Don Quixote*, remained alone.

THE Aſs ſtood penſative, with his head hanging downwards, ſhaking now and then his ears, thinking that the ſtorm of ſtones was not yet paſt, but that they ſtill buzzed by his head. *Rozinante* lay overthrown by his Maſter, who was likewiſe ſtruck down by another blow of a ſtone. *Sancho* in fear of the bullets of the *Holy brotherhood*, and *Don Quixote* moſt diſcontent to ſee himſelf ſo miſuſed by thoſe very ſame, to whom he had done ſo much good.

CHAP. IX.

Of that which befel the famous Don Quixote *in* Siera Morena, *which was one of the moſt rare adventures, which in this or any other ſo authentical a Hiſtory is recounted.*

DON *Quixote* ſeeing himſelf in ſo ill plight, ſaid to his Squire *Sancho*, I have heard ſay oft-times that to do good to Men unthankful, is to caſt water into the Sea. If I had believed what thou ſaideſt to me, I might well have prevented all this grief: but now that is paſt: Patience, and be wiſer another time. You will take warning as much by this, quoth *Sancho*, as I am a *Turk*. But ſince you ſay, that if you had believed me, you had avoided this grief; believe me now, and you ſhall eſchew a greater: for you muſt wit, that no Knighthood or Chivalry is of any authority with the *Holy brotherhood*; for it cares not two farthings for all the Knights-Errants in the world, and know that methinks I hear their arrows buz about mine ears already.

Sancho,

Sancho, thou art a natural coward, quoth *Don Quixote*: but becauſe thou mayeſt not ſay that I am obſtinate, and that I never follow thine advice, I will take thy counſel this time, and convey myſelf from that fury which now thou feareſt ſo much: but it ſhall be on a condition, that thou never tell alive nor dying to any mortal creature, that I retired or withdrew myſelf out of this danger for fear, but only to ſatisfy thy requeſts: For if thou ſayeſt any other thing, thou ſhalt belie moſt falſely, and even from this very time till that, and from thence until now, I give thee the lie herein, and I ſay thou lieſt, and ſhalt lie as oft-times as thou ſayeſt or doſt think the contrary: and do not reply to me. For in only thinking that I withdraw myſelf out of any peril, but principally this, which ſeems to carry with it ſome ſhadow of fear, I am about to remain and expect here alone, not only for the *Holy brotherhood*, which thou nameſt and feareſt, but alſo for the Brethren of the *twelve Tribes*, for the *ſeven Macchabees*, for *Caſtor* and *Pollux*, and for all the other Brothers and Brotherhoods in the world.

Sir, anſwered *Sancho*, to retire is not to fly, nor to expect, is wiſdom, where the danger exceedeth all hope; and it is the part of a wiſe man, to keep himſelf ſafe to day for to-morrow; and not to adventure himſelf wholly in one day. And know, that although I be but a rude Clown, yet do I for all that underſtand ſomewhat of that which men call good government: and therefore do not repent yourſelf for following mine advice, but mount on *Rozinante*, if you be able, if not, I will help you, and come after me, for my mind gives me that we ſhall now have more uſe of legs than of hands.

Don Quixote leaped on his horſe without replying a word, and *Sancho* guiding him on his Aſs, they both entered into that part of * *Siera Morena* that was near unto them; *Sancho* had a ſecret deſign to croſs over it all, and iſſue at *Viſo* or *Amodovar* of *Campo*, and in the mean

* *A great and large mountain of* Spain.

time to hide themſelves for ſome days, among thoſe craggy and intricate rocks, to the end they might not be found by the *holy Brotherhood*, if it did make after them. And he was the more encouraged to do this, becauſe he ſaw, their proviſion which he carried on his Aſs, had eſcaped ſafely out of the skirmiſh of the Gally-ſlaves: a thing which he accounted to be a miracle, conſidering the diligence that the ſlaves had uſed to ſearch and carry away all things with them. They arrived that night into the very midſt and bowels of the mountain, and there *Sancho* thought it fitteſt to ſpend that night, yea, and ſome other few days alſo, at leaſt as long as their victuals endured, and with this reſolution they took up their lodging among a number of Cork-trees that grew between two Rocks. But fatal chance, which according to the opinion of thoſe that have not the light of faith, guideth, directeth, and compoundeth all as it liketh, ordained that that famous cozener and thief *Gines of Paſſamonte*, who was before delivered out of chains by *Don Quixote*'s force and folly, perſwaded through fear he conceived of the *holy brotherhood* (whom he had juſt cauſe to fear) reſolved to hide himſelf likewiſe in that mountain, and his fortune and fears led him juſt to the place where it had firſt addreſſed *Don Quixote* and his Squire, juſt at ſuch time as he might perceive them, and they both at that inſtant fall'n aſleep. And as evil men are evermore ingrateful, and that neceſſity forceth a man to attempt that which it urgeth, and likewiſe that the preſent redreſs prevents the expectation of a future, *Gines*, who was neither grateful nor gracious, reſolved to ſteal away *Sancho*'s Aſs, making no account of *Rozinante*, as a thing neither ſaleable nor pawnable. *Sancho* ſlept ſoundly, and ſo he ſtole his beaſt, and was before morning ſo far off from thence, as he feared not to be found.

Aurora ſallied forth at laſt to refreſh the earth, and affright *Sancho* with a moſt ſorrowful accident, for he preſently miſſed his Aſs, and ſo ſeeing himſelf deprived of him, he began the moſt ſad and doleful lamentation of the world: in ſuch ſort as he awaked *Don Quixote* with his

his out-cries, who heard that he ſaid thus, O child of my bowels, born in mine own houſe, the ſport of my children, the comfort of my wife, and the envy of my neighbours, the eaſe of my burdens, and finally the ſuſtainer of half of my perſon; for with ſix and twenty *Maravedies* that I gained daily by thee, I did defray half of mine expences.

Don Quixote, who heard the plaint, and knew alſo the cauſe, did comfort *Sancho* with the beſt words he could deviſe, and deſired him to have patience, promiſing to give him a letter of exchange, to the end that they of his houſe might deliver him three Aſſes of five, which he had left at home.

Sancho comforted himſelf again with this promiſe, and dried up his tears, moderated his ſighs, and gave his Lord thanks for ſo great a favour. And as they entred in farther among thoſe mountains, we cannot recount the joy of our Knight, to whom thoſe places ſeemed moſt accommodated to atchieve the adventures he ſearched for. They reduced to his memory the marvellous accidents that had befallen Knights-Errant in like ſolitudes and deſarts: and he rode ſo overwhelmed and tranſported by theſe thoughts, as he remembered nothing elſe. Nor *Sancho* had any other care (after he was out of fear to be taken) but how to fill his belly with ſome of thoſe relicks which yet remained of the clerical ſpoils; and ſo he followed his Lord, taking now and then out of a basket (which *Rozinante* carried for want of the Aſs) ſome meat, lining therewithal his paunch; and whilſt he went thus employed, he would not have given a mite to encounter any other adventure how honourable ſoever.

BUT whilſt he was thus buſied, he eſpied his Maſter labouring to take up with the point of his Javelin, ſome bulk or other that lay on the ground, and went towards him to ſee whether he needed his help, juſt at the ſeaſon that he lifted up a ſaddle cuſhion, and a portmantua faſt to it, which were half rotten, or rather wholly rotten by the weather; yet they weighed ſo much, that *Sancho*'s aſſiſtance was requiſite to take them

up: and ſtraight his Lord commanded him to ſee what was in the Wallet. *Sancho* obeyed with expedition. And although it was ſhut with a chain and hanging lock, yet by the parts which were tore he ſaw what was within, to wit, four fine Holland ſhirts, and other linnens both curious and clean: and moreover a handherchief, wherein was a good quantity of gold: which he perceiving, ſaid, Bleſſed be heaven, which hath once preſented to us a beneficial adventure: and ſearching for more, he found a Tablet very coſtly bound. This *Don Quixote* took of him, commanding him to keep the gold with himſelf; for which rich favour *Sancho* did preſently kiſs his hands: and after, taking all the linnen, he clapt it up in the bag of their victuals.

Don Quixote having noted all theſe things, ſaid, Methinks, *Sancho* (and it cannot be poſſible any other) that that ſome traveller having loſt his way, paſt thorow this mountain, and being encountred by thieves, they ſlew him, and buried him in this ſecret place. It cannot be ſo, anſwered *Sancho*, for if they were thieves, they would not have left this money behind them. Thou ſayeſt true, quoth *Don Quixote*: and therefore I cannot conjecture what it might be: but ſtay a while, we will ſee whether there be any thing written in theſe Tablets, by which we may vent and find that which I deſire. Then he opened it, and the firſt thing that he found written in it, as it were a firſt draught, but done with a very fair Character, was a Sonnet which he read aloud, that *Sancho* might alſo hear it, and was this which enſues.

OR love of underſtanding quite is void:
Or he abounds in cruelty, or my pain
Th' occaſion equals not; for which I bide
The torments dire, he maketh me ſuſtain.
But if Love be a God, I dare maintain
He nought ignores: and reaſon aye decides,
Gods ſhould not cruel be: then who ordains
This pain I worſhip, which my heart divides?

Filis!

Filis ! I err, if thou I ſay it is :
For ſo great ill and good cannot conſiſt.
Nor doth this wrack from heav'n befall, but yet,
That ſhortly I muſt die, can no way miſs :
For th' evil, whoſe cauſe is hardly well expreſt,
By miracle alone, true cure may get.

NOTHING can be learned by that verſe, quoth *Sancho*, if by that * *Hilo* or thread which is ſaid here, you gather not where lies the reſt of the clue. What *Hilo* is here, quoth *Don Quixote ?* Me thought, quoth *Sancho*, that you read *Hilo* there. I did not, but *Fili*, ſaid *Don Quixote*, which is without doubt the name of the Lady, on whom the Author of this Sonnet complains, who in good truth ſeems to be a reaſonable good Poet, or elſe I know but little of that Art.

WHY then, quoth *Sancho*, belike you do alſo underſtand *Poetry* ? That I do, and more than thou thinkeſt, quoth *Don Quixote ?* as thou ſhalt ſee, when thou ſhalt carry a letter from me to my Lady *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, written in verſe from the one end to the other : For I would thou ſhouldeſt know, *Sancho*, that all, or the greater number of Knights-Errant, in times paſt were great Verſifiers and Muſicians : for theſe two qualities, or graces as I may better term them, are annext to amorous Knights adventures. True it is, that the verſes of the ancient Knights are not ſo adorned with words, as they are rich in conceits.

I PRAY you read more, quoth *Sancho*, for perhaps you may find ſomewhat that may ſatisfy. Then *Don Quixote* turned the leaf and ſaid, This is proſe, and it ſeems to be a letter. What Sir, a miſſive letter, quoth *Sancho ?* No, but rather of love, according to the beginning, quoth *Don Quixote*. I pray you therefore, quoth *Sancho*, read it loud enough, for I take great delight in theſe things of love. I am content, quoth *Don Quix-*

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* *An alluſion to the* Spaniſh *word* Hilo, *ſignifying a thread.*

ote, and reading it loudly as *Sancho* had requeſted it, ſaid as enſueth.

'THY falſe promiſe and my certain misfortune, do 'carry me to ſuch a place, as from thence thou ſhalt 'ſooner receive news of my death, than reaſons of 'my juſt complaints. Thou haſt diſdained me (*O in-'grate*) for one that hath more, but not for one that is 'worth more than I am: but if vertue were a treaſure 'of Eſtimation, I would not emulate other men's for-'tunes, nor weep thus for my own misfortunes. That 'which thy beauty erected, thy works have overthrown: 'by it I deemed thee to be an Angel, and by theſe, I 'certainly know thee to be but a woman. Reſt in peace '(*O cauſer of my war*) and let heaven work ſo, that thy 'Spouſe's deceits remain ſtill concealed, to the end thou 'mayſt not repent what thou didſt, and I be conſtrained 'to take revenge of that I deſire not.

HAVING read the letter, *Don Quixote* ſaid, We can collect leſs by this than by the verſes, what the Author is, other than that he is ſome diſdained lover: and ſo paſſing over all the book, he found other Verſes and Letters, of which he could read ſome, others not at all. But the ſum of them all were, accuſations, plaints, and miſtruſts, pleaſures, griefs, favours, and diſdains, ſome ſolemnized, others deplored. And whilſt *Don Quixote* paſſed over the book, *Sancho* paſſed over the wallet, without leaving a corner of it, or the cuſhion unſearched, or a ſeem unript, nor a lock of wooll uncarded, to the end nothing might remain behind for want of diligence, or careleſneſs: they found gold which paſſed a hundred crowns, and ſtirred in him ſuch a greedineſs to have more. And though he got no more than that which he found at the firſt, yet did he account his flights in the coverlet, his vomiting of the drench, the benediction of the pack-ſtaves, the blows of the carrier, the loſs of his wallet, the robbing of his caſſock, and all the hunger, thirſt, and wearineſs that he had paſſed in the ſervice of his good Lord and Maſter, were well employed; accounting himſelf to be more than well paid, by the gifts received of the money they found. The Knight of the *ill-favoured*

favoured face was the while poſſeſſed with a marvellous deſire to know who was the owner of the wallet, conjecturing by the Sonnet, and Letter, the gold, and linen, that the enamoured was ſome man of worth, whom the diſdain and rigour of his Lady had conducted to ſome deſperate terms. But by reaſon that no body appeared, through that uninhabitable and deſart place, by whom he might be informed; he thought on it no more, but only rode on, without chooſing any other way, than that which pleaſed *Rozinante* to travel, who took the plaineſt and eaſieſt to paſs through: having ſtill an imagination that there could not want ſome ſtrange adventure, amidſt that Foreſt.

AND as he rode on with this conceit, he ſaw a man on the top of a little mountain that ſtood juſt before his face, leap from rock to rock, and tuft to tuft, with wonderful dexterity. And as he thought he was naked, had a black and thick beard, the hairs many and confuſedly mingled, his feet and legs bare, his thighs were covered with a pair of hoſe, which ſeemed to be of Murry Velvet, but were ſo torn, that they diſcovered his fleſh in many places: his head was likewiſe bare, and although he paſſed by with the haſte we have recounted, yet did the Knight of the *ill-favoured face* note all theſe particularities, and although he endeavoured, yet could not he follow him, for it was not in *Rozinante*'s power, in that weak ſtate wherein he was, to travel ſo ſwiftly among thoſe rocks, chiefly being naturally very ſlow and phlegmatick.

Don Quixote after eſpying him, did inſtantly imagine him to be the owner of the cuſhion and wallet; and therefore reſolved to go on in his ſearch, although he ſhould ſpend a whole year therein among thoſe mountains: and commanded *Sancho* to go about the one ſide of the mountain, and he would go the other, and quoth he, it may befal that by uſing this diligence, we may encounter with that man, which vaniſhed ſo ſuddenly out of our ſight.

I CANNOT do ſo, quoth *Sancho*, for that in parting one ſtep from you, fear preſently doth aſſault me, with a

thouſand viſions and affrightments. And let this ſerve you hereafter for a warning, to the end you may not from henceforth part me the black of a nail from your preſence. It ſhall be ſo, anſwered the Knight of the *ill-favoured face*. And I am very glad that thou doſt thus build upon my valour, the which ſhall never fail thee, although thou didſt want thy very ſoul: and therefore follow me by little and little, or as thou mayeſt, and make of thine eyes two Lantherns, for we give a turn to this little rock, and perhaps we may meet with this man whom we ſaw even now, who doubtleſsly can be none other than the owner of our booty.

TO which *Sancho* replied, It were much better not to find him: for if we ſhould meet him, and were by chance the owner of this money, it is moſt evident that I muſt reſtore it to him, and therefore it is better without uſing this unprofitable diligence, to let me poſſeſs it *bona fide*, until the true Lord ſhall appear by ſome way leſs curious and diligent: which perhaps may fall at ſuch a time as it ſhall be all ſpent; and in that caſe I am freed from all proceſſes by privilege of the King.

THOU deceiveſt thy ſelf, *Sancho*, therein, quoth *Don Quixote:* for ſeeing we are fallen already into ſuſpicion of the owner, we are bound to ſearch and reſtore it to him: and when we would not ſeek him out, yet the vehement preſumption that we have of it, hath made us poſſeſſors *mala fide*, and renders us as culpable, as if he whom we ſurmiſe, were verily the true Lord.

SO that, friend *Sancho*, be not grieved to ſeek him, in reſpect of the grief whereof thou ſhalt free me if he be found. And ſaying ſo, he ſpurred *Rozinante*, and *Sancho* followed after a-foot, animated by the hope of the young Aſſes his Maſter had promiſed unto him; and having compaſſed a part of the mountain, they found a little ſtream, wherein lay dead, and half devoured by Dogs and Crows, a Mule ſaddled and bridled, all which confirmed more in them the ſuſpicion, that he which fled away, was owner of the mule and cuſhion. And

as

as they looked on it, they heard a whiſtle, much like unto that which Shepherds uſe, as they keep their flocks, and preſently appeared at their left hand a great number of Goats, after whom the Goat-herd that kept them, who was an aged man, followed on the top of the mountain; and *Don Quixote* cried to him, requeſting him to come down to them: who anſwered them again as loudly, demanding of them, who had brought them to thoſe deſarts, rarely trodden by any other than Goats, Wolves, or other ſavage beaſts which frequented thoſe mountains? *Sancho* anſwered him, that if he would deſcend where they were, they would give him account thereof.

WITH that the Shepherd came down, and arriving to the place where *Don Quixote* was, he ſaid, I dare wager that you look on the hired Mule which lies dead there in that bottom; well in good faith he hath lain in that very place theſe ſix months. Say, I pray you, have not you met in the way with the maſter thereof? We have encountered no body but a Cuſhion and a little Mallet, which we found not very far off from hence. I did likewiſe find the ſame, replied the Goat-herd, but I would neither take it up nor approach to it, fearful of ſome miſdemeanour, or that I ſhould be hereafter demanded for it as for a ſtealth. For the devil is crafty, and now and then ſomething riſeth, even from under a man's feet, whereat he ſtumbles and falls, without knowing how, or how not.

THAT is the very ſame, I ſay, quoth *Sancho*, for I likewiſe found it, but would not approach it the caſt of a ſtone. There have I left it, and there it remains as it was; for I *would not have a dog with a bell.* Tell me good fellow, quoth *Don Quixote*, doſt thou know who is the owner of all theſe things?

THAT which I can ſay, anſwered the Goat-herd, is, that about ſome ſix months paſt, little more or leſs, there arrived at a certain Sheep-fold ſome three leagues off, a young Gentleman of comely perſonage and preſence, mounted on that very Mule which lies dead there, and with the ſame Cuſhion and Mallet which you ſay

you met, but touched not. He demanded of us, which was the moſt hidden and inacceſſible part of the mountain? And we told him, that this wherein we are now: and it is true; for if you did enter but half a league farther, perhaps you would not find the way out again ſo readily: and I do greatly marvel how you could find the way hither itſelf; for there is neither highway nor path that may addreſs any to this place.

I SAY then, that the young man, as ſoon as he heard our anſwer, he turned the bridle, and travelled towards the place we ſhewed to him, leaving us all with very great liking of his comelineſs, and marvelled at his demand and ſpeed, wherewith he departed and made towards the mountain: and after that time, we did not ſee him for a good many days, until by chance one of our Shepherds came by with our proviſion of victuals, to whom he drew near, without ſpeaking a word, and ſpurned and beat him well-favour'dly, and after went to the Aſs which carried our victuals, and taking away all the bread and cheeſe that was there, he fled into the mountain with wonderful ſpeed.

WHEN we heard of this, ſome of us Goat-herds, we went to ſearch for him, and ſpent therein almoſt two days in the moſt ſolitary places of this mountain, and in the end found him lurking in the hollow part of a very tall and great Cork-tree; who as ſoon as he perceived us, came forth to meet us with great ſtayedneſs: his apparel was all torn, his viſage diſfigured, and toſted with the Sun in ſuch manner, as we could ſcarce know him, if it were not that his attire, although rent, by the notice we had of it, did give us to underſtand, that he was the man for whom we ſought. He ſaluted us courteouſly, and in brief and very good reaſons he ſaid, that we ought not to marvel, ſeeing him go in that manner: for that it behoved him to do ſo, that he might accompliſh a certain penance enjoined to him, for the many ſins he had committed. We prayed him to tell us what he was: but we could never perſwade him to it. We requeſted him likewiſe, that whenſoever he had any need of meat (without

out which he could not live) he ſhould tell us where we might find him, and we would bring it to him with great love and diligence; and that if he alſo did not like of this motion, that he would at leaſt-wiſe come and ask it, and not take it violently as he had done before from our Shepherds. He thanked us very much for our offer, and intreated pardon of the aſſaults paſſed, and promiſed to ask it from thence-forward for God's ſake, without giving annoyance to any one. And touching his dwelling or place of abode, he ſaid he had none other than that where the night overtook him, and ended his diſcourſe with ſo feeling laments, that we might well be accounted ſtones which heard him, if therein we had not kept him company, conſidering the ſtate wherein we had ſeen him firſt, and that wherein now he was. For as I have ſaid, he was a very comely and gracious young man, and ſhewed by his courteous and orderly ſpeech, that he was well born, and a courtlike perſon. For though we were all Clowns, ſuch as did hear him; his Gentility was ſuch, as could make itſelf known, even to rudeneſs itſelf: and being in the beſt of his diſcourſe, he ſtopt and grew ſilent, fixing his eyes on the ground a good while, wherein we likewiſe ſtood ſtill ſuſpended, expecting in what that diſtraction would end, with no little compaſſion to behold it; for we eaſily perceived that ſome accident of madneſs had ſurprized him, by his ſtaring and beholding the earth ſo fixedly, without once moving the eye-lid, and other times by the ſhutting of them, the biting of his lips, and bending of his brows. But very ſpeedily after, he made us certain thereof himſelf: for riſing from the ground (whereon he had thrown himſelf a little before) with great fury, he ſet upon him that ſate next unto him, with ſuch courage and rage, that if we had not taken him away, he would have ſlain him with blows and bites, and he did all this ſaying, O treacherous *Fernando!* here, here thou ſhalt pay me the injury that thou didſt me: theſe hands ſhall rent out the heart, in which do harbour and are heaped all evils together, but principally fraud and deceit: and to theſe he added other words, all addreſſed to the diſpraiſe

diſpraiſe of that *Fernando*, and to attach him of treaſon and untruth.

WE took from him at laſt, not without difficulty, our fellow, and he without ſaying a word departed from us, embuſhing himſelf preſently among the buſhes and brambles, leaving us wholly diſabled to follow him in thoſe rough and unhaunted places. By this we gathered that his madneſs comes to him at times, and that ſome one called *Fernando*, had done ſome ill work of ſuch weight, as the terms ſhew to which it hath brought him. All which hath ſince been further confirmed, as often (which were many times) as he came out to the fields, ſometimes to demand meat of the Shepherds, and other times to take it of them perforce: for when he is taken with this fit of madneſs, although the Shepherds do offer him meat willingly, yet will not he receive, unleſs he take it with buffets: and when he is in his right ſenſe, he asks it for God's ſake, with courteſy and humanity, and renders many thanks, and that not without tears. And in very truth, Sirs, I ſay unto you, quoth the Goat-herd, that I and four others, whereof two are my men, other two my friends, reſolved yeſterday to ſearch until we found him; and being found, either by force or fair means, we will carry him to the town of *Almodavar*, which is but eight Leagues from hence, and there will we have him cured, if his diſeaſe may be holpen, or at leaſt we ſhall learn what he is, when he turns to his wits, and whether he hath any friends to whom notice of his misfortune may be given. This is, Sirs, all that I can ſay concerning that which you demanded of me; and you ſhall underſtand that the owner of thoſe things which you ſaw in the way, is the very ſame, whom you ſaw paſs by you ſo naked and nimble: for *Don Quixote* had told him by this, that he had ſeen that man go by, leaping among the rocks.

Don Quixote reſted marvellouſly admired at the Goat-herd's tale, and with greater deſire to know who that unfortunate mad-man was, purpoſed with himſelf, as he had already reſolved, to ſearch him throughout the mountains,

mountains, without leaving a Corner or Cave of it unſought, until he had gotten him. But fortune diſpoſed the matter better than he expected: for he appeared in that very inſtant in a clift of a Rock, that anſwered to the place where they ſtood ſpeaking, who came towards them, murmuring ſomewhat to himſelf, which could not be underſtood near at hand, and much leſs afar off: his apparel was ſuch as we have delivered, only differing in this, as *Don Quixote* perceived when he drew nearer, that he wore on him, although torn, a leather Jerkin perfumed with Amber. By which he thorowly collected, that the perſon which wore ſuch attire, was not of the leaſt quality.

When the young man came to the place where they diſcourſed, he ſaluted them with a hoarſe voice, but with great courteſy: and *Don Quixote* returned him his greetings with no leſs complement; and alighting from *Rozinante*, he advanced to embrace him with very good carriage and countenance, and held him a good while ſtraightly between his arms, as if he had known him of long time. The other, whom we may call *The unfortunate Knight of the Rock*, as well as *Don Quixote*, *The Knight of the ill-favoured face*, after he had permitted himſelf to be embraced a while, did ſtep a little off from our Knight; and laying his hand on his ſhoulders, began to behold him earneſtly, as one deſirous to call to mind whether he had ever ſeen him before: being perhaps no leſs admired to ſee *Don Quixote*'s figure, proportion and arms, than *Don Quixote* was to view him. In reſolution, the firſt that ſpoke after the embracing, was the ragged Knight, and ſaid what we will preſently recount.

CHAP

CHAP. X.

Wherein is repreſented the adventure of Sierra Morena.

THE Hiſtory affirms, that great was the attention, wherewithal *Don Quixote* liſtened to the unfortunate *Knight of the Rock*, who began his ſpeech in this manner: 'Truly, good Sir, whatſoever 'you be (for I know you not) I do with all my heart 'gratify the ſigns of affection and courteſy which you 'have uſed towards me, and wiſh heartily that I were 'in terms to ſerve with more than my will, the good 'will you bear towards me, as your courteous enter-'tainment denotes: but my fate is ſo niggardly, as it 'affords me no other means to repay good works done 'to me, then only to lend me a good deſire ſometime 'to ſatisfy them.

So great is mine affection, replied *Don Quixote*, to ſerve you, as I was fully reſolved never to depart out of theſe mountains until I had found you, and known of your ſelf whether there might be any kind of remedy found for the grief that this your ſo unuſual a kind of life argues, doth poſſeſs your ſoul; and if it were requiſite, to ſearch it out with all poſſible diligence: and when your diſaſter were known of thoſe which clap their doors in the face of comfort, I intended in that caſe to bear a part in your lamentations, and plain it with the dolefulleſt note; for it is a conſolation in afflictions, to have one that condoles in them. And if this my good intention may merit any acceptance, or be gratified by any courteſy, let me intreat you, Sir, by the exceſs thereof, which I ſee accumulated in your boſom; and jointly I conjure you by that thing which you have, or do preſently moſt affect, that you will pleaſe to diſcloſe unto me who you are, and what the cauſe

cauſe hath been that perſuaded you to come, to live and dye in theſe Deſerts, like a brute beaſt, ſeeing you live among ſuch, ſo alienated from your ſelf, as both your attire and countenance demonſtrate. And I do vow (quoth *Don Quixote*) by the high order of Chivalry, which I (although unworthy and a ſinner) have received, and by the profeſſion of Knights-Errant, that if you do pleaſure me herein, to aſſiſt you with as good earneſt as my profeſſion doth bind me, either by remedying your diſaſter, if it can be holpen; or elſe by aſſiſting you to lament it, if it be ſo deſperate.

THE *Knight of the Rock*, who heard him of *The ill-favoured Face* ſpeak in that manner, did nothing elſe for a great while, but beholding him again and again, and re-behold him from top to toe. And after viewing him well, he ſaid, If you have any thing to eat, I pray you give it me for God's ſake, and after I have eaten, I will ſatisfy your demand thorowly, to gratify the many courteſies and undeſerved proffers you have made unto me. *Sancho*, and the Goat-herd preſents the one out of his Wallet, the other out of his Scrip, took ſome meat and gave it to the Knight of the Rock to allay his hunger, and he did eat ſo faſt, like a diſtracted man, as he left no intermiſſion between bit and bit, and clapt them up ſo ſwiftly, as he rather ſeemed to ſwallow than to chew them; and whilſt he did eat, neither he or any of the reſt ſpoke a word: and having ended his dinner, he made them ſigns to follow him, as at laſt they did, unto a little Meadow ſeated hard by that place, at the fold of a mountain; where being arrived, he ſtretched himſelf on the graſs, which the reſt did likewiſe in his imitation, without ſpeaking a word, until that he after ſetling himſelf in his place, began in this manner; If, Sirs, you pleaſe to hear the exceeding greatneſs of my diſaſters briefly rehearſed, you muſt promiſe me, that you will not interrupt the file of my doleful narration, with either demand or other thing; for in the very inſtant that you ſhall do it, there alſo muſt remain that which I ſay depending. Theſe words of our ragged Knight's, called to *Don Quixote*'s remembrance

brance the tale which his Squire had told unto him, where he entred in the account of his Goats, which had paſſed the river, for which that Hiſtory remained ſuſpended. But returning to our ragged man, he ſaid, This prevention which now I give, is to the end that I may compendiouſly paſs over the Diſcourſe of my miſhaps: for the revoking of them to remembrance, only ſerves me to none other ſtead, than to increaſe the old, by adding of new misfortunes; and by how much the fewer your queſtions are, by ſo much the more ſpeedily ſhall I have finiſhed my pitiful Diſcourſe; and yet I mean not to omit the eſſential point of my woes untoucht, that your deſires may be herein ſufficiently ſatisfied. Don *Quixote* in his own, and his other companions name, promiſed to perform his requeſt; whereupon he began his relation in this manner:

My name is *Cardenio*, the place of my birth, one of the beſt Cities in *Andaluzia*, my linage noble, my parents rich, and my misfortunes ſo great, as I think my parents have 'ere this deplored, and my kinsfolk condoled them, being very little able with their wealth to redreſs them; for the goods of fortune are but of ſmall virtue to remedy the diſaſters of heaven. There dwelt in the ſame city a heaven, wherein love had placed all the glory that I could deſire; ſo great is the beauty of *Luſcinda*, a damſel as noble and rich as I: but more fortunate, and leſs conſtant than my honourable deſires expected. I loved, honoured, and adored this *Luſcinda*, almoſt from my very infancy; and ſhe affected me likewiſe, with all the integrity and good will, which with her ſo young years did accord. Our parents knew our mutual amity; for which they were nothing agrieved, perceiving very well, that although we continued it, yet could it have none other end but Matrimony; a thing which the equality of our blood and ſubſtance, did of it ſelf almoſt invite us to. Our age and affection increaſed in ſuch ſort, as it ſeemed fit for *Luſcinda*'s father, for certain good reſpects, to deny me the entrance of his houſe any longer; imitating in a manner therein *Tisbi*, ſo much ſolemnized by the Poets, her parents; which

which hindrance only ſerved to add flame to flame, and deſire to deſire: for although it ſet ſilence to our tongues, yet would they not impoſe it to our pens, which are wont to expreſs to whom it pleaſed, the moſt hidden ſecrecies of our ſouls, with more liberty than the tongue; for the preſence of the beloved doth often diſtract, trouble, and ſtrike dumb the boldeſt tongue, and firmeſt reſolution. O Heavens! how many Letters have I written unto her? What chearful and honeſt anſwers have I received? How many Ditties and amorous Verſes have I compoſed, wherein my ſoul declared and publiſhed her paſſions, declined her inflamed deſires, entertained her remembrance, and recreated her will? In effect, perceiving my ſelf to be forced, and that my ſoul conſumed with a perpetual deſire to behold her, I reſolved to put my deſires in execution, and finiſh in an inſtant that which I deemed moſt expedient for the better atchieving of my deſired and deſerved reward; which was (as I did indeed) to demand her of her father for my lawful Spouſe.

To which he made anſwer, that he did gratify the good will which I ſhewed by honouring him, and deſire to honour my ſelf with pawns that were his: but yet ſeeing my father yet lived, the motion of that matter properly moſt concerned him. For if it were not done with his good liking and pleaſure, *Luſcinda* was not a woman to be taken or given by ſtealth. I rendred him thanks for his good will, his words ſeeming unto me very reaſonable, as that my father ſhould agree unto them, as ſoon as I ſhould explain the matter; and therefore departed preſently to acquaint him with my deſires; who at the time which I entred into a Chamber, wherein he was, ſtood with a Letter open in his hand; and eſpying me, 'ere I could break my mind unto him, gave it me, ſaying, By that Letter, *Cardenio*, you may gather the deſire that Duke *Ricardo* bears, to do you any pleaſure or favour.

THIS Duke *Ricardo*, as I think, you know, *Sirs*, already, is a *Grandee* of *Spain*, whoſe Dukedom is ſeated in the beſt part of all *Andaluzia*.

I TOOK

I TOOK the Letter and read it; which appeared ſo urgent, as I my ſelf accounted it would be ill done, if my father did not accompliſh the contents thereof, which were indeed, that he ſhould preſently addreſs me to his Court, to the end I might be companion (and not ſervant) to his eldeſt ſon; and that he would incharge himſelf with the advancing of me to ſuch preferments as might be anſwerable unto the value and eſtimation he made of my perſon. I paſt over the whole Letter, and was ſtrucken dumb at the reading thereof, but chiefly hearing my father to ſay, *Carmenio*, thou muſt depart within two days, to accompliſh the Duke's deſire; and omit not to render Almighty God thanks, which doth thus open the way, by which thou mayeſt attain in fine to that which I know thou doſt merit; and to theſe words added certain others of fatherly council and direction. The term of my departure arrived, and I ſpoke to my *Luſcinda* on a certain night, and recounted unto her all that paſſed, and likewiſe to her father, entreating him to overſlip a few days, and defer the beſtowing of his daughter elſewhere, until I went to underſtand Duke *Ricardo* his will: which he promiſed me, and ſhe confirmed it with a thouſand oaths and promiſes.

FINALLY, I came to Duke *Ricardo*'s Court, and was ſo friendly received and entertained by him, as even very envy then began to excerciſe her accuſtomed function, being forthwith emulated by the ancient Scrutors; perſwading themſelves, that the tokens the Duke ſhewed to do me favours, could not but turn to their prejudice. But he that rejoyced moſt at mine arrival, was a ſecond ſon of the Duke's, called *Ferdinand*, who was young, gallant, very comely, liberal, and amorous; who within a while after my coming, held me ſo dearly, as every one wonder'd thereat: and though the elder loved me well, and did me favour, yet was it in no reſpect comparable to that wherewithal Don *Fernando* loved and treated me. It therefore befel, that as there is no ſecrecy amongſt friends ſo great, but they will communicate it the one to the other, and the familiarity

miliarity which I had with Don *Fernando*, was now paſt the limits of favour, and turned into deareſt amity, he revealed unto me all his thoughts, but chiefly one of his love, which did not a little moleſt him. For he was enamoured on a Farmer's daughter that was his Father's vaſſal, whoſe parents were marvellous rich, and ſhe her ſelf ſo beautiful, wary, diſcreet, and honeſt, as never a one that knew her, could abſolutely determine wherein, or in which of all her perfections ſhe did excel or was moſt accompliſhed. And thoſe good parts of the beautiful Country-maid, reduced Don *Fernando*'s deſires to ſuch an exigency, as he reſolved that he might the better gain her good will, and conquer her integrity, to paſs her a promiſe of marriage; for otherwiſe he ſhould labour to affect that which was impoſſible, and but ſtrive againſt the ſtream. I, as one bound thereunto by our friendſhip, did thwart and diſſwade him from his purpoſe with the beſt reaſons, and moſt efficacious words I might: and ſeeing all could not prevail, I determined to acquaint the Duke *Ricardo* his Father therewithal. But Don *Fernando* being very crafty and diſcreet, ſuſpected and feared as much, becauſe he conſidered that in the law of a faithful ſervant, I was bound not to conceal a thing that would turn ſo much to the prejudice of the Duke my Lord: and therefore both to divert and deceive me at once, that he could find no means ſo good, to deface the remembrance of that beauty out of his mind, which held his heart in ſuch ſubjection, than to abſent himſelf for certain months: and he would likewiſe have that abſcence to be this, that both of us ſhould depart together and come to my father's houſe, under pretence (as he would inform the Duke) that he went to ſee and cheapen certain great horſes that were in the City wherein I was born; a place of breeding the beſt horſes in the world.

Scarce had I heard him ſay this (when born away by the natural propenſion each one hath to his Country, and my love joined) although his deſignment had not been ſo good, yet would I have ratified it, as one of

of the moſt expedient that could be imagined, becauſe I ſaw occaſion and opportunity ſo fairly offered, to return and ſee again my *Luſcinda*. And therefore ſet on by this thought and deſire, I approved his opinion, and did quicken his purpoſe, perſwading him to proſecute it with all poſſible ſpeed, for abſence would in the end work her effect in deſpite of the moſt forcible and urgent thoughts; and when he ſaid this to me, he had already under the title of a husband (as it was afterwards known) reaped the fruits of his longed deſires, from his beautiful country-maid, and did only await an opportunity to reveal it without his own detriment; fearful of the Duke his father's indignation, when he ſhould underſtand his errour.

IT afterward hapned, that as love in young men is not for the moſt part love, but luſt, the which (as it ever propoſeth to it ſelf as his laſt end, and period is delight) ſo as ſoon as it obtaineth the ſame, it likewiſe decayeth and maketh forcibly to retire that which was termed love; for it cannot tranſgreſs the limits which Nature hath aſſigned it, which boundings or mears, Nature hath in no wiſe alloted to true and ſincere affection. I would ſay, that as ſoon as Don *Fernando* had enjoyed his Country Laſs, his deſires weakened, and his importunities waxed cold; and if at the firſt he fained an excuſe to abſent himſelf, that he might with more facility compaſs them, he did now in very good earneſt procure to depart, to the end he might not put them in execution. The Duke gave him licence to depart, and commanded me to accompany him. We came to my City, where my father entertained him according to his calling. I ſaw *Luſcinda*, and then again were reviv'd (although indeed they were neither dead nor mortify'd) my deſires, and acquainted Don *Fernando* (alas, to my total ruin) with them, becauſe I thought it was not lawful by the law of amity to keep any thing concealed from him. There I dilated to him, on the Beauty, Wit, and Diſcretion of *Luſcinda*, in ſo ample manner, as my praiſes ſtirred in him a deſire to view a damſel ſo greatly adorned, and in-

riched

riched with ſo rare endowments: and this his deſire I (through my misfortue) ſatisfied, ſhewing her unto him by the light of a Candle, at a Window where we two were wont to parly together; where he beheld her to be ſuch, as was ſufficient to blot out of his memory all the beauties which ever he had viewed before. He ſtood mute, beſide himſelf, and raviſhed: and moreover reſted ſo greatly enamoured, as you may perceive in the Diſcourſe of this my doleful narration. And to inflame his deſires the more, (a thing which I fearfully avoided, and only diſcovered to heaven) fortune ſo diſpoſed, that he found after me one of her letters, wherein ſhe requeſted that I would demand her of her father for wife; which was ſo diſcreet, honeſt and amorouſly penned, as he ſaid, after reading it, that in *Luſcinda* alone where included all the graces of Beauty and Underſtanding jointly, which were divided and ſeparate in all the other women of the world.

YET in good ſooth I will here confeſs the truth, that although I ſaw clearly how deſervedly *Luſcinda* was thus extol'd by Don *Ferdinando*, yet did not her praiſes pleaſe me ſo much pronounced by him; and therefore began to fear and ſuſpect him, becauſe he let no moment overſlip us, without making ſome mention of *Luſcinda*, and would ſtill himſelf begin the Diſcourſe, were the occaſion ever ſo far fetched: a thing which rowſed in me I cannot tell what jealouſy; not that I did fear any traverſe in *Luſcinda*'s loyalty, yet for all my Fates made me the very thing which they moſt aſſured me: and Don *Ferdinando* procured to read all the papers I ſent to *Luſcinda*, or ſhe to me, under pretence that he took extraordinary delight to note the witty conceits of us both. It therefore fell out, that *Luſcinda* having demanded of me a book of Chivalry to read, wherein ſhe took marvellous delight, and was that of *Amadis de Gaul*.

SCARCE had Don *Quixote* well heard him make mention of books of Knighthood, when he replied to him, If you have had, good Sir, but once told me at the beginning of your Hiſtorical narration, that your Lady

Lady *Luſcinda* was affected to the reading of Knightly adventures, you needed not to have uſed any amplification to indear or make plain unto me the eminency of her wit; which certainly could not in any wiſe be ſo excellent and perſpicuous as you have figured it, if ſhe wanted the propenſion and feeling you have rehearſed, to the peruſing of ſo pleaſing Diſcourſes, ſo that henceforth with me, you need not ſpend any more words to explain and manifeſt the height of her beauty, worths and underſtanding: for by this only notice I have receiv'd of her devotion to books of Knighthood, I do confirm her for the moſt fair and accompliſhed woman for all perfections in the world: and I would to God, good Sir, that you had alſo ſent her together with *Amadis*, the Hiſtories of the good Don *Rugel* of *Grecia*; for I am certain, the Lady *Luſcinda* would have taken great delight in *Darayda* and *Garaya*, and in the witty conceits of the Shepherd *Darinel*, and in thoſe admirable verſes of his Bucolicks, ſung and rehearſed by him with ſuch grace, diſcretion and liberty. But a time may come, wherein this fault may be recompenced, if it ſhall pleaſe you to come with me to my Village; for there I may give you three hundred Books, which are my ſoul's greateſt contentment, and the entertainment of my life: although I do now verily believe that none of them are left, thanks be to the malice of evil and envious Enchanters. And I beſeech you to pardon me this tranſgreſſion of our agreement at the firſt, promiſed not to interrupt your Diſcourſes: for when I hear any motion made of Chivalry or Knights-Errant, it is no more in my power to omit to ſpeak of them, than in the Sun-beams to leave of warming, or in the Moons, to render things humid. And therefore I intreat pardon, that you will proſecute your Hiſtory, which is that moſt imports us.

WHILST Don *Quixote* ſpoke theſe words, *Cardenio* hanged his head on his breaſt, giving manifeſt tokens that he was exceeding ſad. And although Don *Quixote* requeſted him twice to follow on with his Diſcourſe, yet neither did he lift up his head, or anſwer a word,

word, till at laſt, after he had ſtood a good while muſing, he held up his head and ſaid; It cannot be taken out of my mind, nor is there any one in the world can deprive me of the conceit, or make me believe the contrary: and he were a bottle-head, that would think or believe otherwiſe than that the great Villain, Maſter *Eliſabat* the Barber kept Queen *Madaſima* as his Lemman.

THAT is not ſo, I vow by ſuch and ſuch, quoth Don *Quixote* in great choler (and as he was wont, rapt out three or four round oaths) and it is great malice, or rather villany to ſay ſuch a thing. For Queen *Madaſima* was a very Noble Lady, and ought not to be preſumed, that ſo high a Princeſs would fall in love with a Quack-ſalver: and whoſoever thinks the contrary, lies like an errant Villain; as I will make him underſtand a horſe-back or a-foot, armed or diſarmed, by night or by day, or as he beſt liketh. *Cardenio* ſtood beholding him very earneſtly as he ſpoke theſe words, whom the accident of his madneſs had by this poſſeſſed, and was not in plight to proſecute his Hiſtory: nor would Don *Quixote* give ear to it, he was ſo mightily diſguſted to hear Queen *Madaſima* detracted.

A MARVELLOUS accident, for he took her defences as earneſtly, as if ſhe were verily his true and natural Princeſs; his wicked books had ſo much diſtracted him. And *Cardenio* being by this furiouſly mad, hearing himſelf anſwered with the lie, and the denomination of a Villain, with other the like outrages, he took the reſt in ill part, and lifting up a ſtone that was near unto him, gave Don *Quixote* ſuch a blow therewithal, as he overthrew him to the ground on his back. *Sancho Pança* ſeeing his maſter ſo roughly handled, ſet upon the fool with his fiſt ſhut; and the ragged man received his aſſault in ſuch manner, as he likewiſe overthrew him at his feet with one fiſt, and mounting afterward upon him, did work him with his feet like a piece of Dough: and the Goat-herd, who thought to ſuccour him, was like to incur the ſame danger. And after he had overthrown and beaten them all very well, he de-

parted from them and entred into the wood very quietly. *Sancho* aroſe, and with rage to ſee himſelf ſo belaboured without deſert, he ran upon the Goat-herd to be revenged on him, ſaying, that he was in the fault, who had not premoniſhed them, how that mans raving fits did take him ſo at times; for had they been advertiſed thereof, they might have ſtood all the while on their Guards.

THE Goat-herd anſwered, that he had already adviſed them thereof; and if he had not been attentive thereunto, yet he was therefore nothing the more culpable.

Sancho Panza replied, and the Goat-herd made a rejoinder thereunto: but their diſputation ended at laſt, in the catching hold of one another's beards, and beſiſting themſelves ſo uncompaſſionately, as if Don *Quixote* had not pacified them, they would have torn one another to pieces. *Sancho* holding ſtill the Goat-herd faſt, ſaid unto his Lord, Let me alone, Sir *Knight of the ill favoured face*, for on this man who is a Clown as I am my ſelf, and no dubbed Knight, I may ſafely ſatisfy my ſelf of the wrong he hath done me, by fighting with him hand to hand like an honourable man. It is true, quoth Don *Quixote*, but I know well that he is no wiſe culpable of that which hath hapned. And ſaying ſo, appeaſed them: and turned again to demand of the Goat-herd, whether it was poſſible to meet again with *Cardenio*; for he remained poſſeſſed with an exceeding deſire to know the end of his Hiſtory.

THE Goat-herd turned again to repeat what he ſaid at the firſt, to wit, that he knew not any certain place of his abode; but if he haunted that Commark any while, he would ſometime meet with him, either in his mad or modeſt humour.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Which treats of the ſtrange Adventures that happened to the Knight of the Mancha, *in* Sierra Morena: *And of the Penance he did there, in imitation of* Beltinebros.

DON *Quixote* took leave of the Goat-herd, and mounting once again on *Rozinante*, he commanded *Sancho* to follow him, who obeyed, but with a very ill will; and thus they travelled by little and little, entring into the thickeſt and rougheſt part of all the mountain: and *Sancho* went almoſt burſt with a deſire to reaſon with his Maſter, and therefore wiſhed in mind that he would once begin, that he might not tranſgreſs his commandment of ſilence impoſed on him, but growing at laſt wholly impotent to contain himſelf ſpeechleſs any longer: Good Sir Don *Quixote*, I pray you give me your bleſſing, and licence; for I mean to depart from this place, and return to my houſe, my wife and children, with whom I ſhall be at leaſt admitted to reaſon and ſpeak my pleaſure; for that you would deſire to have me keep you company thorow theſe Deſarts night and day, and that I may not ſpeak when I pleaſe, is but to bury me alive. Yet if fortune had ſo happily diſpoſed our affairs, as that beaſts could ſpeak as they did in *Guiſopetes*'s time, the harm had been leſs, for then would I diſcourſe a while with *Roziñante* (ſeing my niggardly fortune hath not conſented I might do it with mine Aſs) what I thought good, and in this ſort would I wave my miſhaps; for it is a ſtubborn thing, and that cannot be born with patience, to travel all the days of our life, and not to encounter any other thing than tramplings under feet, toſſings in Coverlets, blows of ſtones, and buffets, and be beſides all this forced to ſow up our mouths, a man daring not

to break his mind, but to ſtand mute like a poſt. *Sancho*, I underſtand thee now, quoth *Don Quixote*, thou dieſt with longing to ſpeak that which I have forbidden thee to ſpeak: account therefore that commandment revoked, and ſay what thou pleaſeſt, on condition that this revocation be only available and of force whilſt we dwell in theſe mountains, and no longer.

So be it, quoth *Sancho*, let me ſpeak now, for what may after befal, God only knows; and then beginning to take the benefit of his licence, he ſaid, I pray you tell me what benefit could you reap by taking Queen *Magimaſa*'s part? Or what was it to the purpoſe that that Abbot was her friend or no? For if you had let it ſlip, ſeeing you were not his Judge, I verily believe that the fool had proſecuted his tale, and we ſhould have eſcaped the blow of the ſtone, the trampling under feet and ſpurnings, yea, and more than five or ſix good buffets. I'faith *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, if thou kneweſt as well as I did, how honourable and principal a Lady was Queen *Madaſima*, thou wouldeſt rather ſay, that I had great patience, ſeeing I did not ſtrike thee on the mouth, out of which ſuch blaſphemies iſſued: for it is a very great diſhonour to aver or think that any Queen would fall in love with a Barber. For the truth of the Hiſtory is, that Maſter *Eliſabat*, of whom the mad-man ſpoke, was very prudent, and a man of a ſound Judgment, and ſerved the Queen as her Tutor and Phyſician; but to think that ſhe was his Lemman, is a madneſs worthy the ſevereſt puniſhment: and to the end thou mayeſt ſee that *Cardenio* knew not what he ſaid, thou muſt underſtand that when he ſpoke it, he then was wholly beſide himſelf.

THAT's it which I ſay, quoth *Sancho*, that you ought not to make account of words ſpoken by a Fool: for if fortune had not aſſiſted you, but addreſſed the ſtone to your head, as it did to your breaſt, we ſhould have remained in ill plight, for having turned ſo earneſtly in that my Lady's defence, whom God confound: and think you that *Cardenio* would not eſcape the dangers of the

the Law, by reaſon of his madneſs? Any Knight-Errant, anſwered *Don Quixote*, is bound to turn for the honour of women, of what quality ſoever, againſt mad or unmad men: How much more for Queens of ſo high degree and worth, as was Queen *Madaſina*, to whom I bear particular affections for her good parts? For beſides her being marvellous beautiful, ſhe was moreover very prudent and patient in her calamities, which were very many, and the company and counſels of Maſter *Eliſabat* proved very beneficial, and neceſſary to induce her to bear her miſhaps with prudence and patience: and hence the ignorant and ill-meaning vulgar took occaſion to ſuſpect and affirm, that ſhe was his friend: but I ſay again they lie, and all thoſe that do either think or ſay it, do lie a thouſand times.

Why, quoth *Sancho*, I neither ſay it nor think it; let thoſe that affirm any ſuch thing, eat that lie, and ſwallow it with their bread: and if they of whom you ſpoke lived lightly, they have given account to God thereof by this. I come from my Vineyard, I know nothing. I am not a friend to know other men's lives. For he that buys and lies, ſhall feel it in his purſe. How much more ſeeing I was born naked, and am now naked, I can neither win nor loſe? A man is but a man, though he have a hoſe on his head; but howſoever, what is that to me? And many think there is a Sheep where there is no Fleece. But who ſhall bridle a man's underſtanding, when men are prophane? Good God, quoth *Don Quixote*, how many follies haſt thou inſerted here, and how wide from our purpoſe are thoſe proverbs which thou haſt recited? Honeſt *Sancho*, hold thy peace, and from henceforth endeavour to ſerve thy Maſter, and do not meddle in things which concern thee nothing; and underſtand with all thy five ſenſes, that whatſoever I have done, do, or ſhall do, is wholly guided by reaſon, and conformable to the rules of Knighthood, which I know better than all the other Knights that ever profeſſed them in the world. Sir, quoth *Sancho*, and is it a good rule of Chivalry, that we go wandring and loſt among theſe mountains in this ſort, without path or way in the

ſearch of a mad-man, to whom peradventure after he is found, will return a deſire to finiſh what he began, not of his tale, but of your head and my ribs, by endeavouring to break them ſoundly and thorowly.

PEACE, I ſay, *Sancho*, once again, quoth *Don Quixote*, for thou muſt wit, that the deſire of finding the mad-man alone, brings me not into theſe parts ſo much, as that which I have in my mind to atchieve a certain adventure, by which I ſhall acquire eternal renown and fame, throughout the univerſal face of the earth: and I ſhall therewithal ſeal all that which may render a Knight-Errant compleat and famous. And is the adventure very dangerous, quoth *Sancho Pança?* No, anſwered the *Knight of the ill favoured face*, although the Die might run in ſuch ſort, as we might caſt a hazard inſtead of an encounter; but all conſiſts in thy diligence. In mine, quoth *Sancho?* Yes (quoth *Don Quixote*) for if thou returneſt ſpeedily from the place whereunto I mean to ſend thee, my pain will alſo end ſhortly, and my glory commence very ſoon after: and becauſe I will not hold thee long ſuſpended, awaiting to hear the effect of my words, I would have thee to know that the famous *Amadis du Gaul*, was one of the moſt accompliſhed Knights-Errant. I do not ſay well, ſaying he was one; for he was the only, the firſt, and prime Lord of as many as lived in his age. An evil year and a worſe month for *Don Belianis*, or any other that ſhall dare preſume to compare with him, for I ſwear, that they all are queſtionleſs deceived. I alſo ſay that when a Painter would become rare and excellent in his art, he procures to imitate the patterns of the moſt ſingular Maſters of his ſcience. And this very rule runs currant throughout all other trades and exerciſes of account, which ſerve to adorn a well-diſpoſed Common-wealth; and ſo ought and doth he, that means to obtain the name of a prudent and patient man, by imitating *Ulyſſes*, in whoſe perſon and dangers doth *Homer* delineate unto us, the true portraiture of patience and ſufferance; as likewiſe *Virgil* demonſtrates under the perſon of *Æneas*, the duty and valour of a pious ſon, and the ſagacity of a hardy

hardy and expert captain, not ſhewing them ſuch as indeed they were, but as they ſhould be, to remain as an example of Vertue to enſuing poſterities. And in this very manner, was *Amadis* the North-ſtar and Sun of valorous and amorous Knights, whom all we ought to imitate which march under the enſigns of Love and Chivalry. And this being ſo manifeſt as it is, I find friend *Sancho*, that the Knight-Errant who ſhall imitate him moſt, ſhall likewiſe be neareſt to attain the perfection of arms: and that wherein this Knight bewrayed moſt his Prudence, Valour, Courage, Patience, Conſtancy and Love, was when he retired himſelf to do penance, being diſdained by his Lady *Oriana*, to the *Poor Rock*, changing his Name into that of *Beltenebros*, a name certainly moſt ſignificative and proper for the life which he had at that time willingly choſen. And I may more eaſily imitate him herein, than in cleaving of Giants, beheading of Serpents, killing of Monſters, overthrowing of Armies, putting Navies to flight, and finiſhing of Enchantments. And ſeeing that this Mountain is ſo fit for that purpoſe, there is no reaſon why I ſhould overſlip the occaſion, which doth ſo commodiouſly proffer me her Locks.

In effect, quoth *Sancho*, what is it you mean to do in theſe remote places? Have not I told thee already ſaid *Don Quixote*, that I mean to follow *Amadis*, by playing here the deſpaired, wood and furious Man? To imitate likewiſe the valiant *Orlando*, were he found the tokens by a fountain, that *Angelica the fair* had abuſed herſelf with *Medozo*, for grief thereof he ran mad, and plucked up Trees by their roots, troubled the Water of clear Fountains, ſlew Shepherds, deſtroyed their Flocks, fired the Sheep-folds, overthrew Houſes, trailed Mares after him, and committed a hundred thouſand other inſolencies, worthy of eternal fame and memory? And although I mean not to imitate *Roldan*, or *Orlando*, or *Rowland*, (for he had all theſe names) exactly in every mad prank which he played, yet will I do it the beſt I can, in thoſe things which ſhall ſeem unto me moſt eſſential. And perhaps I may reſt contented with

the only Imitation of *Amadis*, who without endamaging any by his ravings, and only uſing theſe of feeling laments, arrived to as great fame thereby as any one whatſoever.

I BELIEVE, replied *Sancho*, that the Knights which performed the like penances, were moved by ſome reaſons to do the like auſterities and follies: but good Sir, what occaſion hath been offered unto you to become mad? What Lady hath diſdained you? Or what arguments have you found, that the Lady *Dulcinea of Toboſo* hath ever dallied with Moor or Chriſtian? There is the point, anſwered our Knight, and therein conſiſts the perfection of mine affairs; for that a Knight-Errant do run mad upon any juſt occaſion, deſerves neither praiſe nor thanks, the wit is in waxing mad without cauſe, whereby my Miſtreſs may underſtand, that if dry, I could do this, what would I have done being watered? How much more, ſeeing I have a juſt motive through the prolix abſence that I have made from my ever-ſupremeſt Lady *Dulcinea of Toboſo?* For as thou mighteſt have heard read in *Marias Ambroſio*'s Shepherd:

To him that abſent is
All things ſucceed amiſs.

So that, friend *Sancho*, I would not have thee laviſh time longer in adviſing, to let ſlip ſo rare, ſo happy, and ſingular an imitation. I am mad, and will be mad, until thou return again with anſwer upon a Letter, which I mean to ſend with thee to my Lady *Dulcinea:* and if it be ſuch as my Loyalty deſerves, my madneſs and penance ſhall end; but if the contrary, I ſhall run mad in good earneſt, and be in that ſtate that I ſhall not apprehend nor feel any thing. So that howſoever I be anſwered, I ſhall iſſue out of the conflict and pain wherein thou leaveſt me, by joying the good thou ſhalt bring me, as wiſe, or not feeling the evil thou ſhalt denounce, as mad. But tell me, *Sancho*, keepeſt thou charily yet the Helmet of *Mambrino*, which I ſaw thee take up from the

the Ground the other day, when that ungrateful fellow thought to have broken it into pieces, but could not; by which may be collected the excellent temper thereof?

Sancho anſwered to this demand, ſaying, I cannot ſuffer or bear longer, Sir *Knight of the ill-favoured face*, nor take patiently many things which you ſay, and I begin to ſuſpect by your words, that all that which you have ſaid to me of Chivalry, and of gaining Kingdoms and Empires, of beſtowing Iſlands, and other gifts and great things, as Knights-Errant are wont, are all matters of air and lies, all cozenage or cozening, or how elſe you pleaſe to term it: for he that ſhall hear you name a Barber's Baſon *Mambrino*'s Helmet, and that you will not abandon that errour in more than four days; what other can he think, but that he who affirms ſuch a thing, doth want wit and diſcretion? I carry the Baſon in my bag all battered and bored, and will have it mended, and dreſs my beard in it at home, if God ſhall do me the favour that I may one day ſee my wife and barns.

Behold, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote*, I do likewiſe ſwear, that thou haſt the ſhalloweſt pate that ever any Squire had or hath in the World: is it poſſible, that in all the time thou haſt gone with me, thou couldeſt not perceive, that all the adventures of Knights-Errant do appear Chimeras, follies and deſperate things, being quite contrary? Not that they are indeed ſuch, but rather by reaſon that we are ſtill haunted by a crew of Enchanters, which change and transform our acts, making them ſeem what they pleaſe, according as they like to favour or annoy us. And ſo this which ſeems to thee a Barber's Baſon, is in my conceit *Mambrino*'s Helmet; and to another will appear in ſome other ſhape. And it is doubtleſsly done by the profound ſcience of the wiſe-man my friend, to make that ſeem a Baſon, which really and truly is *Mambrino*'s Helmet: becauſe that it being ſo precious a Jewel, all the world would purſue me to deprive me of it; but now ſeeing it is ſo like a Barber's Baſon, they endeavour not to gain it; as was clearly ſhewed in

him that thought to break it the other Day, and would not carry it with him, but left it lying behind him on the Ground, for i'faith he had never left it, did he know the worthineſs thereof. Keep it, friend, for I need it not at this preſent, wherein I muſt rather diſarm myſelf of the Arms I wear, and remain as naked as I was at the hour of my birth, if I ſhall take the humour rather to imitate *Orlando* in doing of my penance than *Amadis*.

WHILST thus he diſcourſed, he arrived to the foot of a lofty mountain, which ſtood like a hewn rock, divided from all the reſt, by the skirt whereof glided a ſmooth River, hemmed in on every ſide by a green and flouriſhing meadow, whoſe verdure did marvellouſly delight the greedy-beholding eye. There were in it alſo many wild trees, and ſome plants and flowers which rendered the place much more pleaſing. *The Knight of the ill-favoured face* made choice of this place to accompliſh therein his penance, and therefore as ſoon as he had viewed it, he began to ſay with a loud voice, like a diſtracted man, theſe words enſuing: 'This is the place where 'the humour of mine eyes ſhall increaſe the liquid veins 'of this chryſtal current: and my continual and deep 'ſighs ſhall give perpetual motion to the leaves of theſe 'mountainy trees, in teſtimony of the pain which my 'oppreſſed heart doth ſuffer. O you, whoſoever ye be, 'ruſtical Gods, which have your Manſion in this uninhabitable place, give ear to the plaints of this unfortunate Lover, whom a long abſence, and a few imagined 'ſuſpicions have conducted to deplore his ſtate among 'theſe Deſarts, and make him exclaim on the rough 'condition of that Ingrate and Fair, who is the top, 'the Sun, the period, term and end of all humane beauty! O ye *Napeas* and *Driades*, which do wontedly 'inhabit the Thickets and Groves, ſo may the nimble 'and laſcivious *Satyrs*, by whom (although in vain) 'you are beloved, never have power to interrupt your 'ſweet reſt, as you ſhall aſſiſt me to lament my diſaſters, 'or at leaſt attend them whilſt I dolefully breathe them! 'O *Dulcinea of Toboſo*, the day of my night, the glory

'of

'of my pain, north of my travels, and ſtar of my for-
'tunes: ſo heaven enrich thee with the higheſt, whenſo-
'ever thou ſhalt demand it, as thou wilt conſider the
'place and paſs unto which thine abſence hath conduct-
'ed me, and anſwer my faith and deſires in compaſſio-
'nate and gracious manner! O ſolitary trees, (which ſhall
'from hence-forward keep company with my ſolitude)
'give tokens with the ſoft motion of your boughs,
'that my preſence doth not diſlike you! O thou my
'Squire, and grateful companion in all proſperous and
'adverſe ſucceſſes, bear well away what thou ſhalt ſee
'me do here, to the end that thou mayeſt after prompt-
'ly recount it to the total cauſe of my ruin.' And ſay-
ing ſo, he alighted from *Rozinante*, and taking off in a trice his bridle and ſaddle, he ſtruck him on the but-tock, ſaying, He gives thee liberty that wants it himſelf, O horſe, as famous for thy works, as thou art unfortu-nate by thy fates. Go where thou pleaſeſt, for thou beareſt written in thy fore-head, how that neither the *Hippogriphon* of *Aſtolpho*, nor the renowned *Frontino*, which coſt *Bradamant* ſo dearly, could compare with thee for ſwiftneſs.

When *Sancho* had viewed and heard his Lord ſpeak thus, he likewiſe ſaid, Good betide him that freed us from the pains of unpannelling the grey Aſs; for if he were here, i'faith he ſhould alſo have two or three claps on the buttocks, and a ſhort Oration in his praiſe: yet if he were here, I would not permit any other to unpannel him, ſeeing there was no occaſion why; for he good beaſt was nothing ſubject to the paſſions of love, or deſpair, no more than I, who was his Maſter when it pleaſed God. And in good ſooth, Sir *Knight of the ill-favoured face*, if my departure and your madneſs be in good earneſt, it will be needful to ſaddle *Rozinante* again, that he may ſupply the want of mine Aſs; for it will ſhorten the time of my departure, and return again: and if I make my voyage a-foot, I know not when I ſhall arrive there or return here back unto you; for in good earneſt I am a very ill footman.

LET it be as thou likeſt, quoth *Don Quixote*, for thy deſign diſpleaſeth me nothing; and therefore I reſolve that thou ſhalt depart from hence after three days, for in the mean ſpace thou ſhalt behold what I will do and ſay for my Lady's ſake, to the end thou mayeſt tell it to her. Why, quoth *Sancho*, what more can I view, than that which I have ſeen already? Thou art altogether wide of the matter, anſwered *Don Quixote*, for I muſt yet tear mine apparel, throw away mine Armour, and beat mine head about theſe Rocks, with many other things of that kind, that will ſtrike thee into admiration. Let me beſeech you, quoth *Sancho*, ſee well how you give yourſelf thoſe knocks about the Rocks; for you might happen upon ſome one ſo ungracious a Rock, as at the firſt rap would diſſolve all the whole Machina of your adventures and penance. And therefore I would be of opinion, ſeeing that you do hold it neceſſary that ſome knocks be given with the head, and that this enterprize cannot be accompliſhed without them, that you content yourſelf, ſeeing that all is but feigned, counterfeit, and a jeſt, that you ſhould, I ſay, content yourſelf with ſtriking it on the water, or on ſome other ſoft thing, as cotton or wool, and leave to my charge the exaggeration thereof, for I will tell to my Lady, that you ſtrike your head againſt the point of a Rock, which was harder than a Diamond.

I THANK thee, *Sancho*, for thy good will, quoth *Don Quixote*, but I can aſſure thee that all theſe things which I do are no jeſts, but very ſerious earneſts, for otherwiſe we ſhould tranſgreſs the Statutes of Chivalry, which command us not to avouch any untruth, on pain of relapſe, and to do one thing for another, is as much as to lie. So that my head-knocks muſt be true, firm, and ſound ones, without any ſophiſtical or fantaſtical ſhadow: and it will be requiſite that thou leave me ſome lint to cure me, ſeeing that Fortune hath deprived us of the *Balſamum* which we loſt. It was worſe to have loſt the Aſs, quoth *Sancho*, ſeeing that at once with him we have loſt our lint, and all our other proviſion: and I entreat

entreat you moſt earneſtly not to name again that accurſed drink, for in only hearing it mentioned, you not only turn my guts in me, but alſo my ſoul. And I requeſt you moreover, to make account that the term of three days is already expired, wherein you would have me take notice of you follies; for I declare them already for ſeen, and will tell wonders to my Lady: wherefore go write your Letter and diſpatch me with all haſte: for I long already to return, and take you out of this Purgatory, wherein I leave you.

Dost thou call it a Purgatory, *Sancho*, quoth *Don Quixote?* Thou had'ſt done better, had'ſt thou called it hell; or rather worſe, if there be any thing worſe than that. I call it ſo (quoth *Sancho*) *Quia in inferno nulla eſt retentio*, as I have heard ſay.

I understand not, ſaid *Don Quixote*, what *retentio* meaneth. *Retentio* (quoth *Sancho*) is, that whoſoever is in hell, never comes, nor can come out of it. Which ſhall fall out contrary in your perſon, or my feet ſhall go ill, if I may carry ſpurs to quicken *Rozinante:* and that I may ſafely arrive before my Lady *Dulcinea* in *Toboſo*, for I will recount unto her ſuch ſtrange things of your follies and madneſs (for they be all one) that you have done, and do daily, as I will make her as ſoft as a glove, although I found her at the firſt harder than a Cork-tree: with whoſe ſweet and honey anſwer, I will return in the air as ſpeedily as a Witch, and take you out of this Purgatory, which is no hell, although it ſeems one, ſeeing there is hope to eſcape from it; which as I have ſaid, they want which are in hell, and I believe you will not contradict me herein.

Thou haſt reaſon, anſwered the *Knight of the ill-favoured face*: but how ſhall I write the Letter? And the warrant for the receipt of the Colt's alſo, added *Sancho*. All ſhall be inſerted together, quoth *Don Quixote:* and ſeeing we have no paper, we may do well, imitating the ancient Men of times paſt, to write our minds in the leaves of trees or wax; yet wax is as hard to be found here as paper. But now that I remember myſelf, I know where we may write our mind well, and more than well,

well, to wit, in *Cardenio*'s Tablets, and thou ſhalt have care to cauſe the letters to be written out again fairly in the firſt Village, wherein thou ſhalt find a School-maſter; or if ſuch a one be wanting, by the Clerk of the Church: and beware in any ſort, that thou give it not to a Notary or Court-Clerk to be copied; for they write ſuch an intangling, confounded, proceſs Letter, as Satan himſelf would ſcarce be able to read it. And how ſhall we do for want of your name and ſubſcription, quoth *Sancho*? Why, anſwered *Don Quixote*, *Amadis* was never wont to ſubſcribe to his Letters. I, but the warrant to receive the three Aſſes, muſt forcibly be ſubſigned; and if it ſhould afterward be copied, they would ſay the former is falſe, and ſo I ſhall reſt without my Colts. The Warrant ſhall be written and firmed with my hand in the Tablets, which as ſoon as my Niece ſhall ſee, ſhe will make no difficulty to deliver thee them. And as concerning the love-letter, thou ſhalt put this ſubſcription to it; *Yours until death, the Knight of the ill-favoured face.* And it makes no matter though it be written by any ſtranger, for as much as I can remember, *Dulcinea* can neither write nor read, nor hath ſhe ſeen any Letter, no, nor ſo much as a Character of my writing all the days of her life. For my love and hers have been ever *Platonical*, never extending themſelves farther, than to an honeſt regard and view one of the other; and even this ſame ſo rarely, as I dare boldly ſwear, that in theſe dozen Years which I love her more dearly than the light of theſe mine eyes, which the earth ſhall one day devour, I have not ſeen her four times, and perhaps of thoſe ſame four times, ſhe hath ſcarce perceived once that I beheld her. Such is the care and cloſeneſs wherewithal her parents *Lorenco Corcuelo* and her Mother *Aldonca Nogales*, have brought her up. Ta, ta, quoth *Sancho*, that the Lady *Dulcinea of Toboſo* is *Lorenco Corcuelo*'s Daughter, called by another name *Aldonca Lorenco*? The ſame is ſhe, quoth *Don Quixote*, and it is ſhe that merits to be Empreſs of the vaſt univerſe. I know her very well, replied *Sancho*, and I dare ſay, that ſhe can throw an iron bar as well as any the ſtrongeſt Lad in our Pariſh. I vow by the

the giver, that 'tis a Wench of the mark, tall and ſtout, and ſo ſturdy withal, that ſhe will bring her chin out of the mire, in deſpite of any Knight-Errant, or that ſhall err, that ſhall honour her as his Lady. Out upon her, what a ſtrength and voice ſhe hath? I ſaw her on a day ſtand on the top of the Church-ſteeple, to call certain ſervants of her father's, that laboured in a fallow field; and although they were half a league from thence, they heard her as well as if they were at the foot of the Steeple: and the beſt that is in her is, that ſhe is nothing coy, for ſhe hath a very great ſmack of Courtſhip, and plays with every one, and jibes and jeſts at them all. And now I affirm, Sir *Knight of the ill-favoured face*, that not only you may, and ought to commit raving follies for her ſake, but eke you may with juſt title alſo deſpair and hang your ſelf: for none ſhall hear thereof, but will ſay you did very well, although the Devil carried you away. And fain would I be gone, if it were for nothing elſe but to ſee her: for it is many a day ſince I ſaw her, and I am ſure ſhe is changed by this, for women's beauty is much impaired by going always to the field, expoſed to the ſun and weather.

And I will now Sir *Don Quixote*, confeſs a truth unto you, that I have lived until now in a marvellous errour, thinking well and faithfully that the Lady *Dulcinea* was ſome great Princeſs, on whom you were enamoured, or ſuch a Perſon as merited thoſe rich preſents which you beſtowed on her, as well of the *Biſcaines*, as of the Slaves, and many others that ought to be, as I ſuppoſe, correſpondent to the many victories which you have gained, both now and in the time that I was not your Squire. But pondering well the matter, I cannot conceive why the Lady *Aldonca Lorenco*; I mean the Lady *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*, ſhould care whether theſe vanquiſhed men which you ſend or ſhall ſend, do go and kneel before her? For it may befal, that ſhe at the very time of their arrival be combing of flax, or threſhing in the barn, whereat they would be aſhamed, and ſhe likewiſe laugh, and be ſomewhat diſpleaſed at the preſent.

I HAVE

I HAVE oft told thee, *Sancho*, many times that thou art too great a pratler, quoth *Don Quixote*, and although thou haſt but a groſs wit, yet now and then thy frumps nip: but to the end thou mayſt perceive the faultineſs of thy brain, and my diſcretion, I will tell thee a ſhort Hiſtory, which is this: There was once a widow fair, young, free, rich, and withal very pleaſant and jocund, that fell in love with a certain round and well-ſet ſervant of a College: his Regent came to underſtand it, and therefore ſaid on a day to the widow by the way of fraternal correction, Miſtreſs, I do greatly marvel, and not without occaſion, that a woman ſo principal, ſo beautiful, and ſo rich, and ſpecially ſo witty, could make ſo ill a choice, as to wax enamoured on ſo foul, ſo baſe, and fooliſh a man as ſuch a one, we having in this houſe ſo many Maſters of Art, Graduates, and Divines, amongſt whom you might have made choice as among Pears, ſaying, I will take this, and I will not have that? But ſhe anſwered him thus, with a very pleaſant and good grace; You are, Sir, greatly deceived, if you deem that I have made an ill choice in ſuch a one, let him ſeem never ſo great a fool: for to the purpoſe that I mean to uſe him, he knows as much or rather more Philoſophy than *Ariſtotle*. And ſo, *Sancho*, likewiſe is *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo* as much worth as the higheſt Princeſs of the world, for the effect I mean to uſe her. For all the Poets which celebrate certain Ladies at pleaſure, thinkeſt thou that they all had Miſtreſſeſs? No. Doſt thou believe that the *Amarille's*, the *File's*, *Silvia's*, *Diana's*, *Galatea's*, *Alcida's*, and others ſuch like, wherewithal the Books, Ditties, Barber's-ſhops, and Theatres are filled, were truly Ladies of fleſh and bones, and their Miſtreſſes which have and do celebrate them thus? No certainly, but were for the greater part feined, to ſerve as a ſubject of their verſes, to the end the Authors might be accounted amorous, and men of courage enough to be ſuch. And thus it is alſo ſufficient for me to believe and think that the good *Aldonca Lorenco* is fair and honeſt: as for her parentage it matters but little; for none will ſend to take information thereof, to give to her an habit; and

and I make an account of her as of the greateſt Princeſs in the world. For thou oughteſt to know, *Sancho*, if thou knoweſt it not already, that two things alone incite men to love more than all things elſe, and thoſe be ſurpaſſing beauty, and a good name. And both theſe things are found in *Dulcinea* in their prime: for none can equal her in fairneſs, and few come near her for a good report. And for a final concluſion, I imagine, that all that which I ſay, is really ſo, without adding or taking ought away. And I do imagine her in my fantaſy to be ſuch, as I could wiſh her, as well in beauty as principality: and neither can *Helen* approach, nor *Lucrece* come near her, no, nor any of thoſe other famous women, *Greek*, *Barbarous*, or *Latin*, of foregoing ages. And let every one ſay what he pleaſeth: for though I ſhould be reprehended for this by the ignorant, yet ſhall I not therefore be chaſtiſed by the more obſervant and rigorous ſort of men.

I AVOUCH, quoth *Sancho*, that you have great reaſon in all that you ſay, and that I am my ſelf a very Aſs. But alas! why do I name an Aſs with my mouth, ſeeing one ſhould not make mention of a Rope in ones houſe that was hanged? But give me the Letter, and farewel, for I will change. With that *Don Quixote* drew out his Tablets, and going a little aſide, he began to indite his Letter with a great gravity; and having ended it, called *Sancho* to him, and ſaid, that he would read it to him, to the end he might bear it away in memory, leſt by chance he did loſe the Tablets on the way, for ſuch were his croſs fortunes, as made him fear every event. To which *Sancho* anſwered, ſaying, Write it there twice or thrice in the book, and give me it after; for I will carry it ſafely, by God's grace. For to think that I will be ever able to take it by rote, is a great folly; for my memory is ſo ſhort, as I do many times forget mine own name. But yet for all that, read it to me, good Sir, for I would be glad to hear it, as a thing which I ſuppoſe to be as excellent, as it it were caſt in a mould. Hear it then, ſays *Don Quixote*, for thus it ſays.

The

The Letter of *Don Quixote* to *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*.

Sovereign LADY,

THE wounded by the point of abſence, and the hurt by the Darts of thy heart, ſweeteſt Dulcinea *of* Toboſo, *doth ſend thee that health which he wanteth himſelf. If thy beauty diſdain me, if thy valour turn not to my beneſit, if thy diſdain convert themſelves to my harm, maugre all my patience, I ſhall be ill able to ſuſtain this care, which beſides, that it is violent, is alſo too durable. My good Squire* Sancho *will give thee certain relation; O beautiful, ingrate, and my deareſt beloved enemy of the State wherein I remain for thy ſake: if thou pleaſe to favour me, I am thine; and if not, do what thou likeſt; for by ending of my life, I ſhall both ſatisfy thy cruelty and my deſires.*

Thine until Death,

The Knight of the ill-favoured Face.

BY my father's life, quoth *Sancho*, when he heard the Letter, it is the higheſt thing that ever I heard in my life. Good God, and how well do you ſay every thing in it, and how excellently have you applied the ſubſcription of *The Knight of the ill-favoured Face!* I ſay again in good earneſt, that you are the Devil himſelf, and there's nothing but you know it. All is neceſſary, anſwered *Don Quixote*, for the office that I profeſs. Put then (quoth *Sancho*) in the other ſide of that leaf, the warrant of the three Colts, and firm it with a legible letter, that they may know it at the firſt ſight. I am pleaſed, ſaid *Don Quixote*, and ſo writing it, he read it after to *Sancho*, and it ſaid thus:

You

You ſhall pleaſe, good Niece, for this firſt of Colts to deliver unto my Squire Sancho Pança, *three of the five that I left at home, and are in your charge: the which three Colts I command to be delivered to him, for as many others counted and received here: for with this, and his acquittance they ſhall be juſtly delivered. Given in the bowels of* Sierra Morena, *the two and twentieth of* Auguſt, *of this preſent year.*

IT goes very well (quoth *Sancho*:) ſubſign it therefore, I pray you. It needs no ſeal (quoth *Don Quixote*) but only my Rubrick, which is as valuable as if it were ſubſcribed, not only for three Aſſes, but alſo for three hundred. My truſt is in you, anſwered *Sancho*, permit me, for I will go ſaddle *Rozinante*, and prepare your ſelf to give me your bleſſing, for I purpoſe preſently to depart, before I ſee any mad prank of yours; for I will ſay that I ſaw you play ſo many, as no more can be deſired. I will have thee ſtay, *Sancho* (and that becauſe it is requiſite) at leaſt to ſee me ſtark naked, playing a dozen or two of raving tricks, for I will diſpatch them in leſs than half an hour; becauſe that thou having viewed them with thine own eyes, may'ſt ſafely ſwear all the reſt that thou pleaſeſt to add; and I aſſure thee, that thou canſt not tell ſo many as I mean to perform. Let me intreat you, good Sir, that I may not ſee you naked, for it will turn my ſtomach, and I ſhall not be able to keep my ſelf from weeping: and my head is yet ſo ſore ſince yeſternight through my lamentations, for the loſs of the gray beaſt, as I am not ſtrong enough yet to endure new plaints: but if your pleaſure be ſuch, as I muſt neceſſarily ſee ſome follies, do them in *Jove*'s name in your cloaths briefly, and ſuch as are moſt neceſſary: chiefly ſeeing none of theſe things were requiſite for me; and as I have ſaid, we might excuſe time (that ſhall now be laviſhed in theſe trifles) to return ſpeedily with the news you deſire and deſerve ſo much. And if not, let the Lady *Dulcinea* provide her ſelf well; for if ſhe anſwer not according to reaſon, I make a ſolemn vow to him that I may, that I'll make her diſgorge out of her ſtomach a good anſwer, with very kicks and fiſts.

For

For how can it be ſuffered, that ſo famous a Knight-Errant as your ſelf ſhould thus run out of his wits, without, nor for what, for one? Let not the Gentlewoman conſtrain me to ſay the reſt, for I will out with it, and venture all upon twelve, although it never were ſold.

IN good faith, *Sancho* (quoth *Don Quixote*) I think thou art grown as mad as my ſelf. I am not ſo mad, replied *Sancho*, but I am more cholerick. But ſetting that aſide, ſay, What will you eat until my return? Do you mean to do as *Cardenio*, and take by the highway's ſide perforce from the Shepherds? Care thou not for that, replied *Don Quixote*, for although I had it, yet would I not eat any other thing than the herbs and fruits that this field and trees do yield; for the perfection of mine affair conſiſts in faſting. and the exerciſe of other caſtigations. To this *Sancho* replied, Do you know what I fear? That I ſhall not find the way to you again here where I leave you, it is ſo difficult and obſcure. Take well the marks, and I will endeavour to keep hereabouts, quoth *Don Quixote*, until thou come back again: and will moreover about the time of thy return mount to the tops of theſe high Rocks, to ſee whether thou appeareſt: but thou ſhouldſt do beſt of all, to the end thou may'ſt not ſtay and miſs me, to cut down here and there certain boughs, and ſtrew them on the way as thou goeſt, until thou beeſt out in the Plains, and thoſe may after ſerve thee as bounds and marks, by which thou may'ſt again find me when thou returneſt, in imitation of the clue of *Theſeus*'s Labyrinth.

I WILL do ſo, quoth *Sancho:* and then cutting down certain boughs, he demanded his Lord's bleſſing, and departed not without Tears on both ſides. And mounting upon *Rozinante*, whom *Don Quixote* commended very ſeriouſly to his care, that he ſhould tender him as he would his own perſon, he made on towards the plains, ſtrowing here and there on the way his branches, as his Maſter had adviſed him; and with that departed, although his Lord importuned him to behold two or three follies 'ere he went away. But ſcarce had he gone

gone a hundred paces, when he returned and ſaid, I ſay, Sir, that you ſaid well, that to the end I might ſwear with a ſafe Conſcience that I have ſeen you play theſe mad tricks, it were neceſſary that at leaſt I ſee you do one, although that of your abode here is one great enough.

Did not I tell thee ſo, quoth *Don Quixote?* Stay, *Sancho*, for I will do it in the ſpace of a Creed; and taking off with all haſte his hoſe, he remained the half of him naked, and did inſtantly give two or three Jerks in the air, and two Tumbles over and over on the ground, with his head downwards, and his legs aloft, where he diſcovered ſuch things, as *Sancho*, becauſe he would not ſee them again, turned the bridle, and rode away, reſting contented and ſatisfied, that he might ſwear that his Lord was mad. And ſo we will leave him travelling on his way, until his return, which was very ſoon after.

CHAP. XII.

Wherein are proſecuted the pranks played by Don Quixote *in his amorous humours, in the mountains of* Sierra Morena.

And turning to recount what *The Knight of the ill-favoured face* did when he was all alone, the Hiſtory ſays, that after *Don Quixote* had ended his friſks and leaps, naked from the girdle downward, and from that upward apparelled, ſeeing that his Squire *Sancho* was gone, and would behold no more of his mad pranks; he aſcended to the top of a high rock, and began there to think on that whereon he had thought oftentimes before, without ever making a full reſolution therein, to wit, whether it were better to imitate *Orlando* in his unmeaſurable furies, than *Amadis* in his melancholly moods: and ſpeaking to himſelf, would ſay, If *Orlando* was ſo valorous and good a Knight,

Knight, as men ſay, what wonder, ſeeing in fine he was enchanted, and could not be ſlain, if it were not by clapping a pin to the ſoal of his foot; and therefore did wear ſhoes ſtill that had ſeven folds of iron in the ſoals? Although theſe his draughts ſtood him in no ſtead at *Ronceſuales*, againſt *Bernardo del Carpio*, who underſtanding them, preſſed him to death between his arms. But leaving his valour apart, let us come to the loſing of his wits; which it is certain he loſt through the ſigns he found in the Foreſt, and by the news that the Shepherd gave unto him, that *Angelica* had ſlept more than two noon-tides with the little *Moor Medoro* of the curled locks, him that was Page to King *Agramante:* and if he underſtood this, and knew his Lady had played beſide the cuſhion, what wonder was it that he ſhould run mad? But how can I imitate him in his furies, if I cannot imitate him in their occaſion? For I dare ſwear for my *Dulcinea* of *Toboſo*, that all the days of her life ſhe hath not ſeen one *Moor*, even in his own attire as he is, and ſhe is now right as her mother bore her: and I ſhould do her a manifeſt wrong, if upon any falſe ſuſpicion, I ſhould turn mad, of that kind of folly that did diſtract furious *Orlando*.

On the other ſide, I ſee that *Amadis du Gaul*, without loſing his wits, or uſing any other raving trick, gained as great fame of being amorous, as any one elſe whatſoever. For that which his Hiſtory recites, was none other, than that ſeeing himſelf diſdained by his Lady *Oriana*, who had commanded him to withdraw himſelf from her preſence, and not appear again in it, until ſhe pleaſed: he retired himſelf in the company of a certain Hermit to the *poor Rock*, and there crammed himſelf with weeping, until that heaven aſſiſted him in the midſt of his greateſt cares and neceſſity. And this being true, as it is, why ſhould I take now the pains to ſtrip myſelf all naked, and offend theſe trees, which never yet did me any harm? Nor have I any reaſon to trouble the clear water of theſe brooks, which muſt give me drink when I am thirſty. Let the remembrance of *Amadis* live, and be imitated in every thing as much as may be by *Don Quixote of the*

the Mancha: of whom may be ſaid, what was ſaid of the other, that though he atchieved not great things, yet did he die in their purſuit. And though I am not contemned or diſdained by my *Dulcinea*, yet it is ſufficient as I have ſaid already, that I be abſent from her: therefore hands, to your task, and ye famous actions of *Amadis*, occur to my remembrance, and inſtruct me where I may beſt begin to imitate you. Yet I know already, that the greateſt thing he did uſe was prayer, and ſo will I. And ſaying ſo, he made him a pair of beads, of great Gauls, and was very much vexed in mind for want of an *Eremite*, who might hear his confeſſion, and comfort him in his afflictions: and therefore did entertain himſelf walking up and down the little green field, writing and graving in the rinds of trees, and on the ſmooth ſands many verſes, all accommodated to his ſadneſs, and ſome of them in the praiſe of *Dulcinea*. But thoſe that were found thorowly finiſhed, and were legible after his own finding again in that place, were only theſe enſuing:

O Ye plants, ye herbs, and ye trees,
That flouriſh in this pleaſant ſite;
In lofty and verdant degrees,
If my harms do you not delight,
Hear my holy plaints, which are theſe.
And let not my grief you moleſt,
Though it ever ſo feelingly went,
Since here for to pay your reſt,
Don Quixote *his tears hath addreſt,*
Dulcinea's *want to lament*
Of Toboſo.

In this very place was firſt ſpied
The loyalleſt Lover and true,
Who himſelf from his Lady did hide,
But yet felt his ſorrows anew,
Not knowing whence they might proceed.

Lov

Love doth him cruelly wreſt
With a paſſion of evil deſcent ;
Which rob'd Don Quixote *of reſt,*
Till a pipe with tears was full preſt,
Dulcinea's *want to lament*
Of Toboſo.

He ſearching adventures blind,
Among theſe dearn woods, and rocks,
Still curſeth on pittileſs mind :
For a wretch amidſt buſhy locks,
And craggs, may misfortunes find.
Love with his whip wounded his breaſt,
And not with ſoft bands him pent,
And when he his noddle had preſt,
Don Quixote *his tears did forth wreſt,*
Dulcinea's *want to lament*
Of Toboſo.

The addition *Of Toboſo* to the name of *Dulcinea*, did not cauſe ſmall laughter in thoſe which found the verſes recited, becauſe they imagined that *Don Quixote* conceived, that if in the naming of *Dulcinea* he did not alſo add that *Of Toboſo*, the time could not be underſtood; and in truth it was ſo, as he himſelf did afterward confeſs. He compoſed many others, but as we have related, none could be well copied or found entire, but theſe three Stanza's. In this, and in ſighing, and invoking the *Faunes* and *Silvanes* of theſe woods, and the *Nymphs* of the adjoining ſtreams, with the dolorous and hollow *Echo*, that it would anſwer, and they conſort and liſten unto him; and in the ſearch of ſome herbs to ſuſtain his languiſhing forces; he entertained himſelf all the time of *Sancho*'s abſence: who, had he ſtaid three weeks away, as he did but three days, *The Knight of the ill-favoured face* ſhould have remained ſo disfigured, as the very mother that bore him would not have known him.

BUT now it is congruent, that leaving him ſwallowed in the gulphs of ſorrow and verſifying, we turn and recount what hapned to *Sancho Pança* in his Embaſſage; which was, that iſſuing out to the highway, he preſently took that, which led towards *Toboſo*, and arrived the next day following to the Inn, where the diſgrace of the Coverlet befel him: and ſcarce had he well eſpied it, but preſently he imagined that he was once again flying in the air, and therefore would not enter into it, altho' his arrival was at ſuch an hour, as he both might and ought to have ſtay'd, being dinner time, and he himſelf likewiſe poſſeſt with a marvellous longing to taſte ſome warm meat; for many days paſt he had fed altogether on cold viands. This deſire inforced him to approach to the Inn, remaining ſtill doubtful notwithſtanding whether he ſhould enter into it or no. And as he ſtood thus ſuſpended, there iſſued out of the Inn two perſons, which preſently knew him, and the one ſaid to the other, Tell me, Maſter Licenciate, is not that horſeman that rides there *Sancho Pança*, he whom our adventurer's old woman ſaid departed with her Maſter for his Squire? It is, quoth the Licenciate, and that is our *Don Quixote*'s horſe: and they knew him ſo well, as thoſe that were the Curate and Barber of his own village; and were thoſe that made the ſearch and formal proceſs againſt the Books of Chivalry: and therefore as ſoon as they had taken full notice of *Sancho Pança* and *Rozinante*, deſirous to learn news of *Don Quixote*, they drew near unto him, and the Curate called him by his name, ſaying, Friend *Sancho Pança*, where is your Maſter? *Sancho Pança* knew them inſtantly, and deſirous to conceal the place and manner wherein his Lord remained, did anſwer them that his Maſter was in a certain place with-held by affairs for a few days, that were of great conſequence and concerned him very much, and that he durſt not for both his eyes diſcover the place to them. No, no (quoth the Barber) *Sancho Pança*, if thou doſt not tell us where he ſojourneth, we muſt imagine as we do already, that thou haſt rob'd and ſlain him, ſpecially ſeeing thou comeſt thus on his horſe; and therefore thou muſt in good faith get us the horſe's owner, or elſe ſtand to

thine anſwer. Your threats fear me nothing, quoth *Sancho*, for I am not a man that robs or murthers any one; every man is ſlain by his deſtiny, or by God that made him. My Lord remains doing of penance in the midſt of this mountain, with very great pleaſure. And then he preſently recounted unto them, from the beginning to the end, the faſhion wherein he had left him, the adventures which had befall'n, and how he carried a Letter to the Lady *Dulcinea of Toboſo*, who was *Lorenco Corcuelo*'s daughter, of whom his Lord was enamoured up to the livers.

BOTH of them ſtood greatly admired at *Sancho*'s relation, and although they knew *Don Quixote*'s madneſs already, and the kind thereof, yet as often as they heard ſpeak thereof, they reſted newly amazed. They requeſted *Sancho* to ſhew them the letter that he carried to the Lady *Dulcinea of Toboſo*. He told them that it was written in Tablets, and that he had expreſs order from his Lord to have it fairly copied out in paper, at the firſt village whereunto he ſhould arrive. To which the Curate anſwered, bidding ſhew it unto him, and he would write out the copy very fairly.

THEN *Sancho* thruſt his hand into his boſom, and ſearched the little book, but could not find it, nor ſhould not, though he had ſearched till doom's-day, for it was in *Don Quixote*'s power, who gave it not to him, nor did he ever remember to demand it. When *Sancho* perceived that the book was loſt, his viſage waxed as pale and wan as a dead man, and turning again very ſpeedily to feel all the parts of his body, he ſaw clearly that it could not be found; and therefore without making any more ado, he laid hold on his own beard with both his fiſts, and drew almoſt the one half of the hair away, and afterward beſtowed on his face and noſe in a *memento* half a dozen ſuch cuffs, as he bathed them all in blood; which the Curate and Barber beholding, they asked of him, what had befall'n him, that he intreated himſelf ſo ill? What ſhould befal me, anſwered *Sancho*, but that I have loſt at one hand, and in an inſtant three Colts, whereof the leaſt was like a Caſtle? How ſo, quoth the Barber? Marry, ſaid *Sancho*, I have loſt the Tablets wherein

wherein were written *Dulcinea*'s Letter, and a ſchedule of my Lord's, addreſt to his Niece, wherein he commanded her to deliver unto me three Colts, of four or five that remained in his houſe. And ſaying ſo, he recounted the loſs of his gray Aſs: the Curate comforted him, and ſaid, that as ſoon as his Lord were found, he would deal with him to renew his grant, and write it in paper, according to the common uſe and practice; for as much as thoſe which were written in Tablets, were of no value, and would never be accepted, nor accompliſhed.

WITH this *Sancho* took courage, and ſaid, If that was ſo, he cared not much for the loſs of *Dulcinea*'s Letter; for he knew it almoſt all by rote. Say it then, *Sancho*, quoth the Barber, and we will after write it. Then *Sancho* ſtood ſtill, and began to ſcratch his head, to call the letter to memory, and now would he ſtand upon one leg, and now upon the other. Sometimes he looked on the earth, other whiles upon heaven, and after he had gnawn off almoſt the half of one of his nails, and held them all the while ſuſpended, expecting his recital thereof, he ſaid after a long pauſe: On my ſoul, Maſter Licenciate, I give to the Devil any thing that I can remember of that Letter, although the beginning was thus: *High and unſavoury Lady*: I warrant you, quoth the Barber, he ſaid not, but *Super-humane* or *Sovereign Lady*.

IT is ſo, quoth *Sancho*; and preſently followed, if I well remember. *He that is wounded and wants ſleep, and the hurt man doth kiſs your worſhip's hands, ingrate and very ſcornful fair*. And thus he went roving until he ended in *Yours until death, the Knight of the ill-favoured face*. Both of them took great delight to hear *Sancho*'s good memory, and praiſed it to him very much, and requeſted him to repeat the Letter once or twice more to them, that they might alſo bear it in memory, to write it at the due ſeaſon. *Sancho* turned to recite it again and again, and at every repetition told other three thouſand Errours. And after this, he ſaid other things of his Lord, but ſpoke not a word of his own toſſing in a Coverlet, which had befallen him in that Inn, into

which he refuſed to enter. He added beſides, how his Lord, in bringing him a good diſpatch from his Lady *Dulcinea of Toboſo*, would forthwith endeavour how he might become an Emperour, or at leaſt a Monarch; for they had ſo agreed between themſelves both: and it was a very eaſy matter for him to become one, ſuch was the valour of his perſon, and ſtrength of his arm. And that when he were one, he would procure him a good marriage; for by that time he ſhould be a widower at the leaſt. And he would give him one of the Emperor's Ladies to wife, that were an Inheritrix of ſome great and rich ſtate on the firm land, for now he would have no more Iſlands. And all this was related ſo ſeriouſly by *Sancho*, and ſo in his perfect ſenſe, he ſcratching his noſe ever and anon as he ſpoke; ſo as they two were ſtrucken into a new amazement, pondering the vehemency of *Don Quixote*'s frenzy, which carried quite away with it in that ſort the judgment of that poor man, but would not labour to diſpoſſeſs him of that errour, becauſe it ſeemed to them, that ſince it did not hurt his conſcience, it was better to leave him in it, that the recital of his follies might turn to their greater recreation: and therefore exhorted him to pray for the health of his Lord; for it was a very poſſible and contingent thing to arrive in the proceſs of time to the dignity of an Emperour, as he ſaid, or at leaſt to that of an Archbiſhop, or other calling equivalent to it.

THEN *Sancho* demanded of them, Sirs, if fortune ſhould turn our affairs to another courſe, in ſuch ſort, as my Lord abandoning the purpoſe to purchaſe an Empire, would take in his head that of becoming a Cardinal, I would fain learn of you here, what Cardinal-Errants are wont to give to their Squires? They are wont to give them (quoth the Curate) ſome ſimple Benefice, or ſome Parſonage, or to make them Clerks, or Sextons, or Vergers of ſome Church, whoſe living amounts to a good penny rent, beſide the profit of the Altar, which is oft-times as much more. For that it is requiſite (quoth *Sancho*) that the Squire be not married, and that he know how to help Maſs at leaſt: and if that be ſo unfortunate, I, that am both married, and knows not beſides

beſides the firſt letter of the A. B. C. what will then become of me, if my Maſter take the humour to be an Archbiſhop, and not an Emperour, as is the cuſtom and uſe of Knights-Errant? Do not afflict thy mind for that, friend *Sancho* (quoth the Barber) for we will deal with thy Lord here, and we will counſel him, yea we will urge it to him as a matter of conſcience, that he become an Emperour, and not an Archbiſhop; for it will be more eaſy for him to be ſuch a one, by reaſon that he is more valorous than learned.

So me thinks (quoth *Sancho*) although I know he hath ability enough for all. That which I mean to do for my part, is, I will pray unto our Lord to conduct him to that place, wherein he may ſerve him beſt, and give me greateſt rewards. Thou ſpeakeſt like a diſcreet man (quoth the Curate) and thou ſhalt do therein the duty of a good Chriſtian. But that which we muſt endeavour now, is to deviſe how we may win thy Lord from proſecuting that unprofitable penance he hath in hand, as thou ſayeſt: And to the end we may think on the manner how, and eat our dinner withal, ſeeing it is time, let us all enter into the Inn. *Sancho* bade them go in, and he would ſtay for them at the door, and that he would after tell them the reaſon why he had no mind to enter, neither was it in any ſort convenient that he ſhould: but he entreated them to bring him ſomewhat forth to eat, that was warm, and ſome Provand for *Rozinante*. With that they departed into the lodging, and within a while after the Barber brought forth unto him ſome meat: and the Curate and Barber, after having pondered well with themſelves what courſe they were to take to attain their deſign; the Curate fell on a device very fit both for *Don Quixote*'s humour, and alſo to bring their purpoſe to paſs, and was as he told the Barber, that he had bethought him, to apparel himſelf like a Lady Adventurous, and that he therefore ſhould do the beſt that he could to fit himſelf like a Squire, and that they would go in that habit to the place where *Don Quixote* ſojourned, feigning that ſhe was an afflicted and diſtreſſed damſel, and would demand a boon of him, which he as a valorous Knight-Errant would in no wiſe deny her;

and that the gift which he meaned to deſire, was, to entreat him to follow her where ſhe would carry him, to right a wrong which a naughty Knight had done unto her: and that ſhe would beſides pray him not to command her to unmask herſelf, or enquire any thing of her eſtate, until he had done her right, againſt that bad Knight. And by this means he certainly hoped, that *Don Quixote* would grant all that he requeſted in this manner. And in this ſort they would fetch him from thence, and bring him to his Village, where they would labour with all their power, to ſee whether his extravagant frenſy could be recovered by any remedy.

CHAP. XIII.

How the Curate and Barber put their deſign in practice, with many other things, worthy to be recorded in this famous Hiſtory.

THE Curate's invention diſliked not the Barber, but rather pleaſed him ſo well, as they preſently put it in execution. They borrowed therefore of the Inn-keeper's wife a gown and a kerchief, leaving her in pawn thereof a fair new Caſſock of the Curate's. The Barber made him a great beard of a pied Ox's tail, wherein the Inn-keeper was wont to hang his Horſe-comb. The Hoſteſs demanded of them the occaſion why they would uſe theſe things? The Curate recounted in brief reaſons of *Don Quixote*'s madneſs, and how that diſguiſement was requiſite, to bring him away from the mountain, wherein at that preſent he made his abode.

PRESENTLY the Inn-keeper and his wife remembered themſelves how he had been their gueſt, and of his *Balſamum*, and was the toſſed Squire's Lord; and then they rehearſed again to the Curate all that had paſſed between him and them in that Inn, without omitting the accident that had befallen *Sancho* himſelf; and in concluſion, the

the Hoſteſs tricked up the Curate ſo handſomely, as there could be no more deſired: for ſhe attired him in a gown of broad-cloth, laid over with guards of black Velvet, every one being of a ſpan breadth, full of gaſhes and cuts: the bodies and ſleeves of green Velvet welted with white Sattin; which gown and doublet, as I ſuſpect, were both made in the time of King *Bamba*. The Curate would not permit them to vail and be-kerchief him, but ſet on his head a white-quilted-linen-night-cap; which he carried for the night, and girded his fore-head with a black Taffata garter, and with the other he masked his face, wherewithal he covered his beard and viſage very neatly. Then did he incask his pate in his hat, which was ſo broad, as it might ſerve him excellently for a *Quitaſol*, and lapping himſelf up handſomely in his long cloak, he went to horſe, and rode as women uſe. Then mounted the Barber likewiſe on his Mule, with his beard hanging down to the girdle, half red and half white, as that which as we have ſaid was made of the tail of a pie-coloured Ox: then taking leave of them all, and of the good *Maritornes*, who promiſed (although a ſinner) to ſay a Roſary to their intention, to the end that God might give them good ſucceſs, in ſo chriſtian and difficult an adventure, as that which they undertook. But ſcarce were they gone out of the Inn, when the Curate began to dread a little that he had done ill in apparelling himſelf in that wiſe, accounting it a very indecent thing, that a Prieſt ſhould dight himſelf ſo, although the matter concerned him never ſo much. And acquainting the Barber with his ſurmiſe, he entreated him that they might change attires; ſeeing it was much more juſt that he, becauſe a Lay-man, ſhould feign the oppreſſed Lady, and himſelf would become his Squire, for ſo his Dignity would be leſs prophaned; to which if he would not condeſcend, he reſolved to paſs on no farther, although the Devil ſhould carry therefore *Don Quixote* away. *Sancho* came over to them about this ſeaſon; and ſeeing of them in that habit, he could not contain his Laughter. The Barber (to be brief) did all that which the Curate pleaſed, and making thus an exchange of inventions, the Curate inſtructed him how

he ſhould behave himſelf, and what words he ſhould uſe to *Don Quixote*, to preſs and move him to come away with him, and forſake the propenſion and love to that place, which he had choſen to perform his vain penance.

THE Barber anſwered, that he would ſet every thing in his due point and perfection, though he had never leſſoned him; but would not ſet on the array, until they came near to the place where *Don Quixote* abode, and therefore folded up his cloaths, and Maſter Parſon his beard, and forthwith went on their way, *Sancho Pança* playing the guide; who recounted at large to them all that had happened with the mad-man, whom they found in the Mountain; concealing notwithſtanding the booty of the Mallet, with the other things found therein: for although otherwiſe moſt ſimple, yet was our young man very ſly, an ordinary vice of fools, and had a ſpice of covetouſneſs.

THEY arrived the next day following to the place where *Sancho* had left the tokens of boughs, to find that wherein his Maſter ſojourned: and having taken notice thereof, he ſaid unto them, that that was the entry, and therefore they might do well to apparel themſelves, if by change that might be a mean to procure his Lord's liberty; for they had told him already, that on their going and apparelling in that manner, conſiſted wholly the hope of freeing his Lord out of that wretched life he had choſen; and therefore did charge him on his life, not to reveal it to his Lord in any caſe what they were, nor ſeem in any ſort to know them: and that if he demanded (as they were ſure he would) whether he had delivered his Letter to *Dulcinea*, he ſhould ſay that he did, and that by reaſon ſhe could not read, ſhe anſwered him by word of mouth, ſaying, that ſhe commanded, under pain of her indignation, that preſently abandoning ſo auſtere a life, he would come and ſee her; for this was moſt requiſite, to the end that moved therewithal, and by what they meant likewiſe to ſay unto him, they made certain account to reduce him to a better life, and would beſides perſwade him to that courſe inſtantly, which might ſet him in the way how to become an Emperour or Monarch;

narch; for as concerning the being an Archbiſhop, he needed not to fear it at all.

Sancho liſtened to all the talk and inſtructions, and bore them away well in memory, and gave them great thanks for the intention they had to counſel his Lord to become an Emperour, and not an Archbiſhop: for as he ſaid, he imagined in his ſimple judgment, that an Emperour was of more ability to reward his Squire than an Archbiſhop-Errant. He likewiſe added, that he thought it were neceſſary he went ſomewhat before them to ſearch him, and deliver his Lady's anſwer: for perhaps it alone would be ſufficient to fetch him out of that place, without putting them to any further pains. They liked of *Sancho Pança*'s device, and therefore determined to expect him, until his return with the news of finding his Maſter. With that, *Sancho* entered in by the Clifts of the Rocks (leaving them both behind together) by which ran a little ſmooth ſtream, to which other Rocks and ſome trees that grew near unto it, made a freſh and pleaſing ſhadow. The heats, and the day wherein they arrived there, was one of thoſe of the month of *Auguſt*, when in thoſe places the heat is intolerable: the hour, about three in the afternoon. All which did render the place more grateful, and invited them to remain therein until *Sancho*'s return. Both therefore arreſting there quietly under the Shadow, there arrived to their hearing the ſound of a Voice, which without being accompanied by any inſtrument, did reſound ſo ſweet and melodiouſly, as they remained greatly admired, becauſe they eſteemed not that to be a place wherein any ſo good a Muſician might make his abode. For although it is uſually ſaid, that in the Woods and Fields are found Shepherds of excellent voices, yet is this rather a poetical endearment, than an approved truth; and moſt of all, when they perceived that the verſes they heard him ſinging were not of ruſtick compoſition, but rather of delicate and courtly invention. The truth whereof is confirmed by the verſes, which were theſe:

WHO doth my weal diminiſh thus and ſtain?
Diſdain.
And ſay by whom, my woes augmented be?
By Jealouſy.
And who my patience doth my trial wrong?
An abſence long.
If that be ſo, then for my grievous wrong,
No remedy at all I may obtain,
Since my beſt hopes I cruelly find ſlain
By Diſdain, Jealouſy, and Abſence long.
Who in my mind, thoſe dolors ſtill doth move?
Dire Love.
And who my glories ebb doth moſt importune?
Fortune.
And to my plaints, by whom increaſe is given?
By heaven.
If that be ſo, then my miſtruſt jumps even,
That of my wondrous evil I needs muſt die:
Since in my harm join'd and united be,
Love, wavering Fortune, and a rig'rous Heaven.
Who, better hap can unto me bequeath?
Death.
From whom his favours doth not Love eſtrange?
From change.
And his too ſerious harms, who cureth wholly?
Folly.
If that be ſo, it is no wiſdom truly,
To think by human means to cure that care,
Where th' only Antidotes, and Med'cines are,
Deſired death, light change, and endleſs folly.

THE hour, the time, the ſolitarineſs of the place, voice, and art of him that ſung, ſtruck wonder and delight in the hearers minds, which remained ſtill quiet, liſtning whether they might hear any thing elſe: but perceiving that the ſilence continued a pretty while, they agreed to iſſue and ſeek out the Muſician, that ſung ſo harmoniouſly. And being ready to put their reſolution in practice, they were again arreſted by the ſame voice: the which touched their ears anew with this Sonnet.

A SONNET.

HOLY Amity! which with nimble wings
Thy ſemblance leaving here on earth behind,
Among the bleſſed ſouls of heaven up-flings,
To thoſe imperial rooms to chear thy mind.
And thence to us, is when thou lik'ſt aſſign'd
Juſt Peace, whom ſhady vail ſo cover'd brings:
As oft inſtead of her, Deceit we find
Clad in the Weeds of good and vertuous things.
Leave Heav'n, O Amity! do not permit
Foul Fraud thus openly thy Robes t' inveſt;
With which, ſincere intents deſtroy do's it:
For if thy likeneſs from't thou doſt not wreſt,
The World will turn to the firſt conflict ſoon
Of diſcord, Chaos, *and confuſion.*

THE Song was concluded with a profound ſigh; and both the others lent attentive ear to hear if he would ſing any more; but perceiving that the Muſick was converted into throbs and doleful plaints, they reſolved to go and learn who was the wretch, as excellent for his voice, as dolorous in his ſighs: and after they had gone a little at the doubling of the point of a crag, they perceived one of the very ſame form and faſhion that *Sancho* had painted unto them, when he told them the Hiſtory of *Cardenio*: which man eſpying them likewiſe, ſhewed no ſemblance of fear, but ſtood ſtill with his head hanging on his breaſt like a male-content, not once lifting up his eyes to behold them from the firſt time, when they unexpectedly arrived.

THE Curate, who was a man very well ſpoken (as one that had already intelligence of his misfortune, for he knew him by his ſigns) drew nearer to him, and prayed and perſuaded him with ſhort, but very forcible reaſons, to forſake that miſerable life, leſt he ſhould there eternally loſe it, which of all miſeries would prove the moſt miſerable. *Cardenio* at this ſeaſon was in his right ſenſe, free from the furious accident that diſtracted him ſo often; and therefore viewing them both attired in ſo ſtrange and unuſual a faſhion from that which

was uſed among thoſe Deſarts, he reſted ſomewhat admired; but chiefly hearing them ſpeak in his affair, as in a matter known (for ſo much he gathered out of the Curate's ſpeeches) and therefore anſwered in this manner: I perceive well, good Sirs, (whoſoever you be) that heaven which hath always care to ſuccour good men, yea even and the wicked many times, hath without any deſert addreſt unto me by theſe deſarts and places ſo remote from vulgar haunt, perſons, which laying before mine eyes with quick and pregnant reaſons the little cauſe I have to lead this kind of life, do labour to remove me from this place to a better: and by reaſon they know not as much as I do, and that after eſcaping this harm, I ſhall fall into a far greater, they account me perhaps for a man of weak diſcourſe: and what is worſe, for one wholly devoid of judgment? And were it ſo, yet is it no marvel; for it ſeems to me that the force of the imagination of my diſaſters is ſo bent and powerful in my deſtruction, that I, without being able to make it any reſiſtance, do become like a ſtone, void of all good feeling and knowledge: and I come to know the certainty of this truth, when ſome men do recount and ſhew unto me tokens of the things I have done, whilſt this terrible accident over-rules me: and after I can do no more, then be grieved, though in vain, and curſe, without benefit, my too froward fortune; and render as an excuſe of my madneſs, the relation of the cauſe thereof, to as many as pleaſe to hear it: for wiſemen perceiving the cauſe, will not wonder at the effects. And though they give me no remedy, yet at leaſt will not condemn me, for it will convert the anger they conceive at my miſrules, into compaſſion of my diſgraces. And, Sirs, if by chance it be ſo, that you come with the ſame intention that others did, I requeſt you, 'ere you inlarge farther your diſcreet perſuaſions, that you will give ear a while to the relation of my miſhaps: for perhaps when you have underſtood it, you may ſave the labour that you would take, comforting an evil wholly incapable of conſolation.

BOTH of them, which deſired nothing ſo much then to underſtand from his own mouth, the occaſion of his harms,

harms, did intreat him to relate it, promiſing to do nothing elſe in his remedy or comfort, but what himſelf pleaſed. And with this the ſorrowful Gentleman began his doleful Hiſtory, with the very ſame words almoſt that he had rehearſed it to *Don Quixote*, and the Goatherd a few days paſt, when by occaſion of Maſter *Eliſabat* and *Don Quixote*'s curioſity in obſerving the *Decorum* of Chivalry, the tale remained imperfect, as our Hiſtory left it above. But now good fortune ſo diſpoſed things, that his fooliſh fit came not upon him, but gave him leiſure to continue his ſtory to the end: and ſo arriving to the paſſage that ſpoke of the letter *Don Ferdinando* found in the book of *Amadis du Gaule*, *Cardenio* ſaid that he had it very well in memory; and the ſenſe was this.

LUSCINDA to CARDENIO.

I Diſcover daily in thee worths, that oblige and inforce me to hold thee dear; and therefore if thou deſireſt to have me diſcharge this debt, without ſerving a writ on my honour, thou mayſt eaſily do it. I have a father that knows thee, and loves me likewiſe well; who without forcing my will, will accompliſh that which juſtly thou oughteſt to have: if it be ſo, that thou eſteemeſt me as much as thou ſayeſt, and I do believe.

THIS Letter moved me to demand *Luſcinda* of her father for my wife, as I have already recounted; and by it alſo *Luſcinda* remained in *Don Ferdinando*'s opinion crowned, for one of the moſt diſcreet women of her time. And this billet Letter was that which firſt put him in mind to deſtroy me, 'ere I could effect my deſires. I told to *Don Ferdinando* wherein conſiſted all the difficulty of her father's protracting of the marriage, to wit, in that my father ſhould firſt demand her; the which I dared not to mention unto him, fearing leſt he would not willingly conſent thereunto; not for that the quality, bounty, virtue, and beauty of *Luſcinda* were to him unknown, or that ſhe had not parts in her able to ennobliſh and adorn any other lineage of *Spain* whatſoever:

ever: but becauſe I underſtood by him, that he deſired not to marry me, until he had ſeen what Duke *Ricardo* would do for me.

FINALLY, I told him that I dared not reveal it to my father, as well for that inconvenience, as for many others, that made me ſo afraid, without knowing what they were, as me thought my deſires would never take effect.

TO all this *Don Ferdinando* made me anſwer, that he would take upon him to ſpeak to my father, and perſuade him to treat of that affair alſo with *Luſcinda's*. O ambitious *Marius!* O cruel *Cataline!* O facinorous *Quila!* O treacherous *Galalon!* O traiterous *Vellido!* O revengeful * *Julian!* O covetous *Judas!* Traytor, cruel, revengeful, and cozening; what indeſerts did this wretch commit, who with ſuch p'ains diſcovered to thee the ſecrets and delights of his heart? What offence committed I againſt thee? What words did I ſpeak, or counſel did I give, that were not all addreſt to the increaſing of thine honour and profit? But on what do I, of all wretches the worſt, complain, ſeeing that when the current of the Stars doth bring with it miſhaps, by reaſon they come down precipitately from above, there is no earthly force can with-hold, or humane induſtry prevent or evacuate them? Who would have imagined that *Don Ferdinando*, a noble Gentleman, diſcreet, obliged by my deſerts, and powerful to obtain whatſoever the amorous deſire would exact of him, where and whenſoever it ſeized on his heart, would (as they ſay) become ſo corrupt, as to deprive me of one only Sheep, which yet I did not poſſeſs? But let theſe conſiderations be laid apart as unprofitable, that we may knit up again the broken thread of my unfortunate Hiſtory. And therefore I ſay, that *Don Ferdinando* believing, that my preſence was a hindrance to put his treacherous and wicked deſign in execution, he reſolved to ſend me to

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* *One, who for the rape of his daughter, committed by* Roderick *King of* Spain, *brought in the* Moors, *and deſtroyed all the Country.*

his

his eldeſt brother, under pretext to get ſome money of him, for to buy ſix great horſes, that he had of purpoſe, and only to the end I might abſent my ſelf, bought the very ſame day that he offered to ſpeak himſelf to my father, and would have me go for the money (becauſe he might bring his treacherous intent the better to paſs) could I prevent this Treaſon? Or could I perhaps but once imagine it? No truly; but rather glad for the good merchandize he had made, did make proffer of my ſelf to depart for the money very willingly. I ſpoke that night to *Luſcinda*, and acquainted her with the agreement paſt between me and *Don Ferdinando*, bidding her to hope firmly, that our good juſt deſires would ſort a wiſhed and happy end. She anſwered me again (as little ſuſpecting *Don Ferdinando*'s treaſon as my ſelf) bidding me to return with all ſpeed, becauſe ſhe believed that the concluſion of our affections ſhould be no longer deferred, than my father deferred to ſpeak unto her's. And what was the cauſe I know not, but as ſoon as ſhe had ſaid this unto me, her eyes were filled with tears, and ſomewhat thwarting her throat, hindred her from ſaying many other things, which me thought ſhe ſtrived to ſpeak.

I RESTED admired at this new accident, until that time never ſeen in her; for always as many times as my good fortune and diligence granted it, we converſed with all ſport and delight, without ever intermeddling in our diſcourſes, any tears, ſighs, complaints, ſuſpicions, or fears. All my ſpeech was to advance my fortune: for having received her from heaven as my Lady and Miſtreſs, then would I amplify her beauty, admire her worth, and praiſe her diſcretion. She on the other ſide would return me the exchange, extolling in me, what ſhe, as one enamoured, accounted worthy of laud and commendation. After this we would recount a hundred thouſand toys and chances befall'n our neighbours and acquaintance, and that to which my preſumption dared fartheſt to extend it ſelf, was ſometimes to take her beautiful and ivory hands perforce, and kiſs them as well as I might, thorow the rigorous ſtrictneſs of a niggardly iron-grate which divided us. But the

precedent

precedent night to the day of my ſad departure, ſhe wept, ſob'd, and ſighed, and departed, leaving me full of confuſion and inward aſſaults, amazed to behold ſuch new and doleful tokens of ſorrow and feeling in *Luſcinda*. But becauſe I would not murder my hopes, I did attribute all theſe things to the force of her affection towards me, and to the grief which abſence is wont to ſtir in thoſe that love one another dearly. To be brief, I departed from thence ſorrowful and penſive, my ſoul being full of imaginations and ſuſpicions, and yet knew not what I ſuſpected or imagined: clear tokens, foretelling the ſad ſucceſs and misfortune which attended me. I arrived to the place where I was ſent, and delivered my Letter to *Don Ferdinando*'s brother, and was well entertained, but not well diſpatched; for he commanded me to expect (a thing to me moſt diſpleaſing) eight days, and that out of the Duke his father's preſence; becauſe his brother had written unto him to ſend him certain monies unknown to his father. And all this was but falſe *Don Ferdinando*'s invention, for his brother wanted not money wherewithal to have diſpatched me preſently, had not he written the contrary.

THIS was ſo diſpleaſing a commandment and order, as almoſt it brought me to terms of diſobeying it, becauſe it ſeemed to me a thing moſt impoſſible to ſuſtain my life ſo many days in the abſence of my *Luſcinda*; and ſpecially having left her ſo ſorrowful as I have recounted; yet notwithſtanding I did obey like a good ſervant, although I knew it would be with the coſt of my health. But on the fourth day after I had arrived, there came a man in my ſearch with a Letter, which he delivered unto me, and by the indorſement I knew it to be *Luſcinda*'s; for the hand was like hers. I opened it not without fear and aſſailment of my ſenſes, knowing that it muſt have been ſome ſerious occaſion, which could move her to write unto me, being abſent, ſeeing ſhe did it ſo rarely, even when I was preſent. I demanded of the bearer before I read, who had delivered it to him? and what time he had ſpent in the way? He anſwered me, That paſſing by chance at mid-day thorow a ſtreet of the City, a very beautiful Lady did call him

him from a certain window: her eyes were all be-blubbered with tears; and ſaid unto him very haſtily, Brother, if thou beeſt a Chriſtian, as thou appeareſt to be one, I pray thee for God's ſake, that thou do forthwith addreſs this Letter to the place and perſon that the ſuperſcription aſſigneth (for they be well known) and therein thou ſhalt do our Lord great ſervice.

And becauſe thou may'ſt not want means to do it, take what thou ſhalt find wrapped in that handkerchief: and ſaying ſo, ſhe threw out of the window a handkerchief, wherein were lapped up a hundred Rials, this ring of Gold which I carry here, and that Letter which I delivered unto you: and preſently without expecting mine anſwer, ſhe departed, but firſt ſaw me take up the Handkerchief and Letter; and then I made her ſigns that I would accompliſh herein her command: and after perceiving the pains I might take in bringing you it, ſo well conſidered, and ſeeing by the indorſement, that you were the man to whom it was addreſt: for, Sir, I know you very well; and alſo obliged to do it by the tears of that beautiful Lady, I determined not to truſt any other with it, but to come and bring it you my ſelf in perſon: and in ſixteen hours ſince it was given unto me, I have travelled the journey you know, which is at leaſt eighteen leagues long. Whilſt the thankful new meſſenger ſpake thus unto me, I remained in a manner hanging on his words, and my thighs did tremble in ſuch manner, as I could very hardly ſuſtain my ſelf on foot: yet taking courage, at laſt I opened the Letter, whereof theſe were the Contents.

The word that Don Ferdinando *hath paſt unto you to ſpeak to your father, that he might ſpeak to mine, he hath accompliſhed more to his own pleaſure than to your profit. For, Sir, you ſhall underſtand, that he hath demanded me for his wife; and my father born away by the advantage of worths which he ſuppoſes to be in* Don Ferdinando *more than in you, hath agreed to his demand in ſo good earneſt, as the eſpouſals ſhall be celebrated within theſe two days, and that ſo ſecretly and alone, as only the heavens and ſome folk of the houſe ſhall be witneſſes. How*

I re-

I remain, imagine, and whether it be convenient you ſhould return, you may conſider: and the ſucceſs of this affair ſhall let you to perceive, whether I love you well or no. I beſeech Almighty God that this may arrive unto your hands, before mine ſhall ſee it ſelf in danger to join it ſelf with his, which keepeth his promiſed faith ſo ill.

THESE were, in ſum, the Contents of the Letter, and the motives that perſuaded me preſently to depart, without attending any other anſwer, or other monies: for then I conceived clearly, that it was not the buyal of the horſes, but that of his delights, which had moved *Don Ferdinando* to ſend me to his brother. The rage which I conceived againſt him, joined with the fear to loſe the jewel which I had gained by ſo many year's ſervice, and deſires, did ſet wings on me, for I arrived as if I had flown the next day at mine own City, in the hour and moment fit to go ſpeak to *Luſcinda*. I entred ſecretly, and left my Mule whereon I rode in the honeſt man's houſe, that had brought me the Letter, and my fortune purpoſing then to be favourable to me, diſpoſed ſo mine affairs, that I found *Luſcinda* ſitting at that iron grate, which was the ſole witneſs of our loves. *Luſcinda* knew me ſtraight and I her, but not as we ought to know one another. But who is he in the world which may truly vaunt, that he hath penetrated, and thorowly exhauſted the confuſed thoughts, and mutable nature of women? Truly none. I ſay then, to proceed with my tale, that as ſoon as *Luſcinda* perceived me, ſhe ſaid, *Cardenio*, I am attired with my wedding garments, and in the Hall do wait for me, the traytor *Don Ferdinando*, and my covetous father, with other witneſſes, which ſhall rather be ſuch of my death, than of mine eſpouſals; be not troubled dear friend, but procure to be preſent at this ſacrifice, the which if I cannot hinder by my perſuaſions and reaſons, I carry hidden about me a Ponyard ſecretly, which may hinder more reſolute forces, by giving end to my life, and a beginning to thee, to know certain the affection which I have ever born, and do bear unto thee. I anſwered her troubled and haſtily, fearing I ſhould not have the leiſure to reply unto her, ſaying,

ſaying, Sweet Lady, let thy works verify thy words, for if thou carrieſt a Ponyard to defend thy credit, I do here likewiſe bear a ſword wherewithal, I will defend thee, or kill my ſelf, if fortune prove adverſe and contrary. I believe that ſhe could not hear all my words, by reaſon ſhe was called haſtily away as I perceived, for that the Bridegroom expected her coming. By this the night of my ſorrows did throughly fall, and the ſun of my gladneſs was ſet: and I remained without light in mine eyes, or diſcourſe in my underſtanding. I could not find the way into her houſe, nor could I move my ſelf to any part: yet conſidering at laſt how important my preſence was, for that which might befal in that adventure, I animated my ſelf the beſt I could, and entred into the houſe; and as one that knew very well all the entries and paſſages thereof, and ſpecially by reaſon of the trouble and buſineſs that was then in hand, I went in unperceived of any. And thus without being ſeen, I had the opportunity to place my ſelf in the hollow room of a window of the ſame Hall, which was covered by the ends of two encountring pieces of Tapeſtry, from whence I could ſee all that was done in the Hall, remaining my ſelf unviewed of any. Who could now deſcribe the aſſaults and ſurpriſals of my heart whilſt I there abode? the thoughts which encountred my mind, the conſiderations which I had, which were ſo many and ſuch, as they can neither be ſaid, nor is it reaſon they ſhould? Let it ſuffice you to know, that the Bridegroom entred into the Hall without any ornament, wearing the ordinary array he was wont, and was accompanied by a Couſin-Germain of *Luſcinda*'s, and in all the Hall there was no ſtranger preſent, nor any other than the houſhold ſervants: within a while after, *Luſcinda* came out of the Parlour, accompanied by her mother and two waiting-maids of her own, as richly attired and deckt, as her calling and beauty deſerved, and the perfection of courtly pomp and bravery could afford: my diſtraction and trouble of mind lent me no time to note particularly the apparel ſhe wore, and therefore did only mark the colours, which were Carnation and White; and the ſplendour which the precious Stones and Jewels

of

of her tires, and all the reſt of her garments yielded: yet did the ſingular beauty of her fair and golden treſſes ſurpaſs them ſo much, as being in competency with the precious ſtones, and flame of four links that lighted in the Hall, yet did the ſplendour thereof ſeem far more bright and glorious to mine eyes. O memory, the mortal enemy of mine eaſe, to what end ſerves it now to repreſent unto me the uncomparable beauty of that my adored enemy? Were it not better, cruel memory, to remember and repreſent that which ſhe did then, that being moved by ſo manifeſt a wrong, I may at leaſt endeavour to loſe my life, ſince I cannot procure a revenge? Tire not, good Sirs, to hear the digreſſions I make, for my grief is not of that kind that may be rehearſed ſuccinctly and ſpeedily; ſeeing that in mine opinion every paſſage of it is worthy of a large diſcourſe.

To this the Curate anſwered, that not only they were not tired or wearied hearing of him, but rather they received marvellous delight to hear him recount each minuity and circumſtance, becauſe they were ſuch, as deſerved not to be paſſed over in ſilence, but rather merited as much attention as the principal parts of the Hiſtory. You ſhall then wit (quoth *Cardenio*) that as they thus ſtood in the Hall, the Curate of the Pariſh entered, and taking them both by the hand, to do that which in ſuch an act is required at the ſaying of, *Will you Lady* Luſcinda *take the Lord* Don Ferdinando, *who is here preſent for your lawful Spouſe, according as our holy mother the Church commands?* I thruſted out all my head and neck out of the Tapeſtry, and with moſt attentive ears and a troubled mind, ſettled myſelf to hear what *Luſcinda* anſwered; expecting by it the ſentence of my death, or the confirmation of my life. O! if one had dared to ſally out at that time and cryed with a loud voice: O *Luſcinda*, *Luſcinda*, ſee well what thou doſt, conſider with al what thou oweſt me! Behold how thou art mine, and that thou canſt not be any other's: note, that thy ſaying of yea, and the end of my life ſhall be both in one inſtant. O traitor *Don Ferdinando!* robber of my glory, death of my life, what is this thou pretendeſt? what wilt thou do? Conſider that thou canſt not Chriſtian-like atchieve thine intention,

intention, ſeeing *Luſcinda* is my Spouſe, and I am her Husband. O fooliſh man! now that I am abſent, and far from the danger, I ſay what I ſhould have done, and not what I did. Now after that I have permitted my dear Jewel to be robbed, I exclaim on the thief, on whom I might have revenged myſelf, had I had as much heart to do it, as I have to complain. In fine, ſince I was then a coward and a fool, it is no matter though I now die aſhamed, ſorry, and frantick. The Curate ſtood expecting *Luſcinda*'s anſwer a good while 'ere ſhe gave it: and in the end, when I hoped that ſhe would take out the Ponyard to ſtab herſelf, or would unlooſe her tongue to ſay ſome truth, or uſe ſome reaſon or perſwaſion that might redound to my benefit, I heard her inſtead thereof, anſwer with a diſmayed and languiſhing voice, the words *I will:* and then *Don Ferdinando* ſaid the ſame, and giving her the Ring, they remained tied with an indiſſoluble knot. Then the Bridegroom coming to kiſs his Spouſe, ſhe ſet her hand upon her heart, and fell in a trance between her mother's arms.

Now only remains untold the caſe wherein I was, ſeeing in that, yea, which I had heard my hopes deluded, *Luſcinda*'s words and promiſes falſified; and myſelf wholly diſabled to recover in any time the good which I loſt in that inſtant, I reſted void of counſel, abandoned (in mine opinion) by heaven, proclaimed an Enemy to the earth which upheld me, the air denying breath enough for my ſighs, and the water humour ſufficient to mine eyes: only the fire increaſed in ſuch manner, as I burned thorowly with rage and jealouſy. All the Houſe was in a tumult for this ſudden amazement of *Luſcinda:* and as her mother unclaſped her boſom, to give her the air, there appeared in it a paper folded up, which *Don Fernando* preſently ſeized on, and went aſide to read it by the light of a torch; and after he had read it, he ſate down in a chair, laying his hands on his cheek, with manifeſt ſigns of melancholly diſcontent, without bethinking himſelf of the remedies that were applied to his Spouſe, to bring her again to herſelf. I ſeeing all the folk of the houſe thus in an uproar, did adventure myſelf to iſſue, not weighing much whether I were ſeen

or

or no; bearing withal a Reſolution (if I were perceived) to play ſuch a raſh part, as all the world ſhould underſtand the juſt indignation of my breaſt, by the revenge I would take on falſe *Don Ferdinando*, and the mutable and diſmayed Traitreſs: But my deſtiny, which hath reſerved me for greater evils, if poſſibly there may be any greater than mine own, ordained that inſtant my wit ſhould abound, whereof ever ſince I have ſo great want: and therefore without will to take revenge of my greateſt enemies, (of whom I might have taken it with all facility, by reaſon they ſuſpected ſo little my being there) I determined to take it on myſelf, and execute in myſelf the pain which they deſerved; and that perhaps with more rigour than I would have uſed towards them, if I had ſlain them at that time, ſeeing that the ſudden death finiſheth preſently the pain, but that which doth lingeringly torments, kills always without ending the life.

To be ſhort, I went out of the houſe, and came to the other where I had left my Mule, which I cauſed to be ſaddled, and without bidding mine Hoſt adieu, I mounted on her, and rode out of the City, without daring like another *Lot* to turn back and behold it: and then ſeeing myſelf alone in the fields, and that the darkneſs of the night did cover me, and the ſilence thereof invite me to complain, without reſpect or fear to be heard or known, I did let ſlip my voice, and untied my tongue with ſo many curſes of *Luſcinda* and *Don Ferdinando*, as if thereby I might ſatisfy the wrong they had done me. I gave her the title of cruel, ungrateful, falſe, and ſcornful, but ſpecially of covetous, ſeeing the riches of mine enemy had ſhut up the eyes of her affection, to deprive me thereof, and render it to him, with whom fortune had dealt more frankly and liberally: and in the midſt of this tune of maledictions and ſcorns, I did excuſe her, ſaying: That it was no marvel that a Maiden kept cloſe in her parent's houſe, made and accuſtomed always to obey them, ſhould at laſt condeſcend to their will, ſpecially, ſeeing they beſtowed upon her for husband, ſo noble, ſo rich and proper a Gentleman, as to refuſe him, would be reputed in her, to proceed either

ther from want of judgment, or from having beſtowed her affections elſewhere, which things muſt of force greatly prejudice her good opinion and renown. Preſently would I turn again to ſay, that though ſhe had told them that I was her ſpouſe, they might eaſily perceive that in chuſing me, ſhe had not made ſo ill an election, that ſhe might not be excuſed, ſeeing that before *Don Ferdinando* offered himſelf, they themſelves could not happen to deſire, if their wiſhes were guided by reaſon, ſo fit a match for their daughter as my ſelf: and ſhe might eaſily have ſaid, before ſhe put her ſelf in that laſt and forcible paſs of giving her hand, that I had already given her mine; which I would come out to confeſs, and confirm all that ſhe could any way feign in this caſe: and concluded in the end, that little love, leſs judgment, much ambition, and deſire of greatneſs cauſed her to forget the words, wherewithal ſhe had deceived, entertained, and ſuſtained me in my firm hopes and honeſt deſires.

USING theſe words, and feeling this unquietneſs in my breaſt, I travelled all the reſt of the night, and ſtruck about dawning into one of the entries of theſe mountains: thorow which I travelled three days at random, without following or finding any path or way, until I arrived at laſt to certain meadows and fields, that lie, I know not in which part of theſe mountains: and finding there certain Herds, I demanded of them which way lay the moſt craggy and inacceſſible places of theſe rocks, and they directed me hither, and preſently I travelled towards it, with purpoſe here to end my life: and entering in among thoſe Deſarts, my Mule, through wearineſs and hunger, fell dead under me, or rather as I may better ſuppoſe to disburden himſelf of ſo vile and unprofitable a burden as he carried of me. I remained afoot, overcome by nature and pierced with hunger and grief, and withal ſo careleſs of relief that I threw myſelf along on the ground, and lay I know not how long in a faint or trance: coming to my ſenſes again, I found by me ſome Goat-herds, who, becauſe I had no hunger upon me, I thought had given me ſome ſuſtenance, but I did not remember to have taken any. They told me in what

what a wild condition they found me, talking and looking ſo ſtrangely that they judg'd I had quite loſt my ſenſes. And I have great cauſe to think, that my reaſon ſometimes leaves me, and that I commit all the pranks of rage and madneſs, as tearing my cloaths, howling through theſe deſarts, filling the air with curſes and lamentations, and calling upon *Luſcinda*'s name till I become ſo weak, that I can hardly ſtir. My place of retirement at night is uſually ſome hollow Cork-tree, where theſe neighbouring Goat-herds, out of meer pity, leave me ſometimes part of their own victuals to ſupport my miſerable life; though ſometimes in my fits, I take it from them by violence, as they often tell me in my intervals of reaſon, and chide me for it; but I can make no other excuſe, than the greatneſs of my diſtraction, which, till heaven put a period to my life, and by that means to the memory of *Luſcinda*'s beauty and perjury, will not allow me the uſe of my ſenſes. Thus, Sirs, I have related an account of my misfortunes; judge now whether I can ſhew leſs concern; and pray do not preſcribe remedies to me who will make uſe of none, who can have no health without *Luſcinda*. Since ſhe has forſaken me, I muſt die, and as ſhe has ſhewed by her unfaithfulneſs that ſhe deſires my ruin, I will by my unheard-of ſufferings, ſtrive to convince her, that I deſerved a better fate.

HERE *Cardenio* ended his ſtory, and as the Curate was going to give him ſome proper conſolation, he was prevented by the doleful ſounds of another complaint, which engaged their attention: but the account of that adventure is reſerved to the fourth Book of this Hiſtory, for the wiſe and judicious Hiſtorian *Cid Hamet Benengeli* put here an end to the third.

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